THE

Richmond Heireſs:

OR, A

Woman Once in the Right.

A COMEDY,

ACTED

At the THEATRE ROAYL,

By Their MAJESTIES Servants.

Written by *THO. D'URFEY*, Gent.

LONDON,

Printed for *Samuel Briſcoe*, over-againſt *Will's* Coffee-Houſe in *Covent-Garden*. 1693.

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To the Honourable and my very much esteem'd Friend, Sir *NICHOLAS GARRARD*, Bar.

SIR,

GReat Courtesies, which are in their value beyond gratifying, grant the receiver this Excuse however, that he may expect a Pardon, if his Endeavour be answerable to his real Will and natural Ability.

I am extreamly Sensible of the many Favours I have had from you, and I am as sensible of the very few ways my ill Stars make me capable of returning 'em this little flourish, Sir, is only to Introduce a common Truth, which your Judgment can inform your self very well without my telling; which is that a Poet has no better way of paying his Gratitude, than by an offering of the Fruits of his Brain, to the generous Person he is oblig'd to.

Sir, if I had not known you to be one that has made it some part of your business as well as diversion, to encourage things of this Nature, I should not have troubled you with this, but the Conversation which for some years I have had the honour to enjoy with you, has given me this boldness, assuring my self, that as you have the same good Humour as formerly, so you have a Gusto and Relish to taste with the same Appetite now, as you did at other times, when I have been so Happy to entertain you with the like sort of Treat.

Sir the Comedy I now present to you is in the best Judgment of my most judicious Friends one of the best of mine, and till I see more and better Matter and Humour in a scription of this kind, I shall not be uneasie when I think on the little poor abuses and disturbances of a malecontented Party, that like the Devil have for some late Years ow'd me an ill turn, and I have reason to fear now will never have done paying me.

The entertainment of Songs and Dances in it, as they gave more diversion than is usually seen in Comedy, so they were perform'd with general Applause, and I think my Enemies have cause to say with greater than is ordinary, and though this had its Inconvenience by lengthning the whole Piece a little beyond the common time of Action, which at this time o'th Year I am sensible is a very great Fault, yet the worst of malice has granted me this, that there appeared no defect of Genius, whatever there might of Judgment.

The Perusal therefore, Sir, most humbly I commit to yours, and dedicate both my self and it to you, whom I know to be a Man of honour and Sence, in which attributes, I think all others are comprehended, and since I knew your temper too well, to inlarge much upon Complement, or trouble you with impertinent Praise, I will only think of you as all the sensible World does that know ye, and make an humble Suit to ye to accept this Trifle as a mark of Gratitude from,

SIR,

Your most oblig'd,

And most humble Servant,

London, May 6. 1693.

T. D'URFEY.

The Actors Names and Characters.

Sir *Charles Romance*,] A travell'd old Knight, grave and sententious, Guardian to the Heiress, and Father in law, yet contriving how for his Son. Acted by Mr. *Freeman*.

Sir *Quibble Quere*,] A soft, easie, half witted Knight, credulous to an extravagant degree, perpetually asking Questions about the Play-House and Town Intrigues, tho' always banter'd and kept in Ignorance. By Mr. *Bright*.

Tom Romance,] Son to Sir *Charles*, a young, vain, fluttering, lying Fellow, always bragging of his Mistresses Favours, and shewing their Presents, perpetually intriguing, and never constant to any. By Mr. *Powel*.

Dr. *Guiacum*,] An opinionated Chimical Doctor, a great pretender to cure Lunaticks and Claps. By Mr. *Sandford*.

Frederick,] Half-Brother to Sir *Quibble*; a witty, young, Town-Spark, who through the Vice and Inconstancy of his Humour, tho' he were contracted to *Sophronia*, breaks off with her upon a slight occasion, to pursue an Intrigue with the Heiress, who has much the greater Fortune. By Mr. *Williams*.

Rice ap Shinkin,] A young, whimsical, *Welsh* Fop, that imitates *Tom Romance* in Intriguing, his Kinsman too and Companion. By Mr. *Bowman*.

Dick Stockjobb,] An opinionated impertinent Citizen, a great Stock-jobber, and always laying Wagers, and against the Government. By Mr. *Underhill*.

Hotspur,] A rash, hot headed, quarrelsom Fellow, Friend to *Frederick*, and intrigu'd with Mrs. *Stockjobb*. By Mr. *Hudson*.

Quickwit,] A witty, but poor Scholar, that being hired by *Frederick* to steal the Heiress, feigns himself mad, and takes upon him the Name of the Lord *de la Fool*. By Mr. *Dogget*.

Cunnington,] Subtle and mischievous, and Antagonist to *Quickwit* in his Design upon the Heiress. By Mr. *Bowen*.

Christopher,] Servant to Dr. *Guiacum*.

Numps,] A Country-Fellow, employ'd as Servant to my Lord *de la Fool*.

WOMEN.

Fulvia,] The Heiress, a witty, generous, and virtuous young Lady, who being privately in love with *Frederick*, feigns her self lunatick to trick her Guardian, and avoid impertinent Suitors. Acted by Mrs. *Bracegirdle*.

Sophronia,] A Female plain-dealer, passionate and high-spirited, very satyrical upon the Town Humours, and particularly severe upon *Frederick* for deserting her. By Mrs. *Barry*.

Mrs. *Stockjobb*, alias *Pegry*,] *Stockjobb*'s Wife, formerly a *French*-man's Widow in *Picardy*, but coming over as a Refugee, is married to *Stockjobb*, a trim, gay Coquette, yet pretending to Religion and Good-breeding. By Mrs. *Bowman*.

Madam *Squeamish*,] A young fantastical Creature of *Richmond*, horribly afraid of being Lampoon'd, and yet perpetually doing something or other to deserve it. By Mrs. *Knight*.

Marmalette,] An old ridiculous Waiting-Woman of *Fulvia*'s, very desirous of a Husband, and contriving all she can to get one. By Mrs. *Lee*.

Pegasa.] A Waiting-Maid.

Mad men, Clown, Musicians, Singers, Dancers, Constable and Watch, Footmen and Attendants.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. *Dogget*, with a Fools Cap with Bells on his Head.

FOols are the Chief Support of Stage Affairs;
Were there no Fools, there then would be no Players.
From the Country Caf, the Cit, the Man of Law,
The Courtier, and the Coffee house Jackdaw,
To th' Clergyman, that Vice so slowly quells,
All have strong Titles to the Cap with Bells:
And I (Curse on't,) am fix'd here like a Glass,
For every John a Nokes *to see his Face.*
Had my kind Stars design'd me for a Shop,
Made me some young, pert, lucky, thriving Fop,
I might with Credit all the Town deceive,
And cheat so long till I could fine for Shrieve:
At least in Furrs, the City Livery wear,
And come to eat a Custard with the Mayor.
Or had my Fate, but that's too fine a Thing,
Design'd me some Court Pest to cheat the King,
Conscience would stretch as I had chang'd condition;
I should have made a swinging Politician.
Or had I been some Canting Babe of Grace,
As for the Pulpit I've a lovely Face,
How could I thump the Cushion! With what Zeal
Have trimm'd between a Crown and Commonweal?
I could have drawn the Sisters in by Shoals,
Smugled My Gossips, soak'd the Christning Bowls,
Caress'd their Bodies, and refresh'd their Souls.
In every several Station and Affair
I had been happy: But by being a Player,
I'm now oblig'd t' expose your Faults in vain,
Uncertain my Applause, uncertain too my Gain.
Sometimes, 'tis true, you laugh, and then I'm fam'd;
But oftner some young Spark, whose Vice is sham'd,
Cries, Rot the mimick Rogue, would he were damn'd.
Diseases by ill Appetites are nurs'd,
The Physick gripes, and the Physician's curs'd.
And Players, like Bayliffs, are esteem'd by you,
Rogues for Arresting, tho' the Debt be due.
Some of this Hot-brain'd Tribe, I'm told to Day,
Have led a Potent Power against this Play:
Arm'd with Resolve, in spite of Justice, throng
To Storm the Muses Fortress right or wrong.
What Pity 'tis, waving that mean Intent,
That so much Wit and Conduct was not bent
Against our Foes, to farther the Descent.

Such

Such Hands, such Hearts, such, and such Heads beside!
'Oons we had Conquer'd France by Whitsuntide.
The Author therefore, thus befig'd, does sue
For timely Succour to the Generous few,
To his old Friends, that always came in Season,
And never fail'd to laugh when they had Reason,
I'll promise some Diversion in my way,
I am to Act a Madman in the Play,
A Part well tim'd, Sirs, at this time of day,
All are crazy'd now—Beaus, Warriours, Cits, Projectors;
The World's the Stage, and all Mankind are Actors.

BOOKS newly Printed for Samuel Briscoe.

THE History of *Polybius* the *Megalopolitan*, containing a General Account of the Transactions of the World, and principally of the *Roman* People, during the first and second Punick Wars, and with Maps, describing the Places where the most wonderful Engagements and Battels of the Ancient *Romans*, were fought both by Sea and Land: Also an Account of their Policies and Stratagems of War in conquering the greatest Part of the then known World in Fifty three Years: Translated by Sir *H. S.* To which is added, A Character of *Polybius* and his Writings, by Mr *Dryden*: In Two Vol. &c.

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There is in the Press, and will speedily be Published, A Collection of Letters of Love and Gallantry, *&c.* All written by Ladies. Vol. I. *Price* 2 *s.* 6 *d.*

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THat Famous Powder, called *Arcanum Magnum*, formerly prepared by the Learned *Riverius*, Physician Regent to the *French* King; and approved by most Persons of Quality in *Christendom*, for Preserving and Beautifying the Face, even to old Age: It cures Red Faces; it takes away all Heat, Pimples, Sun-burn and Morphew; it prevents, and takes away Superfluous Hair growing on the Face: In short, it adds more Lustre and Beauty than any Powder or Wash known, as many Persons of Quality can testifie, who daily use it with the greatest Approbation. It is Prepared only by *J. B.* Doctor of Physick, in *Knightrider-street* near *Doctors Commons Gate*, a Blew Ball being over the Door; where it may be had for 2 *s.* 6 *d.* the Paper, with Directions for its Use.

SONG, by way of Dialogue between a *Mad-man* and a *Mad-woman*. In ACT II.

He. BEhold the Man that with Gigantick might
Dares Combat Heaven again;
Storm *Jove*'s bright Palace, put the Gods to flight,
Chaos renew, and make perpetual Night.
Come on ye fighting Fools, that petty Jars maintain
I've all the War of *Europe* in my Brain.
She. Who's he that talks of War,
When Charming Beauty comes:
Within whose Face divinely fair,
Eternal Pleasure blooms
When I appear the Martial God,
A Conquer'd Victim lies,
Obeys each Glance, each awful Nod,
And fears the Lightning of my killing Eyes,
More than the fiercest Thunder in the Skies.
Hi. Now, now, we mount up high,
The Suns bright God and I,
Charge on the Azure downs of ample Sky.
See, see, how the Immortal Cowards run:
Pursue, pursue, drive o'er the Burning Zone;
From thence come rowling down, Main,
And search the Globe below with all the Gulphy
To find my lost, my wandring Sense again.

Second Movement.

I.

She. By this dis-joynted manner,
That crowds thy Pericranion,
I nicely have found, that thy Brain is not found,
And thou shalt be my Companion.

II.

He. Come let us plague the World then,
I embrace the blest occasion;
For by Instinct, I find, thou art one of the kind
That first brought in Damnation.

III.

She. My Face has Heaven Inchanted,
With all the Sky-born Fellows.
Jove prest to my Breast, and my Bosom he kiss'd,
Which made old *Juno* jealous.

IV.

He. I challeng'd Grisly *Pluto*,
But the God of Fire did shun me. (Club,
Witty *Hermes* I drub'd, round the Pole with my
For breaking Jokes upon me.

Chorus of both.

Then Mad, very Mad, very Mad, let us be,
For Europe *does now with our Frenzy agree,*
And all things in Nature are Mad too as we.

V.

She. I found *Apollo* Singing,
The Tune my Rage Increases;
I made him so blind, with a look that was kind,
That he broke his Lyre to pieces.

VI.

He. I drank a Health to *Venus*,
And the Mole on her white Shoulder:
Mars flinch'd at the Glass, and I threw't in his Face
Was ever Heroe bolder?

VII.

She. 'Tis true, my dear *Hidaspes*,
Things tend to dissolution, (Crown,
The Charms of a Crown, and the Crafts of the
Have brought all to Confusion.

VIII.

He. The haughty *French* begun it,
The *English* Wits pursue it, (work,
She. The *German* and *Turk* still go on with the
He. And all in time will rue it.

Chorus.

Then Mad, very Mad, &c.

SHIN-

SHINKEN's *Song to the Harp.* In the Fourth ACT.

OF Noble Race was *Shinken*, *trum tery*, *tery*, *tery*; (*trum trum*,
The Line of *Owen Tudor*, *trum*, *trum*, *trum*;
But her Renown was fled and gone,
Since cruel Love pursu'd hur: *trum*, *trum*, &c.

II.

Fair *Winny*'s Eyes bright shining, *trum*, &c.
And Lily Breasts alluring, *trum*, &c.
Poor *Shinkin*'s heart, with fatal Dart,
Have Wounded past all Curing: *trum*, &c.

III.

Hur was the prettiest Fellows, *trum*, *trum*, &c.
At Bandy once and Cricket, *trum*, &c.
At Hunting-Chace, or High-foot Race,
Gadsplut, how hur could Prick it: *trum*, &c.

IV.

But now all Joys defying, *trum*, &c.
All pale and wan hur Cheeks too, *trum*, &c.
Hur heart so akes, hur quite forsakes
Hur Herrings and hur Leeks too: *trum*, &c.

V.

No more must dear Methegins, *trum*, &c.
be top'd at goot *Mountgomery*, *trum*, &c.
And if Loves sore, smart one Week more,
Adieu Green Sheefe and Flummery: *trum*, &c.

SONG. In the Last ACT.

ALL *Europe* is now in Confusion,
Then Friends, let's think it no Crime,
(Since all things do bode Dissolution)
To make the best use of short time.

II.

Tho' Nations do rise against Nations,
And Peace is frighted from home;
The Planets remove from their stations,
And seem to portend our sad doom.

III.

Strange Earth-quakes make War against Nature,
And Ruin circles us round;
There is something more in the matter
Than e'er yet Philosophers found.

IV.

Sound Reason no longer convinces,
So Potent Discord is grown;
For some of the Brave fight for Princes,
And Crop-ear'd Prigs fight for none.

V.

The Church, that should teach us true Morals,
And prove Devotion great gain,
Foment in the Pulpit odd Quarrels,
And then leave 'em us to maintain.

VI.

Then fill up the Glass a Health Royal,
No Stars nor Omens we'll fear;
A Health to the Fair and the Loyal,
Tho' Dooms-day be never so near.

THE

THE
Richmond Heireſs, &c.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Richmond-*Hill*.

Enter Cunnington *diſguis'd, meeting* Quickwit *dreſs'd fantaſtically in gay Clothes.*

Cunning. BLeſs my Eyes from an Apparition! What art thou? Thou canſt not be *Tom Quickwit!*

Quick. As ſure as thou art *Ned Cunnington* the Ungodly, my Brother in Iniquity, and Fellow-Collegian.

Cunning. Thou ſeem'ſt my Brother-Collegian indeed by thy Voice and Grimace; but then agen thou may'ſt be Brother to ſome Prince by thy Habit. Prithee let me look on thee and wonder!

Quick. Do, do, *Ned*, wonder on, whilſt I flouch my Hat, and practice the Air of a Country-Booby of Quality to improve thy Admiration.

Cunning. Harkee; prithee let me ask thee a civil Queſtion: Haſt not made ſome *Nokes* of Quality here about *Richmond* drunk, and ſtole his Cloaths, hah?

Quick. No, ye Rogue; tho' I am your Brother in Wit, I am no kin to ye in Miſchief. I love to give occaſion for Men's Wonders; and there's a Myſtery in this Habit, *Ned*, ſurpaſſes all your Cunning to find out. But come, to examine now in my turn: Prithee, what Project haſt thou now a-foot here at *Richmond*? For by this comical Diſguiſe, there muſt be ſomething more than ordinary. What ſtanch Fool haſt thou to Cully out of his Money? Or, what half-Fool out of Meat, Drink, and Lodging, hah?

Cunning. Why to tell thee the Truth, I am intrigu'd here with a Son of a Whore, who is alſo the Son of a Knight, and have (thus equipp'd as I am) been with him to Night upon a Frolick.

Quick. Intrigu'd was an admirable Word there; for thy Bubbles are all us'd like common Whores; when thou haſt had thy Pleaſure of 'em, they

are left to their Fortune. Well, and this Compound makes up one substantial Fool; hah?

Cunning. Yea, verily; Fools, half-Fools, and such-like, are *Cunnington's* Real Estate; and sometimes I've the luck to have a Wit to provide my Personal. I am a true *Terræ Filius*, and flourish by the Abuse of Mankind, wanting seldom or never Matter to work upon: But if some malignant Planet should reign, whenever you hear that I am out of Fool, you may reasonably conclude too that I am out at Elbows.

Quick. A little Hardship is a good Whetstone to make Wit sharp; and we poor Fellows, *Ned*, that live by 'em, like Black-birds, thrive best in hard Weather: For not being born to Estates for our selves, Fortune has dispos'd 'em to others with weaker Brains for us to manage. Now I improve my Talent by Love, Compliance, Insinuation, *&c.* I love every body, and every body loves me: I oblige all People; I mimick this or that Sot in Company, to humour perhaps one that's a worse himself. I flatter and sing to the Women, to get their Tongues on my side too: And now and then when I am desir'd by some rich Booby that's worth the managing, I can turn my Face into a Changling Grimace, and act like *Solon* in the Play; when, as I hope to be say'd, I'm all the while bant'ring him, and thinking him the more comical *Solon* of the two, as a Man may say.

Cunning. Why this is an artful Method, I confess; but, for my part, if I should practice it, I should starve: For to tell thee the truth, I love no body; nay, what's worse, can hardly counterfeit common Courtesie to the World. The reason is, I hate all People that I think happier than my self: If that Man has a fine Coach, I wish his Horses may founder; if this has a pretty Wife, I wish him a plaguy fit of the Stone, and my self a bed with her: If a third has a rich Cargo in a Ship, or a fourth a delicate House, I wish one may be sunk to the bottom, and t'other burnt to the ground.

Quick. Ha, ha, ha; an incomparable Humour 'faith.

Enter Marmalet, *and whispers* Quickwit, *and Exit.*

Well, *Ned*, I see thou art now about some new Project, and 'twould do thee an injury to keep thee longer from thy Vocation, therefore I'll leave thee.

Cunning. Ah, Brother, I smell your drift; my Grannum there must be Harbinger to some notable Intrigue. Come 'faith, impart, I'll assist thee; I'm good at it thou know'st.

Quick. Ay, but this is a secret only proper for my Sphere of Activity; besides, I have had this Advice formerly, Keep *Cunnington* from thy Secret and thy Mistress, or he'll certainly endeavour to betray the one, and debauch the other; and so no more wheedling, good Brother. Ha, ha, farewel, farewel. [*Exit.*

Cunning. This Rogue has some profitable Design on foot, that's most certain; and now I think on't, it may be as profitable to me to over-reach him in it. 'Gad, I'm a strange odd sort of a Fellow; I do not only envy

a Man that's richer than I am, but that's wittier too; and would by my Good-will engroſs all the Money in the World, and all the Senſe too. Now is my Head as full of miſchievous Contrivance, as a young Thief that is juſt going to do his Probation Exploit; and from my Brain I have preſent information, That the Old Woman that was here juſt now, is wove in *Quickwit*'s Deſign: I'll after, and dog her; theſe old Runts are as leaky as Sieves: And if I can, by ſpeaking *French* giberiſh pretending to be a *German* Aſtrologer, get to tell her her Fortune, all the reſt of her Secrets ſhall quickly be laid open. Humph, this may turn to good advantage of my ſide too, and be more valu'd, as flowing from the Fountain of my own Wit: I hate the poor Satisfaction of being oblig'd to Fortune for a Benefit.

That ſtill appears to me the ſweeteſt Gain,
That Springs from the rich Soil of my own Brain. [*Exit.*

Enter Frederick *with* Quickwit.

Fred. My Noble Lord *de la Fool*, your Lordſhip's moſt Obedient— Ha, ha, ha! Why 'faith, *Tom*, I think we have equipp'd thee with as decent a Garb as any Whimſical Peer of 'em all need to wear. Prithee cock thy Hat, and ſtrut a little more.

Quick. Oh, Pox, I can do that well enough: But how to act the Madman right, and bubble the Doctor, there will be the difficulty.

Fred. Oh, prithee, affront not thy own Abilities: Thou wert a rare Mimicker at the Univerſity, I remember, and I'm ſure canſt not loſe thy Talent ſo ſoon: Beſides, this is a Doctor for the purpoſe; Poſitive, Ignorant, and eaſie to be impos'd on; one that having a long Worm in his own Pate, ſolidly believes he can cure it in other Men's. He was firſt Apothecary of a Phyſick-Garden; but hapning to cure the Son of a great Stateſman that had crack'd his Brains with ſtudying to out-do his Father, in out-witting the *French* Councils, got himſelf into Money and Reputation, and is now, forſooth, Preſident of the Inſanery.

Quick. And are you ſure the young Lady will help me out at a pinch, and that ſhe only counterfeits her ſelf mad for your ſake?

Fred. Moſt certainly. I have told thee nothing but Truth, upon my Honour. Oh, ſhe's the Soul, the Miracle of her Sex:

Young, yet diſcreet, without Ill-nature witty,
Rich without Pride, and without Art is pretty.

Beſides, I have often, as a Leſſon, told thee, That Sir *Charles*, her Father-in-Law and Guardian, being always an inveterate Enemy to our Family; and deſigning her for his own Son, has forc'd me to this Artifice of thy Aſſiſtance, and that ſweet Angel to fruſtrate all other Pretenſions, to act a witty Scene of Lunacy.

Quick. Your Brother Sir *Quibble Quere*, you tell me, is to be bubbled too; ſo that I find I'm to divide my Brains into three ſeveral Projects: Firſt, to diſappoint the Guardian: Secondly, to banter the Doctor: And, thirdly, to make a meer Aſs of your Brother, to pay a friendly Tribute to your Wit. As I take it, Sir, this is my Charge.

Fred. Thou haſt hit it, dear *Tom*; 'tis ſo. He's but my half-Brother

thou know'ſt, and can claim but little Obligation upon the ſcore of Affinity. Beſides, he's a Block-head, and I have only hedg'd him into this Buſineſs to ſtand buff with his Purſe upon occaſion, and pay the Expence of it. My Mother did me manifeſt wrong by croſſing the ſtrain. Her laſt Husband, old Sir *Quibble Quere*, was, for above thirty Years together, an old Court-Follower; but of ſo harmleſs a Character, that tho' he never better'd himſelf, he hindred no one elſe, being always like a Turn ſtile, ſtanding in every body's way, and hindering no body. He was alſo called here, *The Teizer of* Richmond, and would ask you more fooliſh Queſtions in a quarter of an Hour, than a hundred wiſe Men could anſwer in a Year: And this Brother of mine is his own, by this Light. See, yonder he comes. I have told him I've employ'd thee, and prepar'd him aptly for the Buſineſs———— Now if thou can'ſt but anſwer ſilly Queſtions briskly, thou win'ſt him for ever.

Enter Sir Quibble.

Sir *Quib.* Brother, good Morrow t'ee.

Fred. Oh, Brother, your humble Servant, y'are well met, we have been contriving here for ye; this is the honeſt Gentleman I told ye of.

Sir *Quib.* Is this Mr. *Quickwit*, Brother, that I ſaw when I was at *London*, he that mimick'd the Madman ſo comically.

Fred. This is that very ingenious Perſon, Brother. [*Salute here.*

Sir *Quib.* Oh dear! Well, I'll ſay't, he did it purely. Sir, your humble Servant.

Quick. Sir, I am yours extreamly.

Sir *Quib.* Ha, ha, ha, you have dreſs'd him to a T, I ſee, Brother.

Fred. As the Noble Family of the *Derla-Fools* ought, Brother.

Sir *Quib.* Ha, ha, ha: And pray, Sir, when did you come to Town? Who was your Bedfellow laſt Night? Which is your Inn? And what have you for Dinner to Day, Sir?

Fred. Four as pretty pertinent Queſtions as a Man could wiſh to anſwer.

Quick. Why, Sir, I came to Town yeſterday, halt an Hour, half a Quarter, and ſeven Seconds paſt Five in the Afternoon: I lodge at *Boddycutts*, at the Red Lyon: I have a good Rump of Beef and Carrots for my Dinner: I lay with one *Nick Fieryface*, an honeſt Attorney of *Staple*-Inn, and had like to have lain with a pretty Black-ey'd Cook-maid, belonging to the Houſe: And there's an Anſwer overplus for once to oblige ye, Sir.

Sir *Quib.* Why merry be thy Heart, thou'rt a pure Fellow, I'll ſay't. And prithee who haſt left behind thee in *London* now?

Fred. There's another very pretty Queſtion.

Quick. Why faith, about three or four Millions I believe, Sir; I could not well ſpare time enough to take all their Particulars.

Sir *Quib.* And prithee how does the Play-Houſe? How does Mr. *Betterton*, and my old Friend, Mr. *Nokes*? Prithee when did he play Sir *Martin* laſt, hah? Does Mr. *Sandford* Act the Villain ſtill, prithee? And jolly *Cave Underhill* in *Epſom* Wells? How does my Comical Juſtice do, hah?

Quick. Hold, hold, Sir, you're too faſt upon me; be pleaſed to couple your

your Questions, and I'm at your Service; but for so many of 'em together, 'Gad I ha'n't half Memory enough, Sir.

Fred. Ds'life, thou flagg'st already; hold out briskly, Man. [*Aside.*

Quick. Damm him, I begin to be in a Sweat. [*Aside to* Fred.

Sir *Quib.* And how does Mrs. *Barry* Act now, hah?

Quick. Oh to a Miracle Sir——There he was pretty reasonable. [*Aside.*

Sir *Quib.* She plays the Queen in the *Spanish Fryar* better than any Woman in *England*: I'll say't, I had rather see her wag after the Fidlers in the Procession there, than see another Coronation adsdiggers. And Mr. *Powel*, what's he doing prithee, hah?

Quick. Hah; the Devil hah ye——'Sdeath, here will be no end of this doing: Why how the Devil should I know, unless I cou'd conjure.

Sir *Quib.* I mean, what new Part is he studying? Ad'snigs, that *Powel's* a very pretty Fellow. Where lies the Scene I wonder? what's the Humour on't? and how does he contrive?

Quick. Hey day, Where? What? and How? nay faith, Sir, if you don't stand to your Article of coupling your Questions, I can be no longer your Interpreter; and so your Servant. Oh—— [*Runs himself.*

Fred. Ha, ha, ha, ha, there's one *Bowen* too, a notable Joker, hah?

Sir *Quib.* Prithee excuse me now, 'tis so long since I was in Town, that I even long to hear of all the new things.

Quick. Not all at a time, I beseech ye, Sir; the rest will be a new Diversion for you to morrow.

Sir *Quib.* No, faith, I must have 'em now. And Mrs. *Bracegirdle*, prithee where is she now?

Fred. Ay, ay, Mrs. *Bracegirdle*: Come, *Tom*, your Answer quickly.

Quick. So, he has set me a conjuring agen.

Sir *Quib.* Well, I'll say't she Acts *Statira* curiously.

From every Pore of him a Perfume falls. [*Speaks this affectedly.*
He kisses softer than a Southern Wind:
Curles like a Vine; and touches like a God.

When I was last at the Play, and she was saying of this, my Mouth, I'll say't, went to-and-agen, to-and-agen, as fast as hers, and repeated it after her so loud, that all the People in the Pit thought I was bewitch'd.

Quick. Ay, and the Devil take me if I don't think thee bewitch'd now.

Sir *Quib.* Then there's Mr. *Dogget*, that Acted *Solon* so purely, O Lord, what's become of him, prithee?

And then, I'll say't, there's Mr. *Bowman*, and Mr. *Bright*, and Mr. *Hudson*, and Mr. *Hains*; and tho' last, not least in Love, the only remaining Branch of the old Stock, honest Mr. *Kinaston*.

So Men in Thunder quit the open Air,
Because the angry Gods are then abroad.

Oh, he has a rare way with him, I'll say't, and a number besides these, that I have forgot; Prithee, How, and Which, and What, and Where, and Why, and When,——

Quick. Whiew! Nay then your Servant i' faith.

Fred.

Fred. S'death, come away immediately, here's Sir *Charles* and the Doctor coming down the Hill; away *Tom*, I have some more Instructions to give you yet.

Quick. Ay, with all my Heart, I shall be blunderbuss'd with Wheres, and Whats, and Whens else——A Plague of his Epileptick Visage, he's gaping for another Quere I see. [*Exeunt Fred.* and *Quick.*

Sir *Quib.* Pox take him, I had above Twenty Questions more ready, but especially about *Hains*, and his Fortune-telling; 'gad I will know something about that I'm resolv'd, for that's a Material Point. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir Charles, Guiacum, *and* Christopher.

Sir *Char.* Therefore, as I was saying, Doctor, look well to your Patient, she is not only my Daughter-in-Law and Ward, but the Darling Jewel of my Life, the Treasury of my Son's Hopes too, an Heiress worth Fifty thousand Pounds, who, had not this delirious Accident hapned, should have been this Hour happy in his Embraces by Matriage.

Guiac. Fear not, Sir, my Care and Medicines will work the desired Effect.

Sir *Char.* Madness, Doctor, is but a more extravagant sort of Wit, caused by the excessive Heat in the Brain: I studied the very Point many Years ago, in the Colledge at *Barcelona*; 'tis but the Skill of cooling the Part, and the Patient presently recovers.

Guiac. Ay, but, Sir, this is a new Case, and I must do it specifically; for she is very obstinate, and will take no Medicines; nor do I resolve to make her Blood ferment, by putting her into a Rage about it, she has Fire enough already; for about the Age of Eighteen the Heat predominates extreamly in her Sex; and then, if ever they are infected, they become strongly delirious.

Sir *Char.* Your Reason, Doctor?

Guiac. Why, Sir, at that Age the warm Quality of their Blood, fermented by the force and vigour of the Animal Spirits, naturally make 'em half mad: To remedy which there are but Two ways, which are either to get them Husbands just in the Nick, or for want of such Provision to send 'em to me.

Sir *Char.* Why, God-a-mercy Doctor, this old Fellow is too Lepid to be a Whoremaster sure: If this hoary Elder should be a Rogue now, and make use of a natural Recipe to cure my Daughters Madness, my Son and I were finely serv'd.

Guiac. Farewel, Sir, I'll make as quick a Cure of your Daughter as I can, because I very suddenly expect a Noble Lord under my Custody. Adieu.

Sir *Char.* This jealous Humour of mine is a great Fault: Here's a poor old Fellow, that is so much a Cripple, he can scarce drag his Legs after him, and yet I must suspect him for a Whoremaster. Well, I must go after and humour him, least when he has cur'd my Daughter, he should, in revenge, Introduce new Suitors to her, and so baffle my Son's Designs; who, I think, I see coming down the Hill yonder,——Ay, 'tis he, and two more with him; they seem in hot Dispute; I'll stay a little while longer to observe. [*Stands aside.*

Enter Tom Romance, Hotspur, Rice ap Shinken, *and Boy.*

T. Rom. But prithee, a Pox on thee *Will*, what a Devil ails thee that thou art so averse to my way of intriguing, when I tell thee, Women, dear Women, are the only Comforts of my Life, I can neither eat, drink, nor sleep well without 'em? And my *Welch* Cousin *Rice ap Shinken* here is of my own Humour to a Hair; he chuckles at a White Petticoat like a Turkeycock at a Red one; he's the very Devil at a Wench; *Cat after kind*, as the Proverb has it, the *Britains* were all Whoremasters from the beginning.

Rice. The *Shinkins* was peare as crete Lovers to the pretty Omans, that is fery true; the plack Eyes, with the plack Eyebrows, was goot; and when her sees the Red Lip, the White Skin, and the soft Pubby, then *Shinkin*'s Heart was peat, peat, peat, like a Dtum, by *Cadwallader*.

Hotsp. Peat, peat, peat! What a Plague can any one above the Degree of a Kitchin, love a Fellow that makes Fritters of *English*, as *Falstaffe* says? A *Welsh* Beau, with a Head as barren as the Mountains in his own Country. Ha, ha, ha, I'll ne'er believe it; I'm resolv'd to abuse these Puppeys for dear *Frederick*'s sake, whom I know they hate. [*Aside.*

Rice. The Muntains in her Country was fery goot Muntains, and breed fery goot Sheep and Coats, look you, and if *Williams* is Cholericks, that is not much, her will laugh and be merry, look you, if *Williams* is Cholerick, he, he, he ha.

T. Rom. Ay, ay, *Will*, you must not think to beat us out of conceit with our selves with drolling: 'Gad I know a Lord's Wife near St. *James*'s that's ready to die for me; she says, of all charming things in the Universe she admires my Nose.

Hotsp. Ridiculous! I'll ne'er believe such a Satyr upon the Sex: Why there's not a Negro in Town but can fit her with a better.

Sir *Char.* Oh, I know him now, this is *Hotspur*, one of *Frederick*'s Friends, and the Enemy of our Family. [*Aside.*

Rice. There is likewise, look you, *Williams*, the young, sweet, sharming, pretty Daughter to a crete Shudge yonder, that is in love with *Shinkin* for his Leg, look you; here is the Symetry, here is the Shape, here is the Calf, look you, and here is the Small, fery goot.

Hotsp. Leg! 'Oons, I have seen a handsomer upon a Gate for High Treason, after it has stuck parching in the Sun above a Twelvemonth.

Sir *Char.* Why does not that *Welch* Runt give him three or four Kicks now with that Leg the Lady is so in Love with? Sure this will come to something anon; now I shall see what Mettle the Boy has. [*Aside.*

Rice. Now *Williams* is Cholericks agen, ha, ha, ha, ha. Harkee, do you know me, *Williams*?

Hotsp. Know thee? oh yes, thou art his Ape, both things so contemptible with the Women, that———

Rice. Look you, *Williams*, if Apes be Signals of Affronts and Disparagements, splut her shall not find *Shinkin* so tame.

T. Rom. Phoo, prithee don't mind what he says, Cousin *Rice:* Come here's that shall undeceive him presently— Look *Will*, to prove to thee what

what a Favourite I am with that dear, dear Sex, I will ſhew thee ſome Favours from 'em; for, to ſay Truth, I never took any true Pleaſure in an Intrigue with a Woman, if I had not the Satisfaction of Expoſing her to my Friend.

Hotſ. Well ſaid, truſty Knight, the Woman has bleſt her ſelf with a true Friend of thee in the mean time.

T. Rom. Why, I enjoy 'em to ſecreſie, Man, ſo that ſhe's ſecure enough in Conſcience, as I will thee now; therefore be ſure you don't tell any Body: D'ye hear?

Hotſ. 'Faith, but I will, Sir, if you tell me any thing.

Sir *Char.* S'death, not draw yet! What a Plague do's he mean? [*Aſide.*

T. Rom. Pſhaw, pſhaw, that's all one, I'll truſt thee for all that, Faith; why, I've a thouſand things to divert thee with, Man; and, 'Gad take me, have the greateſt Pleaſure in the World in telling 'em: Firſt then here's a Billet *Deux*, from my Lord *Awekings*'s Daughter, a great Man at Court, and a ſwinging Politician, who, having more Buſineſs in his Head than to mind his Daughters, gave me opportunity at the Muſick-meeting at *London*, to make an Intrigue; and the Creature is now grown ſo fond, that my Father was fain to deſign a Wife for me, here at *Richmond*, to divert me. Thou ſhalt hear what ſhe writes: *Sweet, ſweet, ſweet* Tomme, *canſt thou find in thy Heart to be ſo long away from thy dear, deare, deare* Betty? Ah, ſweet Creature! — 'Gad, I believe I ſhall wear the Paper to a Cobweb with kiſſing it. [*Reads the Letter.*

Hotſ. S'death, can there be ſo ſimple a Creature in Nature?

T. Rom. Prithee mind me. *I ſwear I never go to Bed but I dream of thee, nor ever riſe without crying: My dear, ſweet, heavenly* Tomme *is always in my Thoughts: And if his poor* Betty *were half ſo much in his, I'm ſure he would come this Night through the Boards of the little Houſe in the Garden to ſee her, as he us'd to do.* That was our way of meeting, you muſt know; and, 'Gad, I have been plaguely incommoded ſometimes to get cleanlily to her. But didſt ever hear any thing ſo Soft and Tender? hah!

Hotſ. Never any thing ſo Silly before, the Devil take me.

Sir *Char.* Agen an Affront! Now where's the firſt Paſs, now *Tom*? [*Aſide.*

Rice. There is crete deale of Doubts, and Jealouſies, and Pribbles, and Prabbles, which ſhew Loves and Affections, look you.

T. Rom. Then, in the ſecond place, here is a Garter of Sir *Thomas Wittal*'s Lady's, here at *Cue*, taken from above her Knee with my own Hand I'll ſwear; a Locket, from pretty *Peggy*, Daughter to one *Quickſilver* a Goldſmith, at the *Cawdle Cup* in *Lombard-ſtreet*; a Picture, from dear *Jenny Flippant*, a rich Widows Niece in the old *Pall-Mall*; a *Roman* Glove, from ſweet Lady *Suſanna Simple*, in St. *James's-Square*. And more, to ſhew ye that I deal with all degrees of Females, come hither, Sirrah, there's a piece of delicate Point, from *Moll* a Sempſtreſs in the *New-Exchange*, to make me a Crevat; and a Head of curious bright Hair, from my Lady *Freckles* Chamber-Maid, to make me a Peruke.

Sir *Char.* This is ſo like theſe young Rogues, to brag of their Miſtreſſes Favours.

Hotſ.

Hotſ. Red and rank as a Fox by *Jove*: Pox on thee, Bright, doſt call it?

Rice. And, to ſhew ye that the *Prittains* are admir'd too, look you here was delicate creen Leeks, ſent by young Widows of her Couſin *Tomas* ap *Evan*, ap *Rice*, ap *Shones*, ap *Davy*, ap *Shinken*, as a Token of her Love, and to wear in her Cap upon St. *Davy's* Day. [*Pulls out a great Leek.*

Hotſ. Death, ye brace of Buffoons, what d'ye teize me with all this Stuff for?

Sir *Char.* How, Boffoon, 'Sdeath, and near a hole in his Guts yet? Oh, cowardly Villain!

T. Rom. Stay, ſtay, I have two things more in my Fob here better than all; firſt here's a Bracelet of witty *Sophronia*'s; and, above all, a Seal, with a wounded Heart engrav'd upon Coral, of my deare, deare *Fulvia*'s.

Hotſ. Nay, then I'll no longer have Patience, therefore draw, for ye Lye.

Sir *Char.* The Lye; ſo, 'Gad I'll whip him through the Midriff my ſelf, if he takes that.

Hotſ. For, firſt, *Sophronia* is a Woman of too much Sence to give a Bracelet to ſuch an Inſect: And, ſecondly, *Fulvia* is my Friends Miſtreſs, and has no Heart but for him. Come on, Pox, come both of ye.

Rice. Stand to her, Couſin; ſplut, her will ſhew her a *Welſh* Thruſt.

[T. Rom. *loyters back.*

T. Rom. The Truth is, that laſt was a Lye; but ſince the Welſh-man's Blood's up, I'm reſolv'd to vindicate it: Come, Sir.

Sir. *Char.* Hold, hold *Tom*, and Couſin come you back; tho, his Inſolence deſerves Chaſtiſement, he ſhall not have it to the diſhonour of our Family; I'll take it upon my ſelf: Come on Sir, you that were ſo hot. [*Offers to Fight.*

Hotſ. Ay, Sir, with all my Heart.

Rice. Pray Unkle let hur go, hur has kill'd no Raſcals ſince hur came from *Wales.*

T. Rom. Prithee, old Gentleman, get you out o'th way, I'm in the humour of killing him.

Sir *Char.* Son *Tom*, it muſt not be: What's your Name, Sir? you are like to ſcape this time.

Hotſ. Why then a Pox on ye all, my Name's *Hotſpur*, and you may ſee me at the Wells every Morning; and more, to provoke ye to take Satisfaction, know that I am Friend to *Frederick*, and will eſpouſe his Intereſt in the Heireſs to the laſt; and ſo adieu. [*Exit.*

Sir *Char.* Ay, 'tis ſo, 'tis this rich Heireſs is the cauſe of all theſe Brawls; but come Son, ſince thou haſt me of thy ſide, be confident, Policy as well as the Sword ſhall ſecure her to thee: For above all the World's great Benefits, a Wife is beſt in her good Circumſtances.

To follow Wars abroad may Honour bring,
'Tis brave Preferment there, to ſerve the King.
T. Rom. *But a rich Heireſs here's, a Heavenly thing.* [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Frederick, Hotſpur, Quickwit, *and* Numps.

[Sophronia *diſcover'd at a diſtance, reading.*]

Fred. A true Friend is the moſt ſolid Good a Man can poſſeſs in this World: And tho', dear *Will*, I ought extreamly to thank thee for abuſing thoſe two Fools for my ſake, yet I could wiſh Sir *Charles* had been abſent, leaſt this new occaſion of diſtaſte may cauſe him to be more vigilant, and ſo hinder our Plot upon the Heireſs.

Hotſp. Faith, dear *Fred*, I beg thy Pardon with all my Heart if I did amiſs; but the Devil take me if I could contain my ſelf after hearing ſuch a Prepoſterous deal of Impudence and Folly: I could have beaten them with a better Will than a Turk would a Chriſtian Slave that he found had an Intrigue with his Wife or Daughter.

Quick. Well, well, let's to the Proof, I long, methinks, to be acting my Madman: And as for *Numps* here, he'll do his part to a Miracle, I have taught him his Leſſon perfectly.

Fred. What, my Lord *de la Fool*'s old Serving-man, he has hit the Family Beard to a Hair I ſee, and 'tis impoſſible he ſhould miſcarry; for I am privately inform'd the Doctor knows neither of them by ſight, and has only heard of a Son of the Counteſſes that was mad, and ſuddenly to be brought to him as a Patient.

Quick. The Letter I have given him there expreſſes all that. But be ſure to remember your Canting Weſt-Country Tone, *Numps*, and your by-word, 'Odſwokers.

Numps. Well, well, Why thou canſt not think, mun, che can forget as zoon as chave learn'd it: Why zure chant a bin a Schollard zo long but that che can con my Leſſon, 'Odſwokers: What, does the Mon take me for a Vool? Umph.

Fred. Admirably well, *Numps*, and there's a Guinea to encourage thee.

Hotſp. The Rogue mouths it as if he had been bred at *Taunton-Dean* indeed.

Fred. Well then, away both to your Tasks: Oh, I long to have the Event anſwer the Expectation; get her but off, *Tom*, and the promis'd Five hundred Pounds ſhall be as ready as the joyful Minute.

Quick. I us'd to be ſucceſsful in theſe Matters: But if I ſhould return now, like a maim'd Tarpawling from a Sea-Fight, with a Leg or an Arm loſt in your Service, you can't do leſs than procure me a Place in the Hoſpital.

Fred. Ah, never fear, there's no ſuch danger.

Hotſp. No, no, the worſt on't can be but a dozen or two of Kicks, a Cudgel, a Rib or two broke, or ſo, that's all.

Quick.

Quick. Ay, ay, that's a ſmall Matter, you know. Well, what ere comes on't, I'm reſolv'd to venture; and ſo Fortune for us: Come along *Numps.* [*Exeunt.*

Fred. Ha, ha, ha: Now ſhall I be as impatient till I have an Account of this Rogue's Proceedings, as a young Heir that hears his niggardly Father is ſick, is, till he hears he's dead.

Hotſp. If my Eyes dazzle not, yonder's a Subject very proper to improve your Patience, a Lady, *Fred*, a reading.

Fred. Sophronia, as I live; ay, *Will*, this is a Lady indeed, the Wonder of her time: Doſt know her?

Hotſp. Not to Intimacy, and yet enough to hear of your Worſhip's former Intrigue with her. What a ſtrange Fellow wert thou to deſert ſo fine a Lady? I've heard there was a Contract between ye.

Fred. Some ſlight Papers, I think, which I know her Pride is too great ever to expoſe, or call me to an account for. Beſides, what's a Promiſe, when put in Competition with Fifty thouſand Pounds, *Will?* No, no, ſhe was too wiſe for me, her Wit was always too Satyrical; a Quality I could never ſuffer in a Woman: She'd conjure me with Morals out of *Seneca*; and run me down an hour or two together in Argument on the Towns Common Vices; nay, and what I hated worſe than all the reſt, tho' all her Friends knew well enough ſhe lov'd me, her Pride, that was too great to let her own it, would make her always uſe me ill before 'em.

Hotſp. They call her here in *Richmond*, *The Female Plain Dealer.*

Fred. They do ſo, and juſtly too, for ſhe takes as much Pride in ſpeaking blunt Truths, as the reſt of her Sex do in ſtudying queint Lyes. But ſee, the Walk begins to fill, here's more of the Tribe coming.

Enter Squeamiſh, *and Mrs.* Stockjobb *with a Lampoon.*

And if I am not miſtaken, *Will*, there's one of your Acquaintance, if you ha'n't forgot your little *French* Pinnace you us'd to brag of ſo, Mrs. *Stockjobb.*

Hotſp. Forget her! 'D'ſdeath, I ſhould as ſoon forget my Sex; why ſhe's my All, Man, my Eſtate Real and Perſonal: She came hither firſt as a Proteſtant Refugee, and full of ſeeming Sanctity, but betwixt thee and I, *Fred*, a very Cheat: She's *Dick Stockjobb*'s Wife, 'tis true, but a Meet-help to me alone, *Fred.*

Fred. I have heard of that City-Fool, they ſay he got all his Eſtate by drawing in worſe Fools than himſelf to lay Wagers, this Siege, or that Battle, this Fight at Sea, or that on Shore; and for the late City Crimp of *Stockjobbing*, a very Dragon, tho' in other Matters poor, ſneaking, and uxorious; and the *French* Woman, I hear, manages him rarely. But, prithee, who is t'other, by her fantaſtical Behaviour that muſt be ſome extraordinary Creature too?

Hotſp. Oh, ſhe's a Rarety of another kind, one Madam *Squeamiſh*, ſhe's a Native of *Richmond* here, very fantaſtick and impertinent, as thou ſayſt; for which ſhe has every Summer a new Lampoon made of her, that does ſo teize her, that ſhe grows lean upon't, and can't forbear expreſſing her Reſentments in all Companies.

Fred. Well, Sir, I'll leave you to their Management, and the rather, becauſe I ſee yonder Philoſophical Lady is turning this way, and I am not at preſent armed for a Rencounter. Farewell; we'll meet at Night at the *Red Lyon*. [*Exit* Frederick.

Hotſp. What Paper's that they are ſo buſie upon? I'll ſtand aſide and liſten.

Squeam. Was there ever ſo barbarous a Diſappointment, Couſin! Expecting a Letter this Morning from the dear, dear Man I admire beyond all earthly Joy, my Maid brings me this, with the fold and viſage of a Billet *deux*; but, oh horrid! I had no ſooner open'd it, and prepar'd to feaſt my longing Eyes with what they expected, but, fogh! what does it prove to be, but an odious Lampoon, and the moſt nauſeous filthy thing that ever was heard, as I'm a Virgin!

Mrs. *Stock.* Dis is now de Barbarity of your Nation: In *France* we have no Scandal, no Affront, noting *mal à propos*: You may ſing, you may dance, you may keep de *bon* Companee, vid dis great Lord, or toder Gentleman; and yet dere is no dam Lampoon. *Diable!* if de Autor had dare abuſe me ſo, by dis Hand I voud find him out, and murder him.

Squeam. Why then you muſt find him out, and murder him, Couſin; for hear you are for your Comfort, and ſwingingly.

Mrs. *Stock.* By my Faite de Fellow dat did ſay dis, is de very dam Raſcal in de whole Varle; I vill poiſon him, I vill hang, I vill have his Trote cut, by dis Hand.

Squeam. But prithee, Couſin, who is this *Hotſpur* that they ſlander you with?

Hotſp. 'D'sdeath, I can forbear no longer! Why, Madam, this *Hotſpur* is forth-coming, if your Ladiſhip has any uſe for him. By your leave, good Madam: 'Pray let me inſpect this Paper a little. [*Ruſhes out, and ſnatches the Paper.*

Damme, if any Raſcal has abus'd us, I'll maul him.

Mrs. *Stock.* He here, vat ſall me do now! Us! vat you mean, Sir? I know you not; you are de Stranger to me.

Squeam. Oh fie, Couſin; pray don't let my Company cauſe a breach of Acquaintance. Come, you muſt own him a little.

Hotſp. Pox! prithee don't ſtand upon Punctilio's now, Fubbs, but help me to find out this damn'd Poet. I'll teach him to Lampoon me: I'll ſlaughter him, by Heaven.

Squeam. Why really, Sir, 'tis a horrid brutal Trick theſe Fellows have got: A Woman can't enjoy her Youth in a degree a little above the Vulgar, but, oh horrid! ſhe's preſently popp'd into a Lampoon. I did but innocently regale my ſelf t'other day, amongſt other choice Female Friends, at my Lady *Goodfellow*'s, with a Glaſs or two of Hockamore, and if the

the beaſtly Poet, in his next Paper, did not ſay I was drunk there, I'm no Chriſtian! O filthy!

Here Sophronia *comes between 'em.*

Soph. Your Servant, Mrs. *Squeamiſh*; nay, I have heard all, and as a Friend to Juſtice and Morality, altho' unask'd, muſt give you my Opinion too.

Squeam. She hear! oh horrid! nay, then we ſhall be teiz'd to death. She has more Tongue than twenty Lawyers, and rails with more Malice than a *Terræ Filius* at *Oxford*, that has been juſt expell'd the Univerſity.

Mrs. *Stock.* Dis is ver Deevil of a Woman; I muſt wheedle her, dere is no oder way. Your moſt humble and obedient Slave, dear Madam.

Sophr. Oh no Ceremony, good Mrs. *Stockjobb*: But, Mrs. *Squeamiſh*, prithee why art thou ſo mortally offended at this Lampoon? Methinks the Poet ſpeaks very honeſtly.

Squeam. Honeſtly, Madam! What, to ſay I was drunk? Oh filthy!

Sophr. Drunk indeed was a little too uncourtly; Mellow had been a good Word there; for to my knowledge there were ſix Quarts drunk in two hours time between four of ye, beſides my Lady's farewel-Bottel of *Aqua-mirabilis*. Her fat Ladiſhip I hear ſet a great while before the Sun; and for the reſt of ye, your Tongues were all as glib as a Conſort of Midwives at a City-Chriſt'ning.

Mrs. *Stock.* Vell, dis I muſt ſay of de *French*, Dey are de moſt temperate People in de whole Varld; *l'Homme du Cour* delights in noting but de cool Mead, de Tizzan, or de Sherbet vid Ice.

Sophr. Yes, the comfortable Uſquebagh, the refreſhing Spirit of Clary, or ſometime the cool Brandy and Burrage, good Mrs. *Stockjobb*.

Mrs. *Stock.* Oh fie, fie, fie, Madam; de Brandy is de Regale for de *Dutch*, not de *French*: Here is de ſtrange difference, De Brandy vill make de *French-man* as dull as de Dog, and de *Dutch-man* to fight like de Deevil: Beſide, our Native are giveh to make Love muſh, vich is great Enimy to Drink. De *Engliſh-man* vill come drunk to his Metreſs, break her Vindow, tear her Commode, and kick her Lap-Dog, vhen de *French man* dare no touſh one Hair of his Tail, but look like de Fool, and ſigh. Dere is de difference agen, all is Cringe, all Obeiſance; dere is no Huff, no *mal* Viſage, no Peſantry in *France*, *ma Foy*.

Squeam. But will you vindicate a Lampoon, Madam? oh horrid!

Mrs. *Stock.* A filthy Libel dat ſall ſawzily affront *le Femme du Qualité*, and have de impudence to expoſe——

Sophr. To expoſe the good Man your Husband's Cuckoldom, and your cloſe Intrigue with this *Hotſpur* that is mention'd there; that indeed is very ſawcy, Mrs. *Stockjobb*.

Hotſp. So there's a Bob for me again. Nay, nay, good Madam, turn the Tide of your ſatyrical Vein another way, I don't like this kind of Railery.

Sophr.

Sophr. Oh, cry ye mercy, Sir, you need not tell me your Sentiments; I know an honeſt Reflection muſt needs be Rhubarb to a Man of your Kidney and Character.

Hotſp. My Character! why what's my Character, Madam?

Sophr. Why troth, Sir, no very good one; and ſince you'll have it told, 'tis—— let me ſee, A lewd, vain, noiſie, impertinent, drunken, roaring, debauch'd Character.

Hotſp. So, ſo, ſhe has fitted me for asking Queſtions.

Sophr. Come, Sir, for once I'll be a little ſatyrical, and venture to deſcribe the courſe of life of all you Men of the Town: In the Morning the firſt thing you do is, to reflect on the debauch of the Day before; and inſtead of ſaying your Prayers as you ought, relate the lewd Folly to ſome other young rakehelly Fellow, that happens to come to your Leve: The next thing is to dine, where inſtead of uſing ſome witty or moral Diſcourſe that ſhould tend to improvement, you finiſh your Debart with a Jargon of ſenceleſs Oaths, a reliſh of ridiculous Bawdy, and ſtrive to get drunk before ye come to the Play.

Hotſp. The Devil's in her; ſhe has nick'd us to a Hair.

Sophr. Then at the Play-Houſe ye ogle the Boxes, and dop and bow to thoſe you do not know, as well as thoſe you do. Lord! what a world of ſheer Wit too is waſted upon the Vizard-Maſks! who return it likewiſe back in as wonderful a manner. You nuzzle your Noſes into their Hoods and Commodes, juſt for all the world like the Picture of *Mahomet*'s Pigeon, when he gave the falſe Prophet his ghoſtly Inſtructions. Fogh! how many fine things are ſaid there, perfum'd with the Air of four Claret! which the well-bred Nymph as odoriferouſly returns in the ſcent of *Lambeth* Ale and *Aqua-vitæ*.

Hotſp. 'D's heart, what ſhall I do! I ſhall ne'er have patience to hear this.

Sophr. Then at Night ye graze with the hard-driven Cattel you have made a purchaſe of at the Play, and ſtrut and hum up and down the Tavern with a ſwaſhy Mien, and a terrible hourſe Voice, which the Lady (to engage your liking) returns with ſome awkward Friſks, inſtead of Dancing, and a Song in a ſqueaking Voice, as untunable as a broken Bagpipe. Then ſupper coming in, the Glaſſes go about briskly. The Fools think the Wenches heavenly Company, and they tell them they are extream fine Gentlemen; 'till at laſt few Words are beſt; the Bargain's made, the Pox is cheaply purchas'd at the price of a Guinea, and no repentance on neither ſide. What think ye, Sir, am I not a rare Picture drawer?

Hotſp. 'Faith yes, Madam, and muſt ſure have been a Practiſer your ſelf, you have done it ſo exactly. 'D's death! no Help yet! Oh, here comes *Stockjobb*; this was lucky: I ſhall be reliev'd now, ſure.

Enter

Enter Stockjobb *and Sir* Quibble.

Stock. Hoh, honeſt *Will*, good morrow to thee; good morrow, Couſin *Siſs*, and Madam your Servant, and ſo forth. What, and *Pogry* here too! Why how now, little *Pogry!* how does my Deery! how does my Fawn, my Pricket, my Duck, my Dove, and ſo forth. Well; does *Richmond*-Air agree with thee? Does little *Hans-in-kelder* kick yet? Hah, *Pogry?* Prithee how doſt like the Proſpect? Is't not a ſweet Place, and ſo forth.

Mrs. *Stock.* Ony, *par ma Foy* is it de ver fine Place. *Dicky*, we have walk dis morning as far as de Mount; dore is de Grove juſt by de River *tout charmant*, vere is de moſt rare place to lie and ſleep in, *Dicky*.

Sophr. And to make ye a Cuckold in, *Dicky*. [*Mimicking her.*

Stockj. Ha, ha, ha! Oh your Servant, Madam, *Sophronia*; are you ſo brisk already with your Jokes, and ſo forth? D'ye hear, *Pogry?* Madam *Sophronia* is at her Jokes flap-dash this morning.

Squeam. Ay, Couſin, ſhe has been breathing herſelf upon us.

Hotſp. Her Ladiſhip's out of danger of a Tiſſick for this Seaſon, I'll warrant her.

Sir *Quib.* They talk as if ſhe had been beating 'em all, I'll ſay't. Pray, Madam, why do they talk at this rate? Where lies the Jeſt on't? What is the meaning of your high Diſcourſe? And when will you Raffle at the Wells again, Madam?

Sophr. Fool———.

Sir *Quib.* Fool! that's nonſence I'll ſay't. And why Fool, pray, Madam? What, and which, and where, and when, and———

Stock. Hold, hold, prithee, Sir *Quibble*, let me attack her; ſhe call'd me Cuckold you know. Come, Madam, I'll ſtand ye fair, faith: Your Reaſon, your Reaſon; come, flap dash away with it, and ſo forth.

Sophr. Why I have skill in Phyſiognomy, and ſee't in thy Face: All Humanes are allotted to ſome Fate or other, and thine is to be a Cuckold. The dimpled Slit there upon the Tip of thy Noſe, and ſhaggy Meeting of thy Pent-houſe Eye-brows, ſhew it plain. To be brief, a Lampoon upon ye all were a meritorious Work: Firſt you, Mrs. *Squeamiſh*, for always failing at it; and yet by your ridiculous Behaviour perpetually giving cauſe. Secondly, thee Knight, for being Friends with Fortune, that allows thee to be bubbled by thy younger Brother. Next you, Sir, for the intolerable Town-Vices of Drinking, Wenching, Gaming, *cum multis aliis*, as I told you before. Then you, good Proteſtant Refugee, for wheedling and corrupting your *Dicky* there: And laſt poor *Dicky* for running about the Town Wagering and Stockjobbing, when *Pogry* has a more proper Job for him to look after; and ſo farewel t'ye.

Look

Look Sharp, if thou'dst be free from future Scorns;
The less thy Head, the larger still thy Horns. [*Pats him on the Face, and Exit.*

Stock. Hey, Slap dash, why she's as sharp as Vinegar this Morning, and so forth.

Sir *Quib.* Zooks, so she is, I'll say't: But why the Devil does she rail so: And where the Devil has she all her Wit I wonder?

Mrs. *Stock.* Dis Railery is too mordle, she wants de *French* breeding extreamly.

Squeam. To vindicate a Lampoon? O filthy!

Hotsp. Faith, *Dick*, Thour't a Fool if thou mind'st what she says, she uses her Father, Brothers and Sisters in this manner.

Stock. Not I, slap dash, she may talk what she will, and so forth, I believe nothing against *Pogry*. Come Cousin, *Sis*, and Gentlemen, I invite ye all to Dinner to Day, for little *Pogry* and I here, intend to have the Fiddles, and be merry. Hey, slap dash, I vow my Heart's as light as a Feather; for I have laid a World of good Wagers this Morning, I shall get five hundred Pounds by 'em I'm sure; besides Stock rises to a Miracle: And I've invented two such rare Projects for the improvement of Tabby Cats Skins for Ladies Muffs, and Spirit of Acorns to cure Agues, that the whole Exchange rings of it. Come, there you shall know my Wagers too, and say of me, as that Eminent Common-Council-man, some Years since, did to the then Lord Mayor, *Oh how great a Grace from Heaven is a Wise Citizen!* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Cunnington *and* Marmalet.

Marm. Well, as I'm a Christian, Sir, if what you have promis'd me prove to be true, you have made me the happiest Woman in the whole World.

Cun. Hold a your Tongue, and take care you no cross your Star: Come vere shall we be private?

Marm. Have but Patience a Minute, Sir, I'll only go and see what the Doctor is doing, and come and conduct ye immediately.

Cun. Make haste; vat you tink de Star will stay for you.

Marm. I go, Sir, I go. [*Exit Marm.*

Cunning. Ha, ha, ha, ha, I find this is some old Waiting-woman belonging to this place, whom I have already turn'd the wrong side outward, with promising her a Husband: I have engaged to tell her Fortune, upon Condition she discovers all her Secrets to me: The first of which shall be, the Discovery of *Quickwit*'s Design, which I am resolv'd to ruin, only for the dear sake of the Mischief that will come of it: I have frighted her damnably already;

I have made her believe I am the Son of the Devil upon a *Lapland*-Witch; and that if she obeys me, she shall live to be a Countess; but if not, she shall be brought to sell Save-alls and Card-matches, old Rags, and Small-coal in her old Age; and, at last, die upon a Dunghill near *Fleet-ditch*. Here she comes, now to my Grimace agen.

Re-enter Marmalet.

Marm. Come, Sir, the Coast is clear now: Softly for Heaven's sake; for the Doctor is just coming up.

Cun. If he dare come in my presence, I will conjure him——

Marm. Bless me!

Cun. Vat you pray! Zoon, Let me no hear you pray——go, get you gone.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Guiacum *with a Letter*, *Sir* Charles, T. Romance, Shinken, *and* Numps.

Guiac. Well, Friend, the Countess has done me the Honour to inform me in her Letter here, that she relies upon my Skill and Experience to cure her Son, nor shall my diligence be wanting; but she writes me no Word here, whence the *Delirium* sprung: Prithee how came his Brain distemper'd first; what Accident, what Cause, hah?

Numps. Odswokers, and't like your Worship, all that I know is, they zay Maister *Toomas* was hugely in Love with one of his Lady-Countesses Dairy Maids; and because they cross'd him, he dissolv'd with himself to vall stark mad upon't: Her Name was *Mopsee*, and't like ye, yow was parlous Jade, yow had a Skin an 'twere any Milk-pan, and a Vace as bright as a Pewter-dish; yow was vengenable handsome, Odswokers——

T. Rom. Odswoker, ha, ha, ha, damn him, What silly Clownish Booby have we got here?

Shink. He was come of the ancient Stock of the *Pritains*, I believe by his Peard: And look you, Cousin, if he is *Pritains*, he is Shentleman a-course, and *Shinken* will findicate his Honour.

T. Rom. His Honour, ha, ha, ha, why, hark'e, Cousin, the Beggars have long Beards, are they all Gentlemen too?

Shink. Look you, Cousin, if they are *Pritains*, they are.

Sir *Char.* A Man of Quality! supposed to be well bred too, and run mad for a Dunghil Drab, a Dairy-Wench! This is very odd. The Name of this unhappy Gentleman, good Doctor?

Guiac. Why, Sir, his Name is *De la Fool*, he's of the ancient Family of the *De la Fool*'s of the South; their great Ancestor was a famous Officer under King *Harold*, who being routed by *William* the Conqueror, fell mad, and the Disease has more or less run in the Blood ever since: There is near them another Family of the *De la Wit*'s too, that are craz'd at one time of the Moon; and indeed, it may be properly said, they divide her between 'em, one being mad in the Wax, and t'other in the Wane.

Sir *Char.* Nay, nay, 'tis a mad Age here too as well as in the *South*, and therefore I the leſs wonder at it; but my Daughter, Doctor, my Daughter, how does ſhe recover?

Guiac. More of that, Sir, preſently——Go, Friend, and try if you can decoy my Lord hither: And go you, *Chriſtopher*, and bid *Marmalet* bring her Lady too; there is no better Cure of Lunacy than by reflection, Sir *Charles* your Daughter's Diſtemper proceeding from diſordered Love, makes her ſtill vent the Effects upon the imaginary Perſons; particularly I have obſerved four, of different Qualities, which are a Courtier, an Alderman, a Politician, and a Divine.

Sir *Char.* There were four that did formerly teize her for her Eſtate indeed; but proceed, good Doctor.

Guiac. To ſooth her Malady therefore, and that I may the better time my Medicines, I have ordered four Perſons always to ſtand ready to repreſent 'em, which you and this Gentleman may now as naturally ſupply; for ſhe diſtinguiſhes very little as yet. Pray ſtand in order; and, by the Life of *Galen*, 'twill make ye laugh heartily to ſee what Freaks ſhe'll perform. Well, *Chriſtopher*, is ſhe coming? [*Enter* Chriſtopher.

Chriſt. Yes, Sir.

T. Rom. Why then may I never make a good Intrigue more, if this plaguy Doctor inſtead of a Cure upon me, would not make me run mad in a Week's time, if I were with him.

Shink. By his Prabbles and his Pratings, I think his Prains in as pad Conditions as his Patients, by St. *Davy*.

Guiac. This new Madman, now being poſſeſſed with a Frenzy ſomewhat near his own, will very much aſſiſt her; therefore I reſolve they ſhall be much together; for I have ſome reaſon to hope the worſt is paſt, becauſe ſhe inclines to Muſick, and will often ſing very ſenſibly. Oh, here ſhe comes, pray obſerve now.

Enter Pulvia *finely dreſs'd, and* Marmalet.

Pulv. Give me freſh Air, the Place is hot and ſoultry, the Rooms are warmed with Lovers ſcorching Sighs that glow and breath upon me. Is there no remedy? Muſt I be crowded thus——Hah! Who's here? My cringing, complementing, comical, coxcombly Courtier again, my perpetual Teizer, Sir *Thomas Spindle*; What Impudence is this? He has nothing but a ſilly Place at Court, 250*l.* a Year, it won't buy me Pins: he can't ſettle four Groats upon me, and yet plagues me Four thouſand times in an hour. Lord! how he looks too like a Death's-head in an Apothecaries Shop, his Lips pale, his Eyes ſunk, and his Cheeks as thin as an Anatomy: A Cordial, a Cordial, Doctor, the Man's dying; did ye ever ſee a thing look ſo?

Guiac. Lean, lean, Madam, as Lovers generally uſe to be: I'll adviſe him to get a pair of Plumpers againſt he comes next. She takes your *Welſh* Couſin for the Courtier, Sir *Charles*.

Mamr.

Mawm. So now she's safe, I'll back again to my Fortune-Teller. I was born to be a Countess, as I'm a Christian. [*Aside and Exit.*

Sir *Char.* She has been horribly mad I find.

Shink. As *March* Hairs; look you, Uncle, that is the very plain truth of Matters.

T. Rom. Pox on't, would she would get her Senses quickly, or give me leave to make Love to some body else: I am like a Fish out of the Water all this while, I can't live nor breath without intriguing; I've above forty *Billet deux* now ready seal'd that all stick upon my hands, 'Gad take me.

Fulv. Hah! Sure my Eyes dazle, who comes next here, what the honourable and famous Politician, Mr. *Votewell*?

Guiac. Pray observe, Sir, she takes your Son for a Politician.

Fulv. Indeed, Sir, you wrong your self and the Nation, to leave the Affairs of State for my sake, the *French* will certainly outwit us in your absence; nay, you shan't stay a minute longer, indeed you shan't. Go, go, *Changing Tone.* Sir, you must go, the Committee wants you——Fie! Fie! A Senator waste his Time in seizing one single Woman, when he may have the Opportunity of plaguing a whole Nation! Faith it shall never be said —— Doctor, pray help me, we'll thrust him out.

T. Rom. Ay, 'Gad, would ye would, I shall lose a rare Intrigue else. [*Aside*

Guiac. Not so, good Madam, he's troubled with the Gout, and too quick a Motion may injure him; we'll send for a Chair: Hey, within there, fetch Mr. *Votewell* a Chair. [*pushes him away.*

Fulv. Ha, ha, ha, ha, Oh! the intolerable Machinations of a conceited Statesman; but stay, what more solid Mischief is this approaches me, Hah! sure 'tis impossible; what, Mr. Alderman *Niggle*? Nay, then I'm surprized indeed.

Guiac. Good! you are taken for the Alderman, Sir *Charles*, look grave and feed the Humour. [*To Sir* Charles.

Fulv. See how he has powder'd his Peruke, and smugg'd his old Face up with a pernicious Design to ruine me. Look how he frisks and hops about to shew me what heat and vigour remains in Sixty five: Ah! [*Shrieks*] Hands off, I'm resolv'd you shan't touch me; Fie, Fie, Fie, an old Fellow, and thus rampant: Ah—ah——help, help, Doctor quickly, this Devil of an Alderman will ravish me.

Guiac. Oh! Fie, Fie, Madam, by the Life of *Galen*, there's no danger, the Alderman's too old.

Fulv. Look, he frisks, he dances, he jumps; hark'e d'ye hear him too, he says he stews his Gold-Chain in Harts-horn Jelly, and drinks it every morning to make him lusty——Ah——he comes upon me agen, he will ravish me, He can ravish me, help, help.

Guiac. Oons, 'tis impossible, Madam, when did you ever hear of an Alderman that ravish'd any Body——If she were in her right Wits now, I should think she meant this as a Satyr upon the City, by the Life of *Galen*.

Sir *Char.* This is, indeed, the most fantastical Phrensie that ever I read or heard of; How long does it usually hold her.

Guiac. Forty minutes together, sometimes more; I have weakned it to forty minutes by my skill, it formerly held her an hour.

T. Rom. To the dear, soft, white, pretty hand of that super-excellent Lady Mrs. *Gillian Gingerbread*; ah, gad take me this billet should have been dispatch'd away this very minute, and here am I playing the fool in a Mad-house.

Shink. Nay, pray you Cousins, have patience, she is engaged now with the Fellow in the Placks, look you, pray you let's hear.

Fulv. Oh, — Mr. *Tickletext* ——. [*groans and weeps.*

Guiac. Observe now how the humour turns, now she is come to her Melancholy fit, and takes *Christopher* for a Parson.

Fulvia. Reverend Mr. *Tickletext*, Wife Mr. *Tickletext*, that ever I should live to see you thus overtaken, to leave your Flock in the Wilderness, to follow me upon the Mountains, to fall from your zealous and instructive Principles, carnally to fall in Love, and change the strong motions of the Spirit for those of the Flesh —— O, Mr. *Tickletext* —— [*weeps!*] What will become of your poor Soul?

Guiac. I've observ'd she's always extremely troubled about the Parsons Soul, 'tis a thing worthy observation.

Fulv. Doctor —— [*mournfully.*

Guiac. What say you, Madam?

Fulv. Does Mr. *Tickletext* drink hard think you?

Guiac. No, sure Madam, not hard.

Fulv. Nor Swear, nor Game, Doctor?

Guiac. Neither Madam, unless it be a Game at Put now and then, for a Bowl of Lambswool.

Fulv. For a Bowl of Punch rather, I fear Doctor; ay, 'tis so, I know it by the red tip of his Nose; the Parson hates Lambswool, he loves the Bowl, the Bowl, the lusty Bowl; and there alas his poor Soul will be drown'd.

Guiac. His Soul again, pray observe.

Fulv. Yet, what care I, I'm Mrs. of my own fate, let 'em drink, let 'em roar, let 'em sing, what is't to me I'll do the same.

Sings. *How vile are the sordid Intrigues of the Town,*
Cheating and lying, perpetually sway
From Bully and Punk to the Politick Gown,
In plotting and sotting they waste the whole day.

Let me have Musick, and bring in *Orpheus* there, O, my hard fortune!

Guiac. So now the Fit's almost spent, let 'em come in there, [*she sits down,* these are Lunaticks by me appointed on purpose to indulge the Humour, the one was a Young hot blooded Officer that being balk'd in a Battel, against the *French* in *Flanders*, fell mad upon't, the Woman crack'd her Brain with Pride and Malice, hearing her Lover say, another was handsomer and better dress'd at a Court Ball.

There's a Song in parts, between a mad Man, and a mad Woman, then two other mad Men, who sit down, then with Numps *and* Quickwit, *like a mad Man with a Paper.*

Guiac. You

Guiac. You may perceive by this, Sir *Charles*, the Frenzy will wear off by degrees, —— but ſee, here comes my Lord.

Quick. Though *Cerberus* bark, the Cat-a-mountain howl,
Though Winds do roar, and Waves do rowl,
Mopſa's my Life, *Mopſa*'s my Soul. [*grins.*

Numps. Worſe and worſe, ah, lack-a-day, ah, lack-a-day, O my poor Maiſter!

Guiac. His Diſtemper vents it ſelf much in ſcraps of Poetry, which ſhews it to be the more violent and dangerous.

Sir *Char.* Why ſo, good Doctor.

Guiac. Why Sir, Poetry is a kind of Madneſs in it ſelf, and muſt conſequently make a very ill addition to the Patients Diſtemper. I'll ſpeak to him, what have you there, my Lord?

Quick. Treaſon, in black and white, —— Though *Cerberus* bark, the Cat-a-mountain howl, I'll conjure for her, I'll go down below into the Devils dairy, there I ſhall find her licking the Cream-bowls, or preſſing Curds to make *Beelzebub* a Cheeſe, —— Hark, ye Patron, are you the Devil?

Guiac. The Devil! not I my Lord, bleſs me, what a queſtion's there.

Quick. Nor yet his Dam?

Guiac. Nor his Dam neither, I'm your Doctor, my Lord.

Quick. Bring *Mopſa* then, I'll drown my ſelf in Tears elſe, [*falls down.*

Numps. O, worſe and worſe! O that chave liv'd to zee this day, odſwokers, he had as notable a Pate, a Vortnight ago as e'er a one in our Shire; our Miniſter at home was a Bottlehead toun, and now to zee the Caſe zo chang'd, and hear un talk zo like a Vool, odſwoker che can't forbear weeping vor the heart o' me. [*howls out*

T. Rom. O prethee, Pox take thee for a Bumpkin, what a howling doſt thou make; ah, my dear ſweet Miſs Ginger-bread, 'gad take me, I ſhall grow as mad as they, if I am kept here much longer [*kiſſes the Letter.*

Shink. There is fery goot moralities and obſervations to be made in this place, look you Couſins, therefore pray you have patience.

Quick. Haſt brought her? that's my Boy, ay there ſhe is, I know her now. [*Starting up.*

Sings. *By thoſe Pigniet, that Stars do ſeem,*
Thoſe Breaſts as white as Curds and Cream,
Thoſe Cherry Lips and dimpled Chin,
'Tis Mopſa *that ſhall be my Queen.*

Guiac. She makes up to him now, the Diſtemper works now, they are curing one another, the two mad Men riſe and dance with 'em.

[*Dance.*

Fulvia Sings. *Art thou the Crack-brain'd Fool thou ſeem'ſt to be?*
Quick. *Art thou a white-fac'd Ape as mad as he?*
A fooliſh Female nice and ſhy,
That never yet trod ſhoon awry,
Nor ſuffer'd youngſter by the by,

To

To have a finger in the Pye?

Fulvia. *In spight of Rings and Bracelets gay,*
Sweet Jewels on a Holyday,
Or all the silly Men can say
I'm still of Vesta's Train a Maid.

Quick. *'Tis then for want of Humane Aid.*

Fulv. *No, no.*
Quick. *Ay, ay.*
Fulv. *No, no.*
Quick. *Ay, ay.*
Fulv. *I'm still a Maid.*
Quick. *O fye, O fye!*
Fulv. *In thought and deed, and so will die.*
Quick. *You are a Fool, or else you lye,* ——but if thou art go to the Queen and beg me, for I must hang to Morrow for a Rape committed upon fifteen Richmond Virgins, thirty years old and upwards, that have stood the shock of Mankind most miraculously, there's my Petition, read it and away.

[*gives her a Letter*

Fulv. By Heaven 'tis *Frederick's* Hand, and I find now, this is all feign'd madness, and a Plot of his to bring me off, O ye dear witty Creature, [*aside.*

Quick. Cry ye mercy Sir, by that shaggy Eyebrow, and that [*pulls* Guiac. *away* grizled Phiz, I know ye now, you are the Recorder.

Guiac. Variety of Madness, he said I was the Devil just now, and now he takes me for the Recorder.

Quick. There, there's your Fee, and pray defer my Sentence, I must not come to th' Gallows, I have Money, let friendless Fellons, Fools, and Beggars dangle; I'll bribe thee well, I must not hang, I've Money.

Sir *Char.* The mad Fool speaks now methodically, Money indeed will do any thing.

Quick. What do I see, a guard to bear me off, and before Sentence, nay then have at ye, avaunt ye Slaves, ye Pultroons, scoure ye Vipers, a rescue, a rescue, fall on my Friends, down with 'em. [*snatches a Sword from* T. Romance *and beats 'em.*

Sir *Char.* Ah, Plague of our heedless folly to come Arm'd amongst mad Men, there's no contending with him. [Quickwit *drives 'em about the Stage.*

T. Rom. My Lord, my Lord, 'odsdeath what d'ye mean?

Shink. Mean to a mad Man, that is fery simple by St. *Davy*, goot her Lord have patience, *Shinken* was her friend and fery humble Servant look you.

Guiac. My Lord, my Lord, I am the Recorder you know. [Quick. *beats 'em.*

Quick. The Devil thou art, down with 'em there, a rescue, a rescue.

Guiac. Am I a Devil again, nay then there's no fence against a flail, I must give way too. [*Exit* Guiacum *and* Quickwit *locks the Door.*

Quick. Ha, ha, ha, so, if this was not well play'd, I'll n'er Act part again.

Fulv. Thou art the best of Actors, and shalt be rewarded accordingly, nor shall honest *Numps* be forgotten neither.

Numps. 'Odf_

Numps. Odſwokers, che can make a Vool of forty ſuch Doctors as this is.

Quick. Your Ladyſhip would make an admirable Actreſs, faith Madam, to out-wit the Doctor ſo artificially —— 'tis a Maſterpiece.

Fulv. Ha, ha, ha, and before the grave Knight and young Fool's face too.

Quick. Ha, ha, ha, ha, and but reaſonable Madam, what ſhould a Fool do with ſo fine a Lady.

Fulv. O, Sir your Complement ſome other time, come whilſt we have this opportunity let's into my Cloſet, and conſult about the manner of my eſcape.

Quick. Which is contriv'd methodically in that Letter there, by your Lover, who I hope ſuddenly ſhall be happy in his reward too.

Fulv. If faithful Love, and an obedient Wife can make him happy, he may aſſure himſelf of me, I know his Merit, and have a Soul to prize it.

Nor ſhall the wretched Cuſtoms of the World,
That change the ſweets of Love to ſordid Bargain,
Ever corrupt my Nature, wealth is a good addition,
And ſhall be given by me a Slave to vertue,
And wait upon the kind brave Man I love,
Who Weds a Fool, affronts her humane Nature;
Who can be kind to ſuch a Brutal Creature,
'Tis Wit with Love improves the Marriage Charms,
And ſuch a Man is welcome to my Arms. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the Second Act.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter Cunnington *and* Marmalet.

Cunn. VEL now, as you hope to be de Counteſs, and keep your ſix Footmen and your Page, dis is all true vat you tell me.

Marm. Every ſyllable in troth Sir, O fye, upon my Integrity I would not tell ye a Lye for the verſal World.

Cunn. Ver good, vel den I will tell you the reſt of your fortune, but firſt feſh me de Almanack, dat I may tell de good day from de bad, dat is material point.

Marm. Yes Sir, I'll bring it preſently —— a Counteſs, why, well fare thy heart old *Jenny*, ſix Footmen and a Page, odſme I'm overjoy'd. [*Exit*

Cunn. So,

Cunn. So, I have ſqueez'd her as dry as a ſponge already, the Heireſs in this Houſe, that Sir *Charles Romance* deſigns for his Son, only feigns her ſelf mad, and *Quickwit* is by a Trick to get her away for young *Frederick*, ha, ha, ha, ha, I warrant he thinks himſelf as ſecure of her now, as a Cat is of a Mouſe that he has between his Paw, ha, ha, ha, alas poor Fool, but if I aim right, he ſhall find himſelf damnably miſtaken, for what will I do now, but privately go and diſcover all to Sir *Charles*, ſo get my ſelf a ſwinging Reward, and *Quickwit* a Plaguy beating, that ſhall ſtick by him this Month, ha, ha, ha, 'gad I love ſuch a miſchief with all my heart, how it tickles me, I grow even fat at the conceit on't. O here comes my Counteſs, I muſt diſpatch this old Fool firſt, and then away ——— Mum, now for fortune-telling.

Re-enter Marmalet *with an Almanack.*

Marm. Here's an Almanack and 't pleaſe ye.

Cunn. O let me ſee, *June*, *June*, *June*, *July*. Vere be de [*changing his voice* Dog-day, dat be de ver good time to make de Intrigue, let me ſee, you ſay you ver born in *July*.

Marm. The fourteenth and ſhall pleaſe ye.

Cunn. Oh, Ver good, ver good, now ſhake your left Arm and your right Leg both together, vich we call in Aſtrology de ſimple motion.

Marm. Is that right, pray Sir. [*Shakes her Arm and Leg awkardly.*

Cunn. Yes, yes, dat vill do ver well, dat I muſt needs ſay is de ver ſimple motion indeed.

Marm. But Sir, you tell me nothing all this while, pray Sir, what good fortune ſhall I have? and particularly, I beſeech ye Sir, to give me leave to ask that queſtion, that we Maids moſt deſire to know, which is, when ſhall I be married, and pleaſe ye?

Cunn. Cry *Hymen* vid a ſigh, one, two, tre time ſo, now ſit croſs-legg'd, and turn de Gnomon of your face, dat is your noſe; [*pulls her Noſe* to de North-Eaſt, dat's right, now ſmile a little, ſmile fooliſhly like, right, now let me feel your pulſe; aw ver well, I ſee now you ſhall have for your Husband de ver Gentleman dat vas to ſteal away your Lady.

[*She makes ſilly grimaces*

Marm. What Mr. *Quickwit*, and ſhall I be no Counteſs after all this.

Cunn. Zoon Metreſſe have de patience and underſtand your good Fortune, he ſhall live to be, let me ſee, Baron of *Barr-elms*, and if de Planet, dat I ſee dere ſay right, he ſhall be Duke of *Twitnam*, *Mortlack*, and *Brainford*, go, go preſently, find him out, and make de Love to him, for I ſee by my Art, dat dis is de Critical minute, and ver fit for your purpoſe —— go.

Marm. Well, I vow Sir, you have raviſhed me with your Words Dutcheſs of *Twitnam*, *Mortlack*, and *Brainford*; why, this is prodigious, Lord to ſee! how preferment will puff up a body, methinks a Counteſs is too ſmall a title now.

Cunn. Hark you, one word more, if he refuſe you, take two, tre more of your Female Friend vid good Cudgel, and beat him, vor de Star do appoint dat

dat way to make soft his Heart and Inclination, fear noting, beat him but soundly, and he shall love you for ever after — Adieu. I must get out and laugh somewhere, or I shall burst. [*Aside, Exit.*

Marm. Dutchess of *Twitnam*, *Mortlack*, and *Brainford*, — O Lord, methinks I don't feel the ground I go on! Well, this is a most admirable Person, as I'm a Christian, and of most profound skill, for he told me some marks about me, as right, as if he had been by when I was brought into the World. Well, if Cudgelling my Lover will make me noble, I'll get them that shall lay it on with a good will In troth, for methinks, I long to be call'd your Grace, your Grace. Lord, how it tickles me, pray Heaven my Brain stand firm, for I've heard these new honours are very intoxicating. [*Exit.*

Enter Quickwit, Fulvia, *and* Numps.

Quick. You'll be sure to be ready, Madam, against twelve at Night.

Fulv. As punctual as the Minute, get you but the door open that can let us into the Garden, and for the rest let me alone.

Quick. For that, let me alone, and do'e hear, *Numps*, be sure you take your opportunity to slip out and acquaint Mr. *Frederick*, that the Coach may be ready at the time, 'dsheart if we should fail in our business to Night, I should be poyson'd before noon to Morrow, with Pills, Powders, and confounded Potions, which I see are preparing for me yonder: for Heavens sake, how came you to 'scape, Madam.

Fulv. Why, my being obstinate at first, has made the Fool take an opinion, that he can cure me with specificks. 'Tis such a positive Coxcomb, that if he once gets a notion into his Head, there's no removing it, tho never so absurd or ridiculous. Come, *Numps*, come you along with me, you must carry a Letter for me.

Numps. A Letter for ye, ah, would you were to be folded up into a Letter your self, and I were to carry ye to Mr. *Frederick*, I'd trudge for ye heartily — I would odswokers, there's my word still.

Fulv. Well, *Numps*, he shall know the good service you would do him, but for the present let's part, for fear the Doctor should be prying about my Lord *de la Fool* — your Lordships most humble — ha, ha. [*Exit.*

Numps. Oh, my poor Maister, O, O! odswokers the job goes on rarely. [*Exit.*

Quickwit *Solus.*

Quick. So, I think I'm in as pretty a way now to get five hundred pounds, as heart can wish, nothing but the very Devil or my Friend *Cunnington* can hinder the happy conclusion now, and I think I have been cunning enough to keep it out of his reach, I know the Rogue will envy my good fortune, but that will breed occasion for more mirth hereafter, and when the Guinneas are in my hand once, I shall have the better gust to rally and laugh at him — O Mrs. *Marmalet*, your humble Servant.

Enter Marmalet, *who curtsies to him and smiles affectedly.*

Marm. Yours, sweet Mr. *Quickwit*, or rather, sweet my Lord, I mean not as in the former counterfeit strain, but in very good truth and reality, I give you your title as it is to be.

Quick. Say ye so, Mrs. *Marmalet*, I would I were to give you a new Gown upon that condition.

Marm. Ah my Lord, your Grace muſt give me more than a new Gown before that comes to paſs, yet it ſhall happen. [*Curtſies ſtill.*

Quick. My Grace, what a Plague does ſhe mean, why hark'e, good mouldy conſerve of Quinces, I thought you had been more buſie in packing up your Ladies things, than to ſtand bant'ring here my Grace, what a Devil art thou Mad?

Marm. No, no, my Lord, I am not Mad my Lord, you ſhould find me perfect in every part, if your Grace would pleaſe to try me.

Quick. Zoons my Grace again.

Marm. In brief, great Duke it is your Love I ſeek, on which depends your fortune, on which depends, my making or my marring, behold I ſtand here ſuing for your liking, a ſpotleſs Maid, a Virgin Cabinet, that fifty years has kept its treaſure cloſe, from Spiders, Moths, and from all other Vermin, till now kind fate has given a key to you.

Quick. Crack'd, downright Craz'd as I live, this comes of living to be an old-Maid.

Marm. Ah, dear my Lord, do not deceive your ſelf, I have my ſenſes right and all things elſe thank Heaven.

Quick. Why, what a Plague doſt Lord me at this rate then? and talk to me of Treaſures, and Cabinets, and Spiders, and Moths, and making, and marring; why ye Queen *Elizabeth's* Old Fardingale, ye dirty wrinkled worm-eaten Ruff without Starch, ye tarniſh'd old faſhion'd Picture of mad *Hecuba* in the Hangings, what doſt cant of Love to me for?

Marm. Does not my Perſian nor my Merits move ye, know then, the Stars appoint ye honours, if you Marry me, you ſhall become a Duke.

Quick. Become a Dog, Pox on ye for an old Carrion, is this a time for whimſies.

Marm. It is the time my Lord, the only time, I am told by Art, that if we Marry, we ſhall both be Noble, I do beſeech your Grace believe my Tears, there are great Honours budding.

Quick. Honours and budding, what a Devil can this plaguy Hag mean by all this?

Marm. Good my Lord, Marry me I do beſeech your Grace, relent.

Quick. I wont ye old Fool, pox take ye, I wont I tell ye, and get ye gone, and play your Oafs tricks ſomewhere elſe, or I'll kick ye. Marry her, I'd ſooner Marry a *Lancaſhire Witch*, that was ſick of the Plague.

Marm. How, nay then ſince my hard fate, ſince no fair means will do, the Stars muſt have their way. [*Exit, and re-enter preſently with two other female Servants arm'd with Cudgels.*

Quick. My Grace and my Lordſhip, and Marry, ha, ha, ha, 'gad I believe the old Sibil has been regaling her ſelf, with a gill or two of Brandy after Dinner, and her frigid veins having gotten a little warmth, provoke her to think of Marriage, Marriage with a Pox to her. [*He turns his back, and ſhe ſtrikes him over the Shoulders.*

Marm. Dear Sir excuſe me.

Quick. Excuſe ye, what a Plague's the matter now.

Serv. 'Tis all for your good, indeed my Lord. [*Strikes him.*

Quick. 'Dſheart ye damn'd *Jezabel*, be quiet you had beſt.

Marm. 'Tis

Marm. 'Tis much against my good nature, but [*Strikes him agen.*

Quick. But, what, ye Devil, but what —— are ye bewitch'd [*rubs himself.*

Serv. The Stars will have it so. [*strikes him.*

Quick. —— Oons the Stars.

Marm. Do but consent to Marry me, and be a Duke.

Quick. Ye Crackbrain'd Idiot.

Serv. Of —— *Twitnam.* [*strikes him.*

Quick. Very well, Witch.

Serv. *Mortlack.* [*strikes him.*

Quick. Fiends and Furies.

Marm. And *Brainford* upon my Honour, 'tis pity Love puts on so rough a visage, but 'tis the fates decree; and I must, [*beats him still.*

Quick. The Devil brain ye, 'dsdeath, stand off, for if I get into ye, I will so rattle your bones, ye mouldy, mischievous, wither'd, worm-eaten ——

Enter Fulvia *and* Numps *in hast.*

Fulv. Lost, lost, ruin'd undown, we are all betray'd and discover'd —— how now, what's the matter here. [*Maid Servants run out.*

Quick. A Sibil, a Succubus. 'Gad 'tis well you came in Madam, I would have tryed what power that Witch would have, when I had drawn blood of her.

Fulv. What Witch, what does he talk of, the Witchcraft is within yonder —— I tell ye, y' are all betray'd, Sir *Charles* has discover'd us.

Quick. A Hag, a Nightmare, —— What's that you say Madam, discover'd, what's discover'd. [*changing his tone.*

Fulv. We, we, all of us, some Devil or other has betray'd us, and discover'd all our design to Sir *Charles*, and the Doctor whom I overheard just now, threatning such unmerciful punishments to you and poor *Numps* there, that it almost distracted me to hear 'em.

Numps. *Ralph*, *Tom*, and *Christopher*, and all the Servants of the House are call'd up for no good I fear, odswokers, look, look, see if that plaguy word will leave me now, —— would I had never learn'd it.

Quick. So, I find that I have had yet, only a sample of Cudgelling, the main payment is behind hand, I'm in a very pretty condition faith, but how could this be Madam, 'dsdeath, who is, his Devil of a discoverer, what's his name.

Fulv. That, Sir *Charles* would not inform the Doctor, being as it seems enjoyn'd him as a secret, yet thus far told him, that it was an old Comrade of yours, and one of your own society.

Quick. *Cunnington*, as I live I find it now, it can be no Devil else —— O, Son of a Whore! O, malicious Dog!

Fulv. But how he came to know it, that's Witchcraft agen.

Marm. Odsbodikins, my heart misgives me, that I can best tell that, my Conjurers name was *Cunnington*, who promis'd me a Dukedom for the secret, and bound himself with a hundred Oaths to keep it, and sure a Conjurer has too much conscience to break his Oath, I must go and be better satisfied, for I'm in a [illegible] as I'm a Christian. [*Exit.*

Quick. I shall [illegible] meer jest, a Fool to all the Town and Country, be [illegible] I know, thrown into the Horsepond.

[illegible] threaten some such thing, that's the truth on't.

 Quick. They

Quick. They do; nay, ten to one, or some worse punishment. *Numps*, prithee contrive something to help at a Pinch; what shall we do, hah?

Numps. Why, truly my Lord *de la Fool*, if I might advise your good Lordship.

Quick. Nay, nay, Pox on't, no jokes now, thou know'st 'tis honourable enough to assist Lovers, *Numps*.

Numps. *Numps*, *Numps*, what *Numps*, I'll be *Numps* no more not I, my Name's *Gregory Golding* an Ale-house-keeper here at *Twitnam*; 'oons, I shall have my Bones broke here about your *Numps*, and your honourable Lovers, would I were well out on't, 'odswokers, plague take that word too, would 'twere hang'd.

Fulv. I find *Numps* would hardly undertake me now folded up in a Letter.

Quick. 'Sdeath here they come, all contrivance is in vain too, I find I must bear it.

Fulv. Nay, I am almost in as bad a Case, for I shall be tiez'd out of my Life, by Sir *Charles* and the young Blockhead now; but come, let's Act it to the last, my Lord, let's play our parts well however.

Numps. A vengeance on't, I shall make a hopeful part of mine I believe.

Enter Sir Charles, Guiacum, *and* Christopher.

Guiac. Manage you your Daughter Sir *Charles*, whilst I confront this Rascal. Your Servant, my noble Lord. [*to* Quickwit.

Quick. [*Staring madly*] Is *Mopsa* come from the Black Stigian Fields, where yearly range the Cows of *Proserpine*, *Tib*, *Whitehorn*, *Colly*, *Redrose*, *Smut*, and *Blincko*; see where she sits stroking the swelling Teats, and takes Infernal Cream in Pails of Agate.

Guiac. Rare counterfeiting Rascal. [*Aside.*

Sir *Char.* How does my Daughter, do the Lovers tieze her still, where's the Reverend Mr. *Tickletext*, and the Worshipful Mr. *Alderman Niggle*, ha?

Fulv. [*Staring too*] There, there he is, he shakes his Gold Chain at me, and pulls out his hair purse with fifty pieces, thinking to bribe my vertue, ah * I'll have none on't, ah * y'are an old Fellow, avaunt, avaunt, ah * ah * [*shrieks out.*

Sir *Charl.* Oh strange! why Doctor, she grows worse and worse.

Guiac. Extremely ill Sir, I have been very much deceiv'd in her, I see now I must be forc'd to tye her in her Bed, and give her a Purge or two of Sand and Snow-water to abate this heat, —— she shall take it to Night.

Fulv. The Devil shall have you first. [*Aside.*

Guiac. And as for my Lord there, I see his fit Increases too, and I must be severe with him. Go, *Christopher*, get the Gives and Fetters ready, and call the rest of your Fellows as I order'd, tell the Surgeon too, I'll have the Skin of my Lords Head flead off, and rubb'd with Salt and Vinegar.

Quick. Oh, Lord—— [*Aside.*

Guiac. His Lordship has a wonderous hot Pate; I'll cool it with a Vengeance. You, Friend, [*to Numps*] I think are somewhat crax'd too; but 'tis but slight. A good sound whipping three times round the Orchard will set you right, *Numps*.

Numps. Ah, no *Numps*, and't like your Worship, no *Numps*, I'm a poor, *Twickenham* Man, meerly drawn in as I hope to be sav'd.

Guiac. How does your Pulse beat now, my Lord, humph——do'e know me yet; am I a Devil, or a Recorder——Speak, I know your Cure is perfect.

Quick. Why

Quick. Why then, Faith, Doctor, I thank ye, I'm as well as ever I was in all my Life. [*Briskly.*

Numps. And I too, Odswokers——agen——would the Devil had that word——

Sir *Char.* But *Fulvia* there ſays nothing, her Diſtemper reigns ſtill.

Fulv. No, Faith, now I think on't, I'm perfectly cur'd too; [*in a brisk Tone.*] Come, Sir *Charles*, and Doctor, 'tis but a Frolick, a Trial of Wit you ſee; hang't, paſs it by for once, and give 'em their Liberty.

Guiac. Not too faſt, good Madam. Within there ho, [*Enter Servants.* See theſe two well beaten, pump'd, and toſs'd in a Blanket, for fear of a Relapſe, and then diſcharge 'em.

Sir *Char.* Let 'em be ſwing'd to purpoſe——go get you in, I'll ſpeak with you anon. [*Exit* Fulvia.

Quick. Nay, nay, Sir *Charles*, what for a Trick of Wit? 'Twas but a Trick of Wit, Faith, Doctor.

Guiac. Oh, Sir, your Wit is out of its Sphere now; and to ſet it right, I am obliged to cudgel ye by my Profeſſion. Away with 'em.

Numps. This comes of Acting *Numps*, a Plague o' your Acting [*They are pull'd out.*

Sir *Char.* Ha, ha, ha, Farewell my good Lord *de la Fool*, Ha, ha, ha——

Guiac. 'Twas cunningly acted of the Rogues; but now, Sir *Charles*, what's to be done with the Lady.

Sir *Char.* Keep her cloſe up till you hear further from me: Take heed of Viſitants, and more mad Lords, Doctor; I'll go and prepare her once more for my Son, and put the Caſe home to her, and her Ingratitude; it may be the Diſcovery of this Plot; and her ſmall hopes of ſerving her own Humour, may make her yield to mine: But if ſhe be ſtubborn,

She ſhall have Cauſe to curſe each tedious hour,
And know too late by me a Guardian's Power. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Enter Sir* Quibble, Stockjobb, *and* Cunnington.

Stock. COme, come, 'twas but a Joke, 'twas no more, Faith. Squire *Thomas* ſeems to be a very honeſt Gentleman, and a Lover of Buſineſs. Prethee Sir *Quibble* come in agen, and take t'other Glaſs, and ſo forth.

Sir. *Quib.* A ſcandalous Fellow to ſay I was an Hermaphrodite, to make a Monſter, a Devil, I can't tell what of me, to diſgrace me before the Ladies: But this ſhan't get the Heireſs from me; I know his drift well enough, it ſhan't do I'll ſay't.

Stock. Come, come, prethee, come in agen.

Sir *Quib.* 'Pray excuſe me, Sir, I promis'd my Mother to come home to Supper; and I know her heart goes a pit a pat, if I'm never ſo little out of her ſight, for fear I ſhould be ſtole or come to any harm; beſides I muſt tell ye plainly, I don't like the Company. I'll drink a Glaſs here with this honeſt Gentleman, if you pleaſe, but I would not come in agen for a 1000 *l.*

Stock. Well, my Comical Friend, do you entertain the Knight then, I muſt go mind my Gueſts within: Hey, bring ſome Wine there —— [*Exit* Stockjobb.

Cunn. This is one of the ſilly Heireſs ſtealers, of t'other ſide, I'll banter the Fool.

Sir *Quib.* Your Servant, Sir; by your Diſcourſe within, Sir, I perceive that you are a great Traveller.

Cunn.

Cunn. I have ſeen I tink dis Globe, I mean *Europe*, *Aſia*, *Africk*, *Americk*, or ſo; dat is all.

Sir *Quib.* That is all indeed, Sir, you muſt ride upon the Dogs-ſtar, as the mad Song ſays, if you would ſee more.

Cunn. Sire, I have ſeen much more: I have obſerve too de Globe Celeſtial; I have been ſo high as to hang my Hat upon one Horn of de Moon, and have touſh de North-Pole vid min Finger.

Sir *Quib.* With your Finger, Sir, your Servant agen, Sir: Why that's very ſtrange I'll ſay't.

Cunn. Sir, I have live in de Moon-world ſome time, de Emperour is de ver proud Monarch, and keep de ſubject in great awe; de people dere are like de Pigmy, de man's and woman's not half yard high, but generally wiſe and ver great Politicians.

Sir *Quib.* Ods diggers, this is a moſt excellent Fellow; and pray, Sir, don't thoſe Politicians of the Moon take us *Engliſh*-Politicians for mad Fellows, hah?

Cun. Yes, truly, dey do tink dat you be all mad indeed.

Sir *Quib.* Prethee what Women are there? Do they dreſs their Heads as our Cocking Ladies do here, I wonder.

Cunn. No, no, de woman's dere have no head at all, de face ſtand vere de Breaſt ſhould, and de Mouth is de Navel.

Sir *Quib.* Oh, Lord, there muſt be ſtrange kiſſing I'll ſay't.

Cunn. De Creation was ver wiſe in dat, no womans is ſuffer to have head dere, for fear ſhe ſhould plot Miſchief.

Sir *Quib.* Ha, ha, ha, I'll ſay't an admirable Reaſon too. But pray, Sir, now lets get down from the Moon a little; and ſince you have obſerved all the People and Cities in the World, pray, Sir, when was you laſt at *London*?

Cunn. Ven de Sun came laſt Poſt from de Antipodi dis morning, dis morning.

Sir *Quib.* Ha, ha, ha, very pretty agen, I'll ſay't: Why then, ten to one, but you have all the paſſages of the Town at your Finger's-ends; and, I'll ſay't, I long to hear 'em. Prethee what do they do at Court now, hah?

Cunn. Why de come, ſcrape, and look ver ſharp, den whiſper de friend in de corner, and talk politick one half hour, den oagle *Repas du Roy*, and make ver low Bow, den comb de Peruke, take Snuff, and ſcrape out agen; dat is all.

Sir *Quib.* Ha, ha, ha——that's very like a Courtier I'll ſay't. Come, come, now for the City, what are our Men of Gravity doing?

Cun. Why fait dey follow ſtill dere old Cuſtom——dat is, contrive to ſheate one anoder; dey dat have no ſtock for Trade, make uſe of de ſtock of Impudence, and ſign Policy to lay Wager, ſo make four, five ſheating Bargain over night, and ver fairly break, and run away next morning.

Sir *Quib.* Well ſaid agen i'ſackins; 'gad this is a plaguy ſharp Fellow: But come now, for our Places of Diverſion; Prethee how go Humours at the Muſick-Meeting and Play-houſe?

Cun. As for de humour amongſt all de reſt, I only obſerve tre ſort, dat is, de Beau, de Coquet, and de Fidler: de Beau dere make de fine Song, to ſhew his Wit; de Coquet ſay ſhe admire de Beau, but laugh behind his back; de Fidler he perform his Muſick, take de Money, and begar laugh at dem both.

Sir *Q*——

Sir *Q*—. Ha, ha, ha,—Well I'll ſay't I'll give my Mother the ſlip ſome time or other, and go and ſee the Humours there I'm reſolv'd; but come now, for the Play-houſe.

Cun. Noting, noting; dere is noting dere pour Railery, but de Whore and de Critick, and two tre dozen of old muſty Orange Wench dat ride upon your Back while de Muſiick play.

Sir *Q*—. Odsdiggers, ſo they us'd to ſerve me, I'll ſay't: Well, but hark'e now, let's be a little ſerious; — I muſt know one thing more; heark'e, Do you ever go to Church—pray Friend?

Cun. Umph, Church!

Sir *Q*—. Ay, ay, Do's Devotion thrive?—I know you muſt obſerve ſomething of that too.

Cun. No fait, dere you poſe me; for to ſpeak truth, like good Chriſtian, I have not ſee de inſide of one Shurch dis—ſixteen year, and begar I find de Town ver muſh of my humour; de People and de Prieſt make de grand difference; he can ſay ver little or noting dat dey believe, and dey, Begar, vill do noting vat he adviſe; ſo I never trouble de Shurch at all.

Sir *Q*—. I'll ſay't, an Admirable Perſontoo! Well, dear Signior, you have ſo much oblig'd me, that if you pleaſe to come to my Houſe, you ſhall find every day a Welcome that——

Enter Tom Romance, *haſtily*.

T. Rom. Why *Cunnington*, *Cunnington*, what a Devil art thou doing? [*Speaks entring.*

Sir *Quib.* Is your Name *Cunnington*, Sir?

Cun. Yes 'faith, Sir; But I know I ſhall be welcome to your Houſe for all that Hah, ha, ha.

T. Rom. Hah, ha, ha, What has the Hermaphrodite been banter'd agen? Ha, ha, ha.

Sir *Quib.* 'Slid there's ſome Trick in this; Odsdiggers, come near my houſe, and I'll ſet my Dogs at ye: A Plague, here comes more of 'em; I ſhall be laugh'd to Death if I ſtay. I'll ſay, 'oons *Cunnington*, I ſhould have been robb'd or raviſh'd in a weeks time. [*Exit* Sir *Quibble*.

Enter Stockjob.

Cun. You came a little too ſoon; for I was juſt going to pump him about the Heireſs.

T. Rom. Phoo, Pox ſhe's ſecure enough Boy, but I have ſome freſh play in my head; now *Stockjob*'s Wife, ye Rogue.

T. Rom. Here ſhe comes, 'gad take me I'll give her my *Billet deux* preſently.

Enter Squeamiſh *and* Hotſpur, *and Mrs.* Stockjob.

Squeam. Oh horrid! Couſin, why d'e bring me into all this Company, eſpecially where that Fellow is, for I am certainly inform'd, 'twas that horrid Fellow that writ the laſt Lampoon upon the Wells.

Mrs. *Stock*

Mrs. *Stock*. Have de patience Couſin, me ſhall find out dat preſently, hark 'e Sir, you damm *Engliſh* Pultroon, dare you abuſe de Lady, dare you make de damm Lampoon ha?

Cinn. Not I Madam, you are the moſt miſtaken in the World.

Squeam. Not that I value the little malice, but to ſee the beſtiality of the Fellow; I kept my ſelf ſo reſerv'd, Couſin, all this Summer to avoid cenſure, that I refus'd to receive viſits from any Man under the Age of ſixty nine, nor ever went any whither but to Church, and if they did not Lampoon me for that too, I'm no Chriſtian.

T. Rom. I muſt get the Rogue off, —— 'Gad take me, Madam, I have [*to Mrs.* Stockjob] ſuch a value for your Wit and Beauty, that upon my Honour, I would not deceive you in any thing, and I aſſure you he is innocent of the matter, therefore let me deſire you to turn the diſcourſe, I'll inform you more hereafter.

Mrs. *Stock*. Ah Monſieur, 'tis impoſſible for me to doubt a Perſon of ſuch merit, and ſo well accompliſh'd as your ſelf. Couſin, I am [*too Squeamiſh*] inform, by dis Gentleman, dat we are under de grand miſtake.

Hotſp. She inform'd by that Puppy, then they 're familiar I find. [*Aſide*.

Mrs. *Stock*. Sir, I beg your pardon vid all mine heart, I underſtand you are de ver ingenious Perſon, and underſtand de Ladies affair.

Squeam. Nay, I can't poſitively affirm he was the Perſon I confeſs; I only grounded my ſuſpicion the more ſolidly, becauſe of his Satyrical Phiz; O horrid! methinks his Face is a meer Lampoon it ſelf.

Stock. Come, come, ſlapdaſh, and ſo forth, let's reconcile all miſtakes with a Glaſs of Wine and a Song, I've a Bowl of Punch ready within too.

T. Rom. There ſpoke the Soul of the City and ſo forth, That was done now like a Man of intrigue. [*Puts a Note into Mrs.* Stockjob's *boſom*.

T. Rom. My dear, dear Charmer, 'gad take me I've had a paſſion for ye above this ſix Months, and if you don't anſwer my Billet deux there, I ſhall dye that's certain.

Mrs. *Stock*. Dis is de ver agreable Fellow, but I muſt ſhow de cunning, and not yield too ſoon, [*Aſide*.] — O, fye, fye, Monſieur, I am ſure you miſtake me I am not de Perſon, 'tis impoſſible dat I ——

T. Rom. Not the Perſon, by this dear hand, there's no Perſon in the World but you, has the power to charm my heart, your Eyes have made me a very. —

Hotſp. A very ſop, Raſcal, Dogbolt, — come, draw, draw, Buffoon, I'll teach you to be ſawcy with Women in my Company.

Stock. Hey, ſlapdaſh, what a Plague's the matter now? keep the Peace there, hey day, is the Devil in ye all, and ſo forth. [*Exit*.

[*Fight here, and* Tom Romance, *and* Shinken *are beaten off, the Women ſhriek and run out*.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Sir Quibble, Frederick *and* Quickwit.

Fred. Death, and Confusion, *Cunnington*, discover the Plot: Why how was it possible he should come to know it?

Quick. Nay that piece of Witchcraft I am yet to Conjure for, but I can assure you the beating was substantial, and so had the Blanket been too, if some of Sir *Quibbles* Gold, had not bribed off two of the Grooms: but come Sir, take Heart, for though my Brains have taken occasion hitherto to disoblige my Bones a little; I have another Plot left yet, not only to make my revenge perfect upon *Cunnington* not; but to secure you the Lady, for since I have undertaken it, you shall have her, though the great Devil, and all his little Imps conspired against me.

Fred. Pox, what vexes me most is, 'tis grown the Common Town talk already, they have it at the Coffee-house as familiar as the *Gazette*.

Sir *Quib.* Prethee how didst do to Act the Madman? Ile say't, I'd have given a hundred Guineas to have seen thee a little; Prethee how didst look? and what didst say, I wonder? and when did the Lady come in with her Story? and which way, and upon what accompt? and wherefore?

Quick. And wherefore good Sir come away quickly, and fetch the Guineas you promis'd, for I shall have occasion for a Bribe or too, to carryon the Affair: Farwell Sir, I see Company coming, stay, *Exit Sir* Quib. *and* Dog.

Enter Sophronia *with a Book.*

Fred. Hah, am I fallen into this Satyrical Devils Clutches too, then I'm like to have a rare Breathing, for I perceive by that malicious Smile with which she mocks her self, that she has heard of this late business; and is as pleas'd I warrant, as prosperous Malice can make a Woman, when she has an opportunity of being reveng'd: Well, I am resolv'd to stand the brunt now, come what will on't, I see she's prepar'd for the Assault, and to beat her out of her Guard, Ile begin first. What always reading, Madam, still affronting Mankind, by Invading their Province of *To Her.* Knowledge, fye, this is unnatural; a Lady should no more pretend to a Book, than a Sword, neither of 'em are proper for her Sphere of Activity.

Soph. This, only excepted Sir, this is a Treatise proper for all degrees of People, 'tis call'd, Sir, an Hospital for Fools, where the most distemper'd of that sort shall be Cur'd, or at least put into a good way. What think ye Sir, shall I send it ye, you may chance to have some apish humour in your Brain, or some foolish act in your Body, that may want a good remedy.

Fred.

Fred. Oh I thank ye, Madam, but must beg your Excuse, to take a Recipe from a Female Physitian, to cure a defect in the Brain, that's a good one Faith: Why that's the way to make a Man stark Mad indeed: And as for my Body, I had as lieve take an old Purblind Country Nurse, if I had a mortal Bruise, or Palsie, and I were certain to have the scandal of a Cripple upon me all the days of my life after.

Sophr. I don't know what you mean by your Bruise, or Palsie; but considering your general distemper of Body, would be a greater scandal to the Nurse, to take ye in hand.

Fred. Very fine, well certainly there is not another so vain a thing in Nature, as a Woman that supposes her self a Wit; she fancies all the World must truckle to her Wit, and admire her Person, and Wit; tho the Wit's as Envious as a Witch, and often as Ugly.

Soph. That might be a fault indeed in the last Age; but in this I never met with any of your Town Crew, that have Wit enough to cause Envy.

Fred. If there's any one Fool enough to Love her, she'll make him a meer Changling, and like a little sullen Chit, of five years old, deny her self the Morsel she Loves; only to Teize and Vex another, when at the same time her mouth waters, and she's ready to starve for Hunger; this I think touches your Ladyships Copy-hold a little; but much good may't do ye with your sullen fit, I know you'l get a Husband, and a vast fortune by't.

Soph. Well Sir, not to be behind hand with ye, in your Frumps, much goood may do you with your Rich Heiress, you'l get a Wife, and a prodigious fortune by her, I hear too.

Fred. Ah Curse on her, I find she knows all. (*Aside.*

Soph. For my part, it were unreasonable for me, to expect you to be constant to my small merit, when you had such a temping Lump as Fifty thousand Pounds to cherish your hopes withal; Fifty thousand Pounds, d'ffie, there's ne're a Beau from *Covent-Garden* Church to the *Tower* of *London* but shall give his little Corps to the Devil, every hour of the Day for't.

Fred. Not ne're a Lady that frequents the *Park*, Play-House, or the Musick-meeting; but shall marry a thing one degree remov'd from a Baboon for half as much.

Soph. By which I find Sir, you are not out of hopes, I dare swear you think your self above one degree remov'd, tho your last Mad Plot upon the Heiress has given the world some strange suspitions to the Contrary: on my Conscience you'l return to me again Sir, you'l have some qualm or other come over ye shortly; then yet drunk, and with a kind of maudlin Repentance, come to beg my pardon.

Fred. So far from it, that I rather fear I shall have ye at my Levee every morning shortly, with a pitiful Petition, imploring my Charity, to bestow on ye the remains of Mattimony.

Sophr. The remains, Sir, I have Arithmerick enough to know, that take nothing from nothing, and there remains nothing: Besides a Married Town

Beau

Beau keeps always a Misers Table, there is so little for his own Family, that he'l never get thanks, or a blessing from any one that shall expect his remains, take that from me Sir.

Fred. Very well Madam, rally on, rally on, and enjoy your Wit. You have my free leave, whilst I Enjoy *Lutvia*, and fifty thousand Pounds, and so farewell; and, d'sdeath, such another full thrust and I were gone to all Intents and Purposes. (*Exit.* Fred.

Soph. He's gone, and tears my Heart-strings as he goes.
Whilst I have only the poor Consolation
Of a feign'd Mirth, to hide my real Sorrow;
For still I Love this base ingrateful Wretch,
False as he is, and full of all the Mischiefs of his Sex.
I love him still, and have no Peace without Him;
But can *I* Love a Man that scorns my Love;
That poorly offers up Wit, Beauty, Merit,
A Trophy to the sordid Idol, Money;
Can I Love such a Man, and own it too;
No, I will rather Poyson, Stab, or Drown;
Revenge my self, on my unlucky self:
Do a thing Barbarous beyond my Sex.
Rather than this base Man shall know I Love him.

Eyes dry, dry your Tears, and keep the Secret in,
Whatever grief I feel, let none be seen,
Tho the strong Passion ne're so powerful grow,
He Choak with Love, rather than let him know. (*Exit.*

End of the Third Act.

ACT. IV. *Scene 1st.*

Enter Mrs. Sockjobb *and* Squeamish.

Squeam. COme, Come Cousin, you must give me leave to tell ye, I understand an Intreague as well as an older Person, to let a young Hectorly Fellow, shew he has so much command over ye, as to dare to quarrel, and expose ye in Company. Oh filthy, it shews a familiarity too sawcy for Civil Conversation; I hope Cousin you have not been particular with the Fellow.

Mrs. *Stock.* Vat you mean by dat Cousin, vat is particular.

Squeam. Oh horrid, I hope you won't put me to the Fatigue of a Blush, by telling the Nauseous meaning, that were to deserve to be Lampoon'd indeed; when a Man is particular with a Woman, I think there is no great need of *a Sophister to explain* the meaning.

Mrs. *Stock.* Vel, Vel, Pox take the particular, dat is all one, I assure you I have don vid him now, and vill encourage that fine young Gentleman, dat talk and bow, and rally so vel *en Francois*; me no endure de Huff de Bounce, de brutal way of Love no longer. Dear Monsieur *Romance*, is all French, all Talk, all Air, all Gallantry, and de oder Gentleman dat speak de Welch is vet fine person too, who I presume Cousin has de extream inclination to have de Intreague vid you.

Squeam. An Intreague with me, Oh filthy Fellow, that's a worser abuse than any has been yet put upon me, for he's the veriest Fop in Nature.

Mrs. *Stock.* Fop, Oh *Mon dew!* vat and worth twenty thousand Pounds, dats impossible! Oh, he is de vet fine Person, and has the greatest tender for you Cousin.

Squeam. Oh fogh, I shall be Lampoon'd about him in a Weeks time, ile lay my Life on't: Oh horrid, ile go and lock my self up; But are you sure he's worth twenty thousand Pounds Cousin. (*Changing Tone.*

Mrs. *Stock.* Assurement and vill make good Settlement, vich is vet much as times go.

Squeam. See here dey come vid Monsieur *Stockjobb*, who I have wheedle so, and make such great Fool, that he vill believe nothing against me vich my oder cast of Coxcomb say.

Enter Stockjobb, Holfpurr, T. Romance, Shinkin, *and Singers with a Bowl of Punch.*

Stockj. Come, Come, Let's have no brawling nor quarrelling, but sit down lovingly together, and help off with the Bowl, and so forth; what *Pogry*, my

my Dear, my Fawn, my Pricket, —— and my Cousin *Sisse* too; Hey, lap-dash, we'll all sit down too'e Faith.

Mrs. *Stock.* Sir, I will please *Dicky*, ven de Husband Command de Wife must alway be Obedient, dat is but Reason.

Horsp. Ah subtle Witch!

Stock. —— Come Squire *Thomas*, and my *Welsh* Friend, Pray sit round, Here's some Honest Friends of mine will give us a Catch in three Parts; Cousin *Sisse*, Prithee sit down, and so forth.

Squeam. Oh horrid! Cousin, would you have me give such occasion to be Lampoon'd, as to sit drinking filthy Brandy amongst Men?

Stock. Filthy Brandy; Twelve Shillings a Gallon, by this Hand, and will certainly be the best Commodity in the whole Kingdom shortly, —— Harkee, *Sisse*, such another Word, and if there be a Lampoon to be got in Christendom, and so forth, I'll get one for thee.

Shink. According to *Shinkins* Observations, this is not Prandy, look you, but Punch, which is very good to raise Floods, and cause Flushes, and Pewtys in fair Ladies, look you, therefore pray you sit down, I pray you now.

Squeam. Nay, Pray Sir, —— Oh Lord, —— Nay, if you will force me, What shall I do? I am so ashamed, well if I do, I'll swear I'll drink in my own Cup then, —— Go, *Ponade*, and fetch it, it holds three quarters of a Spoonful just.

T. Rom. Dear Madam, Let me be happy with your sweet Hand (*To Mrs.* Stock.

Horsp. Tut, Boy, Buz off, (*Takes her from him.*

Mrs. *Stock.* Vat side de Russian, a Sir, (*To* Horspur.) Monsieur, I am your most devoted. (*To T.* Romance.

Horsp. His most devoted, Oh rare Jilt, doe fleer Dog bold, I shall have your Nose anon.

(*Enter* Ponade, *with a very little Cup.*)

Stock. Come, Come, Slap-dash, No more grumbling *Will*, but take your Cup, and then let's have the Catch, and so forth. (*They sit down.*

Why, Cousin *Sisse*, What hast got there, an Acorn Cup? why a Flea may drink off that, prithee take one of ours, and so forth. (*Strikes the Cup out of her Hand.*)

Squeam. Oh horrid, not for the World, the quantity of this is enough to suffocate my Spirits, as I am a Virgin.

Here a Catch, in three parts, in praise of Punch.

Stock. By the Lord Mayor, very well perform'd Boys, Tholl, Loll, Loll, all dickins take it, it won't do now, yet I could have Sung my *Sol, Fa*, when I was a Batchelour purely Faith, —— but these Wives, these Wives, spoil all our Parts; Come, Here's Prosperity to the City and Trade.

(Holspur *rises up, and goes behind Mrs.* Stockjobs.

T. Rom. And as I was saying Madam, (*To Mrs.* Stockjob.

Horsp. And as I was saying before Madam, (*Pulling her from him.*

Mrs. *Stock.* Sir, I have nothing to say to you, you are strangely troublesom, —— (*To* Holspur.)

Dat

Dat last agen, I beseech you Monsieur. (*To T. Romance.*)

Stock. Who leaves his Place there, *Will. Hotspur*, What a Plague dost stand brooding upon my Wife there for, prithee come and take thy Cup, and let the Squire alone, he has business with her, and so forth.

Hotsp. Business with her, Here's a damn'd Cuckoldly Son of a Whore, and so forth. (*To* Squeamish.

Stock. When her is in *Wales*, look you, her could drink very good Metheglins with her Cousin *Cadwallader*, at the *Three Red Herrings*, and *Green Leeks* in *Monmouth*; but nowsince her saw you, her Heart has done nothing but thump, thump, and then her cries sigh so fadly, Hey hon, (*sigh*). so that if her is obdurates and cruels, and will not love *Stock*, why then, alas, there is now way for her, look you, but Hey ho! (*Hotspur rises. Mrs.* Stockjobb, *Squeamish, and all run her Husband.*)

Squeam. Love, Oh horrid! the very words is enough to fright me into an Apoplexy, would he would marry me, and—as For a Virgin. (*aside.*

Mrs. Stock. By this Hand, I believe I could make Monsieur lay forty Wager, and buy Stock every hour, if it were not for that rude Fellow dat come and disturb us.

Stock. Sayst thou so, Slapdash, Gad if I had known that, he should have found this way to the Door before now, an uncivil Person to come to a Citizens Table and be well entertain'd, and yet ungratefully endeavour to murder Business, An idle Scoundrel to scare the Squire, the Life-blood of the City Trade, Gad I'll complain to my Lord Mayor immediately.

Hotsp. Now has that damn'd Devil come by'r or other of me, I'll lay my Life, Hackee *Dick*, art thou so very blind, as not to see thy self abused.

Stock. Yes, Yes, Sir, I do see my self abused, and so forth, — Squire *Thomas*, prithee come hither, Lookee, *Rogry* has inform'd me, ye are a very ingenious Person, and love Business, Lookee, what fine does I'll stand to, therefore pray go and Discourse her, she's an Heir Service.

Hotsp. Oh! Will all Goxcomb, what does I mean. (*Hotspur goes to hinder* Stockjobb *interposes.*)

Stock. Pray, Sir, no interruption.

Hotsp. 'Dsdeath, to say publickly, my Wife's at his Service.

Stock. Upon the Score of Trade Sir, and so forth, I know what I do, I warrant you.

Hotsp. The Devil's grin at me, I have no Patience, Scoundrel, hands off. (*hinders him agen.*)

Stock. Slapdash, take them fellow Squire *Thomas*, I give my Authority, why this is a breach to our Charter and Customs, that a Citizen of *London* shan't have the Privilege to dispose of his own Wife, for a Hectorly Fellow of t'other end of Town, Gad I'll complain to my Lord Mayor, the first thing I do.

Slap. To take the Wife from the Husband, before his Face, is more than you can justifie, *Williams*, that is very true.

Hotsp. Thou art a very Ass, Pox on thee for a crack'd *Welch* Harp, Hold your jarring, or——

Hotsp.

Stock. No, No, I'll take a Course for this hereafter; In the mean time *Pogry*, since this rude Masterless Companion disturbs us here, my Chamber within is private, there you may settle Affairs, and so forth: Go, go in with her Squire *Thomas*, and because no body shall disturb ye, I'll lock ye up de see, and keep the Key my self.

Horsp. 'Dheart, I shall run mad, why dost, Madman, wilt thou lock her up with him too. (*Stock. locks 'em in.*)

Stock. Upon the Score of Trade, and so forth, I'll show for once the Husbands Priviledge, without your leave Sir.

Horsp. Trade, Ay there is a rare Trade going forward, Oh intollerable Cuckold!

Stock. Come Sir, you are a Scandalous t'other end of Town Fellow, and my Lord Mayor shall know it; you shall know that a Citizen of *London* understands what's proper for Business: Cousin *Sisse*, take you your Gentleman into another Room; nay, nay, no Squeamish trick now, but go, since ye are molested here, I will have Business go forwatd in a place that's proper.—Go, go you after Sir, I'll be with ye anon. (*pushes 'em in.*)

Horsp. Ay, ay, There's the Trade going forward too, this is Stockjobbing, with a Vengeance.

Stock. *Pogry* will draw her Fool into some devise or other, I am sure, and now I have finished this Affair so discreetly, I'll leave this Hector to chew the Cud by himself, and go and drink a Dish of Coffee with a good Neighbour, a Common Council-man, and Brother Stockjobber. (*Exit. looking scornfully on Horsp.*)

Horsp. Solus. A Curse on your City Understanding, and Destraction seize that Jilt, that tortures me with Love, tho I resolve to hate her, O damn'd inhumous Creature, that Yesterday, as common as a Hireling, would have met my Appetite half way, and cherish'd it, now taken with a young pert noisie Coxcomb, deserts me without Blushing, but this senseless Wittall, her Husband, shall know, what a Snake he Fosters, before I have done with him.

And whilst his City Sobering he's pursuing
I'll shew him where's another Job a doing.

Enter Quickwitt *dressed like a Quaker, and* Marmalet *after him.*

Quick. So, I think there's none of the Quaking Fraternity but will own I have mimick'd their Dress well, and play but thy part right Child, that we may revenge our selves upon this *Cuckinveen* that has so abused us, and tho I may chance to be no Duke, I'll be a King to thee in my good will, my Love Child shall be beyond all Titles and Preferments.

Marm. Ah sweet Mr. *Quickwit*, the Rascal has asked my Pardon since, but I shall never forgive him for it, for, will you believe me, I have cryed about that business till I have been as wet as if I had been dipp'd in a Pail of Water, to think that I should lift up my Hand against——

Quick.

Quick. Well, well, 'tis all forgot.

Marm. To dare Cudgel the Man that—— (*Weeps.*

Quick. Well, well, 'twas all Accident, prithee no Tears.

Marm. The Man I love so tenderly—— (*Weeps.*

Quick. Enough, prithee enough,—— I believe thee.

Marm. So tenderly, so very tenderly—— (*bowling out.*

Quick. A Pox o' your Tenderness, There is no Plague under Heaven so tormenting as one of these old Cats, when she pretends to make Love; come, prithee no more of this Foolery Child, but let us go on with our Plot upon *Cunnington*; Let me see what's the Quakers Name that I'm to Act.

Marm. Zechiel, And't please ye Sir, my old Lord *Fullworths* Steward, my Mistresses Father.

Quick. Zechiel, very good, and one that you say has been trusted with all the Writings of her Estate.

Marm. He has indeed, at whose House, Sir *Charles* (having found her as he thinks a little more pliant to his Soul Addres) intends to meet her this Afternoon, to discourse about the Marriage, and to that purpose has given that Letter you have there to *Cunnington* to shew the Doctor, who upon sight of it is to deliver my Lady to him, and a Note for fifty Guineas, which Sir *Charles* has ordered him.

Quick. Then you are sure *Cunningman* has seen this Letter.

Marm. Yes, An't please ye, and is merry beyond measure about his success of our writing you, he left it with me only whilst he is gone to disguise himself like a Quaker, for in no other Habit will *Zechiel* admit any one into his House, I expect him every Minute.

Quick. Ay, ay Child, Let him come now as soon as he pleases, we are prepared for him, and I think I am as much a Quaker as himself, or the Devil's in Iron Grey, the rest remains in thee to follow my Instructions, do but this Business neatly, and as for the other Business, shou wost of.

Marm. Ah Dear Sir, I swear you bring my Heart up to my very Mouth, I vow you do now, and I warrant ye Sir, for my part I've my Cue perfectly.

Quick. First then, instead of this Letter of Sir *Charles*, give him this of mine Child, to carry to the Doctor, 'tis sealed with a Wafer like it, and the Hand is Counterfeited, I'm sure, so exactly, 'tis impossible for him to discover that, then for the Contents let them operate at leisure.

Marm. With all my Heart Sir, and I rejoice from my very Soul that I can do any thing to please you, said he revenged of him; Hark, here he comes, away Sir to your Hiding, and when we go, be pleased to follow us, and you shall find me punctual to the least particular.

Quick. Do it but Cunningly, and if thou art a Maid by to Morrow Night, why then Sye——

Marm. Ah sweet Sir, I understand ye to a Scruple, and Heaven bless ye; well I swear,—— now my Heart is in my Mouth again.

——*Exit Dogget and Marm.*

Enter

Quick. Hah, hah ha ha. I have been laughing at my self above this half hour, to see what a Figure I am; I have been Agent in a great many Intreagues in my life time, but never had any yet like this; this is a Masterpiece, a piece of Wit like *Haims*; for here have I insinuated my self so far into this grave Fool, Sr. *Charles*, by my subtle discovery of the late Affair; that he has trusted me in this Habit, to prepare the Old *Quaker* about the Writings, and afterwards to bring the Heiress her self to him——to him! Ha ha ha ha, there's the Jest now; and to receive as a Reward fifty Guinea's, ha ha ha! Alas, poor shallow Knight! little does he think what's hatching in this Brain of mine: for, what will I do now? but instead of carrying her to him, keep her my self, and make her Marry me, or Compound swingeingly, which is all one; there's Wit now! ha ha ha, there's Mischief! Gad I love Mischief dearly: And when I have had her three or four Nights, let her hang me afterwards if she can, or any one else for me.

[*Call Quickwitt.*

Enter Marmalett.

Marm. Come Sir, are ye ready? the Doctor's just gone home,—bless me, to see how Clothes will disguise one! Why? you look like a meer *Ananias*.

Cunning. Ha, ha, ha, don't I? Methinks I am filled with the out-goings of the over-flowings, of the Bowel-yernings, and for the humh, and hah! [*in a Cant.* Let me alone. Come give me the Letter, and be assur'd, tho' I Jok'd a litte the last time, yet I'le not fail to bring a better Business about, e're long for thee.

Marm. Well, well Sir; go and dispatch your own first.

Cunning. An Heiress, and fifty thousand Pounds! Gad I'm a lucky Dog, ha, ha, ha.

[*Exeunt.*

Reenter Quickwitt.

Quick. Here's a rare Rogue for ye; had not I discovered the Plott, he had betrayed his Trust, and got the Heiress for himself; but as things go, will miss of his aim damnably: Now for my Quaking Faculty I must make one amongst 'em.

[*Exit.*

SCENE 2.

Enter Fulvia *and* Christopher.

Fulv. Oh Love! How many strange, and different ways
Dost thou disturb the Quiet of our Minds?
If amongst all the Race of Male Deceivers,
With Curious search we chance to find out one,
That we can fancy Honest; some cross Doubt
Straight fills us, with a fear he may prove Haggard,
And then, Alas we've split against a Rock.
That ruins us for ever: I dreamt last Night,
Frederick was False, Sordid and Mercenary:
And that he only lov'd me for my Fortune;
I give no credit to sleeps Idle Whimseys:
But yet it strangely troubles me——now *Christopher*.
What Noise is that within?

Chriſto. And't pleaſe ye, ſome new Lunatiks laſt Night brought hither.

Fulvia. Prithee what are they.

Chriſto. A ſpindle-legg'd French Taylor; That ever ſince the VVars, being at a loſs how to get New Faſhions for his whimſical Cuſtomers, Fatigu'd his Brain ſo much, that he grew crazi'd upon it.

Fulv. VVhat, others?

Chriſto. A ſuperannuated Maid of threeſcore and three; who being promiſed Marriage by a young Fellow of one and twenty, at the very Conceipt on't ran Mad for Joy.

Fulvia Alas for her well who elſe?

Chriſto. A *Covent-Garden* Beau, who being obliged to make a Song upon his Miſtreſſes Paraquite, and ſitting up three Days and three Nights, not being able to produce one tolerable Thought at the Conceipt of loſing her Favour, loſt the ſmall remainder of his own Senſes.

Fulvia. So, what more?

Chriſto. A kept Miſs, who being diſcarded by her reſenting Lord, fell diſtracted, not for the loſs of my Lord, but for her five pound a VVeek.

Fulvia. Go on.——

Chriſto. A Vintner whom his Cuſtomers had poiſonned with making him taſte his own VVine——beſides a Quaker who is now coming in here with my Maſter, of whom he'll give a better account himſelf.

Enter Guiacum, *with a Letter,* Cunnington *and* Marmalett.

Cun. I hope Dr. you need no further ſatisfaction in the truth of my Commiſſion; be pleas'd therefore to let the Lady get ready with all poſſible ſpeed, and the Note too for the fifty Guinea's; I ſhall have preſent occaſion for——

Guiac. Very well, Sir, I underſtand ye——*Chriſtopher*——[*Whiſpers.*

Cunning. Chriſtopher! what has *Chriſtopher* to do in the Buſineſs? This is a ſtrange, Old Formal Coxcomb: He cannot blow his Noſe without his Man——Doctor, I muſt deſire you to be as ſpeedy as you can; for I've another part to act, as you may perceive by my Habit: And what a Character Sir *Charles* gives me, I ſuppoſe you find in the Letter.

Guiac. Yes, Sir; yes; he has given ye a notable Character: here indeed; *Chriſtopher*, go preſently, and bid the Barber come hither to ſhave his Head.

Cunning. Your Servant Doctor; no Faith; that will be a Courteſy a little unſeaſonnable at preſent, by reaſon of my haſte.

Guiac. Alas, Poor Fellow! yet ſtay a little *Chriſtopher*, where is his Maſter? Let him be call'd in Firſt.

Cunning. My Maſter——

Marm. He is at the door an't pleaſe you; I'le go and fetch him; alas! I'le run Ten Miles on my bare Feet, to do the poor fellow any good.

Cun. Hey day! is ſhe bewitched too? what a Plague do they mean? come, come Doctor, the Note quickly; and Madam Pray diſpatch, I've a world of buſineſs to do, before Night yet.

Fulv. 'Dslife! this is the moſt comical fellow, I ever ſaw.

Guiac. Oh! the dellirium is very ſtrong upon him; d'e hear *Chriſtopher*? bid your fellows make haſte to ſtrip him, and get ready the Canvaſs ſhape, that he may have nothing to tear; and a pair of the ſtrongeſt Fetters for his Legs; d'e

d'e hear? For Sir *Charles* informs me here, he is by fits very outragious.

Cun. Fits, and outragious? the Devil's in 'em all, sure: I know what's in the Letter well enough —— come, come, this is no time for Jokes; Sir *Charles* will be impatient till the Lady comes, ye trifle, ye trifle, 'dsdeath! I should have bin with him by this time.

Guiac. This is a very Rogue, but Ile manage him presently. [*aside.*

Fulv. Here's like to be good sport if it holds.

Guiac. The Letter says too, he will be very Mischievous towards the Change o'th' Moon, which is this Evening, but that's no great matter, I can disable him from that by a good Whipping: He shall have 300 lashes upon the Belly.

Cunning. The Devil, I shall, — 'dsheart how I tremble — nay, nay, if you pursue the Banter, and intend to affront Sir *Charles*, there's no more to be said, I must inform him, and there's an end on't; But that Letter to my knowledge says otherwise: I'm sure I read it this Morning, the most sweet, Civil Complemental thing on my side that ever was penn'd.

Guiac. No doubt on't, Sir, no doubt on't: Can you read? [*gives him the Letter*

Cunning. Read; Ha, ha, ha! what a Pox does he take me for one of the Black-guard? This Coxcombly Doctor's craz'd himself, Ile be hang'd else—read! yes, yes, you shall find I can read,

Guiac. Proceed then.

Cunning. Doctor, 'tis proper that I let you know, I have made another discovery of a Plott, to carry off the Lady you have in Custody. This Rogue, that I send here with this Letter. *Reads the Letter aloud.*

Guiac. Go on, Sir, go on: I perceive you can read admirably, *Cheing one of the Principal Contrivers*,—this is VVitchcraft. I [illegible]ot believe my own Eyes. * Reads.

Fabia. Really as you say, Doctor; for a Crazed Person, the Man reads to a miracle.

Cunning. VVhat Craz'd Person, Madam? 'dsdeath! I shall run Mad indeed, if this trade hold.

Guiac. Come Sir, to the next Paragraph.

Cunning. He was formerly a Sharper, and whither he be mad or no; I desire you to use him as such, for he's one of the greatest Rascalls in the whole VVorld,——as his Master will better inform thee: —'oons my Mr. agen. *Reads.*

Guiac. Sir *Charles* gives ye a notable Character, you see Sir.

Cunning. 'Dsheart Doctor! 'tis all Villany, Witchcraft, Cunjuration; I'm abus'd.

Guiac. The Fetters quickly, *Christopher*, he begins to Rave, oh! here's his Master.

Enter Quickquit Mimicking, *a Quaker and* Marmalett.

Cunning. Death, and Hell! what Son of a Whore's this—I'm at my Witts end.

Guiac. Come Friend, you must inform the Nature of his Madness, that I may Minister accordingly.

Quick. Plainly, since that ungodly season, that I first perceived that the Spirit of truth was departed from him, I relinquish'd him, often seriously pondering upon his State of Reprobation, which plainly I find is worthy be Comiserated by all the Brethren and Sisters of the faithful.

Cunning. Oh! Rogue, I know him now, — Doctor y'are abus'd, Imposed

upon, trick'd, this is no more a Quaker then I am. This is an Arch Cheat this is—

Quick. Aw Satan, Satan! great, great is thy power.

[*Bawls in a loud Canting Tone.*

Guiac. He Raves again, take hold of him, and ſtop his mouth there.

Quick. The Tempter is very powerful in him, he turneth and windeth him which way he lifteth, he goeth into his mouth like a Ratt, with a great Head and a long Tayle, and exalteth his voice within, in Curſes and Exclamations hum! give me the Engine Woman with which we uſed to reſiſt the Tempter.

Marm. Here 'tis an't pleaſe ye; put this into his mouth — and Satan can have no Power.

[*they gag him here.*

Quick. Plainly, I have bin informed he hath bin trained up in the *School* of Sin vulgarly called the Play Houſe, where the Devil Adorneth himſelf with toyes and trappings, where the Ears are miſinformed and the Eyes miſled, where the frail Son of Man careſſeth the Woman inordinately, where he tempteth her to Midnight Gluttony; and whiſpereth into her unhallowed things.

[Marmalett *whiſpers* Fulvia.

Fulvia. My Heart is ready to leap out to thee for Joy, for he do's it ſo Naturally 'tis impoſſible he ſhould be diſcovered, — how the Fool the Doctor looks too?

[*aſide.*

Quick. Moreover, obſerve, how outragiouſly the old Draggon teareth him.

[*Struggles.*

Guiac. Ay, ay, tis time to begin, — away with him, and give him the Lathes I ordered.

Quick. Plainly it behooveth thee Well, that the Spirit of Truth may once more return; and the old Man be rooted out, —— now Rogue I think I'm even with thee ——— —

[*aſide to* ——— *who kicks and ſtrives to ſpeak*

Quick. Aw—— Satan, Satan, great is thy Power. [*Bawls out aloud and is hurried out.*] But now, to the remaining part of my Charge, I am to Conduct a Woman from hence, a ſinful Woman as it appeareth to me, who cauſeth with her tranſitory Wealth and Beauty, ſtrange *Appetites*, Boylings and Fermentings in the Heart of Man.

Guiac. Well Friend, no more enlarging upon that Subject; here is Sir *Charles's* Order in this Letter, who it ſeems is at a Garden-Houſe here hard by; therefore Madam—you had beſt make haſte, you need no diſguiſe but your Maſque, for he ſays there is a private back way to't which this honeſt Man has only knowledge of.

Quick. Plainly, thou ſayeſt it.

Fulvia. Was there ever ſo admirable a Fellow? I'm ſcarce able to contain my ſelf from laughing out.

[*Aſide.*

Quick. Come, young Woman, and let thy ſteps be guided ſoberly. Give me thy Carnal hand; hah! verily it is exceeding white, and hath an alluringneſs in the Palm thereof, which is, as it were, provoking: Hah! this is it now, which ſtroaketh the Forehead of Tranſgreſſion till it become Maſterleſs, and girdeth us into the Labyrinth of Miſconſtruction, from whence we ſeldom or never come forth our ſelves.

[*Exit, leading* Fulvia.

Guiac. What an odd ſort of a Canting Raſcall's this? and what a do's here with one Woman that has Mony? gad I've a Daughter of my own at home has ſat pricking upon a clout at home this Seven Years, and no one has come to her,

her, but an Attorny's Clark, and City Grofer; when this here is befet with all degrees, Ages and Religions—well, 'twill be always ſo; and where the Honny is, there will the Gnatts, Flyes, and Inſects be buzzing together, — *Chriſtopher* — my Cloak, — I'le take a little Air, and then ſee how — the Wedding goes forward. [*Exit.*

SCENE 2.

Enter T. Romance *and* Shinkin.

T. Rom. Gad take me, this was the moſt Comical adventure that ever the City was famous for, to lock us up with his Wife, and Neice upon the ſcore of Trade: why? 'tis an Action ought to be known to Poſterity and worthy to be Chronicled in the City Annalls.

Shink. Her Couſin *Siſs*, was fery familliar too when her was alone; there was no piſh, nor fye, nor pray be quiet, look you, — only ſome little frowns and repukes, put fery kind looks for all that St. Davy.

T. Rom. If I had not bin obliged to meet my Father here, I would not have left my little French woman this two hours, but he is ſo hot upon't to make me Marry this Heireſſe, that he ſpoyles my humour of Intreaguing quite, gad take me.

Shink. Pray you ſee, where he comes yonder with the Lady that they call the crete Witt of *Richmond*, ſhe that talks, and diſcourſes, and Jeeres, and laughs, and makes Fools of all the Town by *Cadwallader*.

Enter Sir. Charles *and* Sophronia.

T. Rom. By this Light, ſhe's a rare Creature: 'dsheart I'm in Love with her up to the Ears already; why? ſhe's finer than my little French Woman by half: ay Gad or my Lords Daughter either, or my Wife that is to be; or my Knights Lady at Cue; or Jenny in *Lumbard Street*; or my Widdows Daughter, or my Semſtreſs, my Chambermaid or any of 'em: I'll write her a Bilet deux immediately, Gad take me.

Shink. Hey Gadsplutt! her will have more Women than the crete Turk has at this Rate, look you.

Sr. *Char.* Yonder's my Son, Madam; and I am very glad to find you ſo well diſpos'd, to the Marriage between him and your Kinſwoman; for tho ſhe has lately entertain'd ſome volatile Humours, which Youth may very well Excuſe: Yet the Principall Verbs, her Wit and Vertue, ſo far counterpoiſe that.

Soph. Her Eſtate you mean, Sir *Charles* does ſo far Counterpoiſe that——

S. *Char.* That the Candor of my Nature obliges me to diſlike all other offers for him that are not poſſeſſed with her——

Soph. With her——Land and Houſes.

Sr. *Char.* Good Qualities, Madam, having bin ſince my Noble Lords Death, her Father, a true honourer of her for her Extraction, merit and——

Soph. And Money; is not that a Principall Verb too, Sir *Charles*?

T. Rom. A delicate Rogue, what an Air and Shape ſhe has? Couſin, *Riſe* prithee turn about a little. [*takes out Pen, Ink and Paper, and writes on* Shinkin's *Back*

Sir. *Char.* Money, Madam! What the dirty Slave of our Conveniency? She has hit it to a hair, gad for all that; [*aſide.*] can any Morall Man that has his Reaſon, build his Content on ſuch a Trifle.

Soph. Oh Sir, take this from me, ſince the Golden Age, the World has loſt thoſe Moral Men you ſpeak of: Money is now the Soul o'th Univerſe: The

States-

States-man, Commoner, and Country-man, Philistian, Lawyer, Cittizen, Priest, greedily dam their own for't every day; the man that's Rich must be accomplished too, his Apish Tricks are Gentleman like Carriage, his silly Speeches called refined and Witty, if he be Prodigal they stile him generous, if Covetous, a close, wise wary fellow, if he detracts or Lyes, he's a fine Courtier, if Blasphemous, a Witt, if finnical a Beau, if drunk, he's then a merry Jolly Fellow, or if unmanly Lewd, a Rare Companion.

T. Rom. Ah that dear Sweet little Honey prating Tongue, — would I had it a little here, and if a stranger may have priviledge to affirm his passion; very good, gad take me. [*Reads his Paper, and writes again.*

Shink. I pray you now Cousins make haste, for her has an Intreague too, look you, her has promised to meet her Cousin Sisly, at seven Precisely.

Sir *Char.* If Mony has these flourishing attributes Madam, what then must vertue have the chiefest good.

Soph. Faith, just, quite contrary, for vertue Sir is generally poor, and Poverty can give no Bribe for Praise, the virtuous Man that's poor, must be a Fool, a wretched sort of an uncurrant Coyn, that few or none will deal with; Tho he be wise, his best opinion is thought ignorance, his talk rediculous, his Person hated, he still fares worst, yet pays the dearest for it; has he a cause at Law? he shall be lost, has he a Claim in Love? he shall be Jilted, his ingenuity is worse than Witchcraft, and every venial Error past forgiveness.

Reads. *T. Rom.* And if I Love ye not better than both my Eyes, may I be poysoned like a Ratt at your Chamber door and be accompted the verriest Son of Whore in the World, instead of your most passionately devoted most humble, and most obsequious Slave, *Thomas Romance.* gad take me, there I came off like an Angel.

Sir *Char.* What a Devil is he making mouths at yonder, how now *Tom* what are you doing there?

T. Rom. Oslife if he sees it I'm ruined; nothing Sir. I'm only casting up a Taylors Bill a little, that the Rogue mayn't cheat me. [*aside.*

Sir *Char.* A Taylor's Bill, prithee leave of those trifles and prepare to entertain your Mistress whom I expect here instantly; with all you ought to thank this Lady too, her kinswoman, who gives ye her good liking.

T. Rom. Her good liking, gad, would I had it upon her own score; now what would I give that it were sealed? this were A Rare time to clap it into her hand. [*aside.*

Soph. That he has Sir. *Charles*, he may assure himself, or any one else so that Traitor *Frederick* be disappointed, — let me but frustrate his design and let the rest fall ou't, as fortune pleases. [*aside.*

Enter Guiacum.

Guiac. Sir *Charles* here? they have dispatched their business very quickly I see.

Sir *Char.* Oh Doctor! welcome; y'are come in Admirable time, but where's my Daughter?

Guiac. I hope she's not far of Sir, you are a better guardian than to trust her in ill hands.

Sir *Char.* Therefore, I recommended her to yours — where, where, is she?

Guiac. Ha, ha, ha, this is fine merriment, why Sir? I desire to know, and whether she seems pleased since I sent — her to ye?

Sir *Char.* Sent her to me! 'dsdeath, what do's he mean.

Guiac.

Guiac. Nay, what do you mean then? fye, fye, Sir *Charles*; am I a subject fit to make a Jest on?

Sir. *Char.* Thou makeſt me Mad, to hear thy Ridling; I ſent for her by *Cunnington*, dreſſed like a Quaker, who was to bring her to Old *Zachiell*, her Fathers Steward, where we have waited long, but no one came.

Guiac. Why Sir? I gave her to that Quaker, and obeyed the orders in your Letter here, for Puniſhing the Impoſtor, that had contrived to Steal her.

[*Gives him the Letter.*

Sir *Char.* Impoſtor, what Impoſtor? here's ſome Trick by Heaven.

Soph. Read, Read the Letter, oh Confuſion! how my Heart beats?

Sir *Char.* Trick'd, Ruin'd, Cheated, abus'd; this is none of my Letter, nor any of my orders; ſome ſubtil Devil has Counter-feited *Cunnington*, and on my life carried her off to *Frederick*.

Soph. Deſtruction ſeize the World; to *Frederick* did ye ſay, to *Frederick*?

Sir *Char.* It muſt be ſo, he has doubtleſs given her to that other Cunning Rogue, and puniſhed him: I ſent for a feigned miſchief.

Guiac. What e're has chanc'd is Fortunes fault not mine; that *Quickwit* is the Devil, and can Act in ſuch variety of Shapes, Hell cannot balk his Cunning.

T. Ram. Very fine; ſo I perceive I am like to loſe my Heireſs again; but tis no great matter, for I've another new Intreague, and thats all one to me, gad take me.

Shink. Here is ſuch Couſining, and Cheats, and Tricks, that *Shinkin* knows not what to make on't by St. *Davy*.

Soph. Torture and Death; this is the greateſt Plague, the feinds could e're Invent to vex my Soul: he has her now and without doubt laughs at me.

T. Ram. Hey, mettle to the back too, — gad take me, I'le warrant her.

Guiac. The Fifty Guineas too, no doubt are paid by this time: this was a damn'd ſubtil Rogue.

Soph. Nay never hide thy ſelf, take one good wiſh firſt; may thy dull reſty Age increaſe diſeaſes, the Palſy, Gout, Snattica, and Stone, and have no better Doctor than thy ſelf, as for the Attributes of Fool and Cuckold, I need not grace thee with 'em; thoſe thou haſt already, but mayſt thou have none but Saylers Wives for Patients, and thoſe ſo Raving Mad that in their Fits each one may long to have a peice of thee, and Tear thee as the Thracians, once did *Orpheus*, or I could now, thou Paralitick inſect. [*to* Guiacum, *ſhakes him by the Collar.*

Enter Cunnington *with a Quarterſtaff, his Face all ſmutty, and he dreſſed in Canvaſs.*

Cunning. O Villain! Dog, Doctor, are you there? I'll knock his Head off.

Guiac. More Miſchief yet! I ſhall be murder'd now, that's certain.

Sir *Char.* How, this! is't poſſible? What, my Friend *Cunnington*? nay if he were not an old Coxcomb, thou ſhouldeſt have thy penny-worths out of him; that's certain, for we perceive he deſerves it richly; but prithee how gott'ſt thou off; I was juſt ſending to thee.

Cunning. Why, as good luck would have it, juſt before they had time to Chain me, I made ſhift to climb up the Chimney; what kicks and Buffets I've endur'd for——you ſhall know at more leiſure: I have only now Breath and

time

time to tell ye, that if you follow me quickly, you may recover the Heiress agen. [*Speaks as out of Breath.*

Sir *Char.* Hah,—— what say'ſt thou?

Soph. Oh thou bleſt Angel of a Fellow, go on.

Cunning. From the top of the Chimney, as I was trying to get down, caſting my Eyes to a little Garden-houſe, not far off, who ſhould I ſee? but that Rogue in a Quakers habit, with Sir Quibble and *Frederick* leading your Daughter croſs a Gravel Walk into an Arbor.

Soph. And haſt thou marked the place, thou Charming Creature?

Cun. Moſt carefully.

Soph. Hah! and ſhall we get her? ſpeak, ſpeak, thou pretious.

Cunning. I tell ye, ye ſhall.

Soph. What from *Frederick*? hah! what ſayſt thou? ſpeak quickly thou Cherubin.

Cunning. Oons from *Frederick*? from all 'em: ye little Brisk pretty Black-ey'd —— what a pox, will ſhe Raviſh me?

Sir *Char.* Thanks Fortune, that was unexpected.

Cunn. Which you ſhould never have known if I could have carried her off my ſelf. [*Aside.*

Sir *Char.* Let's away inſtantly and fetch the Conſtable and Watch; come, Tom, and Couſin.

Soph. Oh Heaven! this is the happieſt turn. [*Exeunt.*

Guinc. For me it is upon a double Score,
I elſe had loſt one Member, if no more. [*Exit.*

SCENE 4.

Enter Sir Quibble, Fulvia, Dogget *and* Marmalett

Fred. This is the happieſt moment of my Life. [*Embracing* Fulvia.

Sir *Quib.* And mine too, I'll ſay't. [*Embracing her too.*

Fulvia That was a very cloſe hugg; the Knight out does ye Sir Extreamly in his Careſſes. [*to* Fred.

Fred. Is not the Parſon come yet? dull heavy fellow, how can he loyter ſo.

Sir. *Quib.* Ay, what's his Name, pray Brother when is he to come, and what is he doing all this while.

Fred. Ridiculous queſtions! what ſhall I do with him Tom?

Quick. I don't know the Fool begins to ſmell the Trick and grows Impertinent upon't.

Fulvia You muſt diſcover the truth to him, for he's ſo brisk upon me, theres no endoring him.

Sir *Quib.* Why then, Madam? I'll ſay't, I believe you miſtake your Man, this Gentleman is my Brother; Madam, 'tis I am your Knight; Madam, 'tis, I am he that is to do the favour.

Fulvia My Knight, ha, ha, ha.

Fred. Ha, ha, ha —— her Knight! Oh fye Brother, you know your ſelf and the Lady better ſure.

Marm. Sir *Quibble* expreſſes himſelf very Comical in troth, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Sir *Quibb.* Hey da, why what d'ee laugh at all ſo, and where's the Joak? I'll ſay't I can find none: Why, am not I to marry the Lady Mrs. *Quickwit*? and muſt not I be then her Knight?

Quick. No, no, Sir *Quibble* there was another Deſign in't from the begining.

Fulvia.

Fulvia. Alas Sir, what ſhould you do with a Wife? when d'e think you ſhould get her to be of your ſide? where would you find an Humour that would be ſuitable to ye? and why would you prove the Fatal Conſequence of diſagreeable Marriage, Sir; there's four queſtions, now anſwer me quickly.

Fred. Ha, ha, ha, ha——— [*Sir* Charles, T. Romance, Shink. Guiac. *Conſtable.*

Sir *Quibb.* Pray, Madam, hold your ſelf contented a little; harkee Brother, han't I layd out a hundred and fifty Pounds about this buſineſs?

Fred. Within a ſmall matter, I think; why ſure you don't grutch to do a ſmall kindneſs for your Brother?

Sir *Quibb.* No, but to part with ones Miſtreſs to ones Brother, is a little too much, tho' I'll ſay't; therefore I muſt tell ye plainly, Brother, I won't do't.

Quick. You ſee the Lady is uneaſie, Sir *Quibble.*

Sir *Quibb.* Ay, 'tis all one for that, keep you your diſtance too, or I'll ſay't I ſhall ſo tan your Quakers hide, I ſhall make ye act your Play but ill when you come to't agen elſe; why ſure? tho' I have bin led by the Noſe a little, and laid out my Money, I can't tell how, I won't loſe my Mrs.——ye *Lobrocks* what a Plague I am not ſuch a Fool neither?

Quick. If this blunt Fool ſhould beat us both now, 'twould be a pretty jeſt?

Fred. Nay then, there's no time for delays; let go her hand and preſently, or I'll run my Sword into your Heart.

Sir *Quibb.* Why then, I'le run mine into your guts; let go my Miſtreſs: No I an't ſuch a Fool neither I tell ye: Odzooks I'le keep her in ſpite of ye, hoh hoh.

He prepares to fight awkerdly, then Enter Sir Charles, T. Romance, Shinkin Guiacum——Sophronia *with Conſtable and Watch.*

Sir *Char.* Will ye ſo, Sir? that's more than you can promiſe long, and ſo have at ye.

Sir *Quibb.* Nay then, ſtand to't Brother; I'me of thy ſide agen now, I'll ſay't.

[*Fights here, and* Fredericks *Party is beaten off then. Reenter Sir* Charles, T. Rom. Shinkin *with his Head broke*, Guiac. Cunnington, Sophronia, *Conſtable and Watch with* Fulvia *retaken.*

Sir *Charles.* So, you are ours once agen, in ſpite of Fortune. How now Cousin, what Wounded?

Shink. A Plague take your Confounded Engliſh Cuſtoms, look you, that you cannot get your Wives and your Marriages, but a Gentleman muſt have his Pate and his Prains peaten out about it? well fare her own Countrey I ſay, the Prittains have not ſuch Pribbles and Prabbles, and broken Pates by *Cadwallader.*

When any Prittain pargains for his Spouſe;
He brings ſo many Sheep, ſo many Cows:
The Pride groom tells the Pride his Loves intent,
And ſhe kind Fool as quickly gives Conſent,
No Swords, Cads pluet, nor Cudgells there prevails;
But kiſs and Couple, thats the Way in Wales.

ACT. V. *Scene* I.

Enter Frederick, Quickwitt, and Marmalott.

Fred. HAD ever Man such Cause to Curse his Fortune? to be so neer the long'd for happiness, and then to lose it, doubles the vexation: Oh! could outrail now a losing Gamester; a Cashier'd Captain; or a Grumbler double Tax'd.

Quick. And I, a Suburb Bawd just come from Carting; A Plague of my *Quakers* shape here; if I had not look'd so like a Rogue, on my Conscience I had thriven better.

Marm. I'm sure my loss is irrecoverable, for I must neire hope to come into Favour with Sir *Charles* again, but then the Consolation I have in your sweet promise, Sir, does I confess allay——— *To* Doggett.

Quick. O prithee good Spouse that must be no more Love now, my Bones smart a little too much at present, to let me intertain any Amorous Motions—— Ah Plague of their Rusty Bills; that Rogue *Cunningham* took care they should all fall on me still; but what's most Comical? As I was running off after you, he comes up to me, and with a grave Face, as if he had known nothing of the matter, invites me to drink a Glass of Ale with him this Evening at *Nymfe*.

Fred. Ha, ha, ha, ha——and wilt thou go?

Quick. Ay by this Light will I; and if I can mould that dull headed Fellow once more rightly, my Witty Antagonist shall have but little cause to boast his late success——come Courage, Sir, they shall make Paste of my Bones with their Batroones e're I give up a Cause I've undertaken, whilst my Brains lye in their right place. This Evening will prove all, till then farewell—If I get the Dice once on my side,——the Gold's my own yet; I've Art enough to manage them I'm sure. [*Exit.*

Marm. I must follow him and put him once more in mind.

Fred. If *Fulvia* were Heiress apparent to the Universe, there could not be more Wit nor diligence us'd about her. This is the third time our Confederate Forces have been repulsed; And Faith, were I not sensible the Castle were stor'd with the best sort of Ammunition, tempting Gold? I think I should have long since raised the Siege: I must confess my self to be of that Pagan Opinion, that there is no one Quality belonging to a Woman, unless it be her Money, that can countervail a Man's playing the Fool in Courting her a Month for: This was my Plea with *Sophronia* once, who has some simple passionate Papers of mine still, that I wish I had out of her hands; my deserting was not so very just its true, but then 'twas very profitable, and this damn'd Money has power to make a Rogue of a Man, often times Constancy, that's most certain? [*Exit.*

SCENE 2.

Enter Sophronia *and* Fulvia.

Soph. Nay if you're in a Passion, I'll desist, but if you'll hear, I'll prove it?

Fulvia. What, that *Frederick*'s false? Oh 'tis ridiculous Malice, and I'll not believe it: I know she lov'd him her self once, and this is now the product of her Envy. [*Aside.*

Soph.

Soph. False as *Brisno* to *Olimpia* in the Story, base, Mercenary, the worst degree of Falshood.

Fulvia. Ha ha, ha, ha! you rave, you rave, Cousin; *I* pitty ye; pray go home and let blood, you are dangerously distemper'd take my word.

Soph. Not with thy Disease, Child, *I'm* sure; *I* swear I would not have it for the World.

Fulvia. You talk as if I had the Gout or Palsie, or a long Family Rhumatism, that distinguish'd the Blood of my Relations for ten Ages: What Disease is't you mean——take heed of Scandel Cousin?

Soph. Nay, do you take heed on't, Cousin? for the Disease that I mean, has generally some Infection that way, 'tis called a Masculine Calenture, or the Plague of Man-loving; it often seizes upon Creatures of thy Age, and is of that strange Nature, that it dulls and Numbs the Brains as if they were froze, which must be chaf'd and warmed a long time by Reason and Argument, or else the Patient will never return to her right Senses.

Fulvia. Lord, that's a terrible Disease indeed, but yet for all its violence, *I* have Brains enough left to see a distemper in you too, Cousin; 'tis the Plague of Greediness, and you use me as the great Sister in a Country Cottage does the lesser; you would pack me to Bed without any Supper, because you have a mind to my Bread and Butter.

Soph. No, no, Child, the Case differs between us extreamly, some may feast with a Rasher upon the Coals, whilst others dock at the very smell: And *I* must have thy Stomach before I can be greedy of thy Dyet.

Fulvia. Come, come, Cousin, you have stomach enough, nay indeed so much that you grow sullen with it, and like a little Child, won't eat your Meal till you see the Plate ready to be given away to another; farras homely a bit as you make of that Rasher, if I am not mistaken in the Morsel, you would be glad of it to relish your Mornings Draught, and for all your Courtse Name of Rasher, surly think it a Gratt or a Wheat-Ear.

Soph. If *Frederick* be the Wheat-Ear you mean, I had rather have an Old Capon at the latter end of *July*.

Fulvia. Ah, you shall never banter me with that——you'd think him a young Pheasant at the latter end of *October*, if you had him, to my knowledge?

Soph. I think him, prithee if his Species were changed, and he were turned into a Cormorant, a Buzzard, or an Owl, 'twere all one to me.

Fulvia. Any thing but the Capon, Cousin, you were speaking of, I dare swear for all your Anger, you have too much Charity, to wish him turned into that.

Soph. It does so little concern my Charity, that I should like my Hen with Eggs very well without any trouble, to know they should never come to be Chickens, and consequently Cocks of the Game. Besides there is so much ill Blood begot now a days, and so many Strains Crossed, that if, for the Future, the Sex were all Capons, I question whether the King would lose 'ere a good Subject by't.

Fulvia. This is your *Satyrical* Vein now. Oh! how you Fatten your self with this humour, just like a Nonconformist that rails at Episcopacy, not for any just reason, but through self will'd Opinion, and rediculous Envy; else why is *Frederick* still the Theam of Railing?

Soph. Oh! thou ungrateful Creature, have I not told thee? 'twas through kindness to thee.

Fulvia To me, rather say through Hatred to him, because he Loves me.

Soph. He Loves thee not, his baseness does deceave thee; Mercenary Soul Covets thy Fortune; thy Person is the least of all his wishes.

Fulvia Just so I dream't indeed [*aside*] but 'tis Barbarity to doubt a Lover for an Idle dream; I'll not be so unjust, come, come, 'tis all Envy; and to deal freely with ye, I now must tell ye, I take it as an affront, not as a kindness.

Soph. That's always a Fools humour, when they have not Brains enough to know the Courtesy, they term it an Affront.

Fulvia Well, for all your mighty Wit, this shall not get your Ends; I see your Hatred and your Envy to him, and consequently judge his Love to me: I'll Marry him in spite of all the World.

Soph. Thou shalt not Marry him, tho all the World assist thee.

Fulvia How poor is this, and mean, because my merit appears above those in his deserving Eyes; thy Heart breeds venom, and thy Slaundrous Tongue, distention between Lovers.

Soph. Lovers! Damnation, how She Tortures me? I tell thee once more thou deceived poor Creature; he does not Love thee, nor cannot Marry thee if he would, which is a secret; nothing but sweet revenge could e're draw from me.

Fulvia What, will you Cunjure? shall your plain dealing Faculty Convert it self to Magick? or d'ee carry a little Familiar under your Girdle, to Enchant us upon occasion; which way will you do this?

Soph. That e're the Clock sound Midnight thou shalt know; in the mean time, let thy Young Hotbrain'd wild unthinking Head remember this from me.

Love may seem great, that in it self is small;
Looks cover thoughts and interest governs all:
When Damon *to an Heiress speaks kind things,*
'Tis not for what she is, but what she brings. [*Exit.*

Fulvia She has so much moved the passion in my Soul, my Eyes can scarce contain it? what discovery she can make, I know not, but long to be resolved; tis true, we have had so many lets and troubles in this business; as if Providence it self dislik'd the proceedings; but still this is no proof; besides he has Sworn his faithful Love so often, 'twere infamous and dishonourable to doubt it.

Enter Sir Charles *and* Stockjobb.

Sir *Charles.* Madam, I need not tell you my resentments, nor how I relish your ungenerous dealings; you have reason enough to guess, and after guessing, have wit enough to make me satisfaction.

Fulvia Well, Sir *Charles*, consideration you know, ne're comes too late.

Sir *Charles.* Right, Madam, and to shew you that I practice it my self, I will forget your late Discoveries, and once more address my self, an humble Suitor on my Sons behalf.

Fulvia I will consider of it, mean time, believe this fairness of your Temper wins me more, then all your plots and Stratagems before.

Stock. Come, come; Slapdash, twill be a Match faith, and so forth; gad I'll say this for Squire *Thomas*, he's a Notable person, as my wife informs me; she says he pushes forward into business mighty well; he'll be a great incourager of Trade, and so forth.

Sir *Charles.* I hope my Candor and my Love at last, will force ye to be grateful, and to shew how much I prize a Reconcilement; this Night we will have

Revells,

Revells and a Ball, and I my ſelf will drink one Glaſs the more, in honour of the Marriage.

Fulvia Marriage, Sir, is a thing of weight; but as I told ye, Sir, I will conſider of it, and to that purpoſe begg the favour to retire a little. [*Exit.*

Sir *Charles*. Do ſo, and reſt your ſelf againſt the Evening, for *Tom* intends to lead ye a brisk meaſure i'faith —— ſo I hope all will be right now, ſhe ſeems conſiderative, which is one great ſtep to Sentiment and Knowledge [*Exit Sir* Charles.

Stock. Pugh! Slapdaſh, the woman has it in her head; now Sir *Charles*, all will go well I ſee't.

Enter Hotſpur *in haſte*.

Hotſ. Now Sir, if you have any regard to your Honour, or the Reputation of a Cittizen of *London*, as you have formerly flouriſhed upon, come along with me, and you ſhall ſee what a Snake you have foſter'd up; or to ſpeak in plainer Terms, you ſhall ſee what a Cuckold you are.

Stock. Come, y'are a rude Hectorly to'ther end of Town fellow, I tell ye; pray keep from my Houſe: I a Cuckold becauſe I promote buſineſs, and Manage my Wife wiſely for the honour of the City; Sir, I ſcorn your words, for Gadzookes, I had rather be an Elephant.

Hotſp. But in the mean time, you are a Beaſt of another kind, which come but along with me, ſhall appeare; I will ſhew thee ſuch things, ſuch Monſtrous things.

Stock. What you have ſeen Squire *Thomas* I warrant, go into my Wives Chamber privately, or ſo; well what then? tis about buſineſs and ſo forth, ſhe knows what ſhe does I warrant her.

Hotſp. Ay, but you don't know what ſhe does to my knowledg; come, come, you ſhall go, I have lodged 'em all yonder, the Welſh Fop, and his Skittiſh Devil too; your Rooms are all taken up and managed for the honour of the City, and ſo forth.

Stock. Why then they are managed according to my deſire, and ſo forth. I defy any Cittizens Wife within the Walls, to have a better head for buſineſs than her ſelf; for I'll hold a Hundred Pounds, ſhe has drawn one of 'em into ſome lucky wager or other; nay, nay, prithee hold thy tongue; gad, if thou wer't one of the Apoſtles, I'de believe nothing againſt *Pogry* and Squire *Thomas*, not I.

Hotſ. Why then like an unbelieving Sot as thou art, come and uſe thy Eyes; nay, nay, no drawing back — by Heaven thou ſhalt go.

Stock. To laugh at thee, which I know I ſhall do and Damnably too, I a Cuckold, —— as I ſaid before I ſhall ſoon be an Elephant I'm ſure. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE. 3.

Enter T. Romance *and* Shinkin.

T. Rom. Well, I believe I am an Orginal about Intreague; I don't think there's the fellow of me in Europe; gad take me, for now is my Father thumping his Brains, and plotting to get this Hereſs for me, and here am I hunting about

bout for *Sophronia*, upon another Intreague; I conveyed a Letter to her just now, by putting it into the Service Book at Church, then dogg'd her home hither, — I muſt find her out, for I long to know the ſucceſs on't.

Shink. Well, *Shinkins* was not much behind her in Intreagues, neither look you, for her Couſin *Siſs*, was hide her ſelf hereabouts too, who I find loves Corners and py places extreamly, where gadſplut if *Shinkin* can find her, her will put her toot, for corners and py places are very full of temptation; but for all her putting toot, there ſhall be no Marriages in the Caſe by *St. Davy*, there her will peg her Pardon.

T. Rom. Why, that's ſpoke like a Man of Intreague, gad take me, would I had my dear Angel here, that I am looking for in a Corner.

Enter Hotſpurr *and* Stockjob *liſtning.*

Hotſp. Softly, ſoftly, take care they don't ſee ye, ſhees gon I find at preſent, but I know will ſoon return; in the mean time, pray obſerve the Dialogue between theſe two Coxcombs.

Stock. I ſhall obſerve to laugh at you Egregiouſly, that I ſhall and ſo forth.

T. Rom. *Pogry* ſtays ſo long that I ſee I muſt leave her, and go and ſeek out my new Charmer.

Hotſp. Pogry — de'e hear, Sir, he begins already. *To part to* Stock.

Stock. Well Tom Fool, what of that?

Shink. Fye, fye, to deſert your intreague ſo ſoon, was to ſhew falſhoods and inconſtancies, which is not like Man of honours, look you.

Hotſp. 'Tis intreague, pray mind that Hint too, Sir.

Stock. Jackanapes, what hint, ye A'ſe you, what Hint?

T. Rom. Pox on't, her over fondneſs every day tries me more then a Match at Tennis; here's a Locket ſhe gave me this Morning, which it ſeems the Fool her Husband gave her Yeſterday.

Stock. Humph, — humph.

T. Rom. A trifle worth about Fifty Pounds I believe, ſhe teizes me with ſuch Follies as theſe every minute almoſt.

Hotſp. Lookee, Sir, ſo much for the incouragement of Trade, and ſo forth.

Stock. By the Lord Major, the very Locket that I had of Sir Paul *Pounage*, the Goldſmith, to let him have ſhare in my Project of the Catskin, oh! I am confounded, I cannot believe my Eyes.

Hotſp. Nay, pray Sir don't laugh too extravagantly, Squire *Tom* is but opening the Jeſt yet.

T. Rom. But the jeſt beſt is, the Cuckold admits me into his Wives Chamber every day, in hopes ſhe will draw me in to lay wagers; when, gad take me, the only one that ever laid or intend to lay, was a Braſs Shilling againſt a good one, that her next Kid will be a Boy.

Hotſp. There Sir, what think, e of that wager too, has ſhe not drawn him in rarely?

Stock. Oh Villian! tother End of Town Bully to ruin buſineſs too, that's worſe then all; gad I'll ſpeak to my Couſin *Touchhole*, a Captain of the *Trainbands*, to lend me a File of Muſqueteers to ſhoot the Rampant Dog through the Belly.

Hotſp. Nay, nay, have patience Dick, and don't hinder Trade I ſay.

Stock. Trade, gadzooks, this is the Devil of a Trade. *T. Rom.*

T. Rom. Theres a light in the next Room, and ten to one *Sophronia*'s there alone, gad I'll go and see, Cloak and Hat lye you there; if *Pogry* comes in the mean time, let her stay, I have her so much at command, she dares not be angry with me. *Exit.*

Shinkin. Flimms and Flams, and put her toot, —— hey Slapdash, why, this is Bawdy-house fashion right, the *Welshman*'s gon to tickle my Cousin *Sis* in the next Room too.

Hotsp. Ay that's all one, 'tis all to promote Trade you know, and for the honour of the City.

Stock. Oh Confusion to the City and all Trade, if this be the Fruits of wagering and stockjobbing, I have no Patience: I'll go to my Cousin *Touch-hole*, immediately: I'll have a dozen Musquets at least.

Hotsp. Nay Faith, stay and see all now, for here's the good Wife coming through the Garden, and here's the Eopps Cloak and Hat left as opportunely to disguise thee, as if we had contrived it; here, here, on with it quickly and Practice his affected Gate, I warrant, you make some strange Discovery.

[Stock. *puts on his Cloak and Hat.*

Stock. Na, like enough, but gad I'll send her home agen; if I do, she shall ship for *Piccardy* with the Next Wind —— A Cuckold, Oons I had rather be an Elephant by half; but this comes of succouring French Refugees, with a Pox to 'em.

Enter Mrs. Stockjobb *with Jewels.*

Mrs. *Stock.* Ah dear Monsieur, I beg your Pardon vid all min Heart, dat I stay so long, but now I speak of mine Heart dat has bin vid you all dis while, and I only stay to take de Convenience of de Fool my Husbands being out of de way, to bring off some small trifles of Gold and Jewels, which are dedicate to de Joy of my Soul, my Hearts Blood, my Treasure. [*gives him the Jewels.*

Stock. Slap dash, here's a French Devil for ye and so forth.

Mr. *Stock.* I am so fatigu'd vid dat Brute, dat I can have patience no longer, and derefore come to trow my self upon you, vid whom I will henceforth live and dye, and whom I will follow all de World over.

Stock. Why? well said *Pogry*, rarely done, *Pogry*, go and be hang'd *Pogry*, good Protestant Refugee, to *Piccardy* go, but the Gold and Jewels shall stay in *England*, ye Jade. [*Uncloaks.*

Mrs. *Stock.* Oh Diable, vat dam misfortune is this?

Hotsp. Nothing, nothing, Madam, I know your Interest with *Dicky*, will turn the Scale immediatly; this is all upon the score of Trade.

Stock. Oh Confound all Trade, Burn the *Exchange*, hang up all Wagerers and Stockjobbers, and the Devil take all business out of my doors, ye Whore, you are a Protestant, are ye?

Reenter T. Romance.

T. Rom. Gad take me, I had like to have made a damn'n mistake yonder, for instead of *Sophronia*, who should I meet within there, but my Father and the Heiress, whom he has just carried to his own House, and Commanded me to follow —— Hah, *Dicky*! how dost thou?

Stock. Why *Dicky* does wondrous well, Sir, as well as a Cuckold can Sir, that had rather be an Elephant there; there's *Pogry* too, go, go, manage your Trade together,

together, lay another brass Shilling to a Copper one; *Stockjob* lay Wagers and be damn'd together, honest Squire *Thomas*, and I'le go to my Cousin *Touchhole* and get you mawl'd, *Dogbolt*, if I can, for all that, and so farewell t'e. [*Exit.*

Hotsp. So now you may launch to *Piccardy* agen, and follow your old Trade of Basketmaking, Jilt; I think I have spoyl'd your Market pretty well here; for your part Coxcomb, I'll go and inform your Father of your design upon *Sophronia*, that I think will do your business too. [*Exit.*

T. Rom. 'Dsdeath if he does that, I'm undone for ever, I must after and prevent it. [*Exit.*

Mrs. *Stock.* Ah! dear Monsieur will you leave me then?

T. Rom. Leave thee, ay gad if thou wert a Cherubin, and I think that's a Station remote enough for a *French* Refuge [*Exit* T. Rom.

Mrs. *Stock.* Vas ever hopeful Intreague so spoyl'd—diable must me go [*Weeps* to *France* agen too, by dis hand me vill deny dat, me vill Rob, me vill Pick de Potket, me vill drown, me vill hang before ever me leave Sweet *England*, to go into *France* agen, dat is certain. [*Exit weeping.*

SCENE 4th.

Cunningman and *Quickwit* Smoaking at a Table, with a Stand of Ale.

Cunning. Come all malice apart, prithee lets be grave no longer, but drown Animosities in the bottom of the Pitcher; thou'rt an Ingenious Fellow, and I've a mind to be reconciled to thee, and therefore contrived to meet at this Little Cottage out of the way, where we may speak our minds freely, — Come, give me thy hand, shall we be friends?

Quick. Prithee, thou canst not be a friend to any Body.

Cunning. Ha, ha, ha, I know thou'rt angry, but faith *Tom* I could not help it, thou knowest tis naturall to me to Love Mischief.

Quick. Come pull away then. [*Drinks.*

Cunning. Come Faith the Heiress's health, let's remember her that we have had all this busle about; ye witty Rogue you, I'm damnably afraid you'l get her from us agen, for all her Guardian has her so fast.

Quick. Very well Sir, insult, insult; you have the Dice, you may do what you please, ha, ha, ha, gad I should lose another Brace of Fifties if thou shouldst, but I think I may venture her this once.

Quick. Ay, Pox on ye for a Witty Rogue, you have the better of me clearly, my Brains are quite dull'd.

Cunn. Then not to banter any longer, the Match betwixt young *Romance* is made up, and we are to have a Ball at Sir *Charles*'s House immediately: I wait here for some Masquerading Habits, that I have sent a Messenger to borrow at *Twickenham*; there's to be a little Ataque too of *Pluto*, *Orpheus*, and *Euridice*, of my Composing, and the Musick of Mr. *Purcels*——here's the Design, I'll shew it thee.

Quickwitt. Ay hang ye, you us'd to be Ingenious enough at these things.

Enter

Enter Numps.

Numps. There's a Man without, with a Bundle, desires to speak with ye, and 't shall please ye. ——— [*To* Cunington.

Cun. Oh! that's well, 'tis the Fellow with the Habits, I must go and take 'em. [*Exit.*

Numps. Ah Master *Quickwit*, *Numps* was a dama'd sower part for me, it was adswowkers, but d'e hear, when am I to be paid for't, I was only thrash'd confoundedly for acting so well, ——— that's all I have got yet.

Quick. Why now the happy Minute's come to make ample satisfaction to us both, and do but as I advise thee, thou shalt get thy Twenty Pounds presently, and Mr. *Frederick* shall have the Heiress into the bargain.

Numps. Odswowkers, how can that be, Master *Quickwit*? ———

Quick. Do'st know this Fellow that went out?

Numps. Not I, I never saw him in my life.

Quick. This is that very Rogue that betray'd us to Sir *Charles*, and the Doctor, that procur'd thy beating, and has ever since frustrated our Plots upon the Heiress.

Numps. 'Sbud, my Bones ake at the very thought on't; oh Dog Villain, is this he?

Quick. This is the very Rascal, who is now gone out for some disguises to make some Danting Entertainment there this Evening; now if thou can'st but get two or three of thy honest Neighbours to seize him, I'll contrive the Heiress for *Frederick*, and he shall have the Guinnies ready for thee.

Numps. 'Odzookes Master *Quickwit*, I'll do it immediately, for it never could happen in a better time, for I have three or four Neighbours here drinking in the next Room, that will do't for Mr. *Frederick* at a words speaking. ———

Quick. Away then dear *Numps*, and call 'em instantly, ——— now Fortune favour this once, and be my Goddess for ever after. [*Exit* Numps.

Re-enter Cunington *with a bundle.*

Cun. Well, prithee tell me now, how do'st like the contrivance, you must know I am to do *Pluto* there my self.

Quick. Nay, thou art the fittest Person to act the Devil, of any one I know, that I'll say for thee.

Cun. Ha, ha, ha, prithee leave off thy frumps, thou can'st not forgive me heartily yet, I see, come faith, give me thy Hand, I'll contract a Friendship with thee.

Quick. Ay, that's likely to prove well, why, thou never yet could'st be a Friend to thy self, much less to any one else.

Cun. Faith, the Heiress and I will drink thy health presently, but you shall promise me, you won't get her from me agen, you witty Rascal ——— you shall faith, ha, ha, ha. ———

Enter Numps, *and* 3 *or* 4 *Countrymen.*

Quick. W'are Catchpol'd *Joe*——I'll promise nothing.

Cun. How now, what a Devil's the matter now? [*They seize him.*

Numps. Come, Sir, you must go along with us.

Cun. With you, whither, forwhat——'Oons are the Men mad?

Quick. Alas, good Sir, why de'ye pull and haul the Gentleman so, 'Dshart, what's the matter I say, what have I done?

1 *Count.* What has he done Brother? By the Maskins I can't tell.

Quick. Tell him he has spoke Treasonable words against the Government.

Numps. Secure him as a Traytor, he has spoke some vengenable words——against the Government.

Cun. Who I, 'dsdeath, I?

Omn. Oh, Rogue, Villain, has he so, we'll hamper ye.

Quick. A Traytor, nay then there may be Treason in this bundle for ought I know, I'll secure that. [*Takes away the bundle.*

Cun. 'Sbud I have said nothing, ye are all mad sure, I tell ye you mistake your Man,——Brother, prithee put in a word for me.

Quick. No, Brother, no, Treason's a dangerous thing, I dare not meddle in't.

Numps. Come, come, away with him to Mr. *Soakes* the Constables, and then let him deal with him.

2 *Count.* Ay, ay, away with him, away with him.

Quick. Pray remember to drink my Health with the Heiress, good Brother.

Count. Away with him, Gentlemen, away with him, ha, ha, ha.——

Cun. Ah, plague upon ye, help, help, Murder, Murder.

[*They haul him out.*

Quick. So, now I'll to *Frederick* immediately——the Dice are now on my side——and if I don't thrive now by my Hand, I shall despair hereafter. [*Exit.*

SCENE *Ultima.*

Enter Sir Charles *and* Guiasum, Hotspurr, *and* T. Romance.

Hotsp. You'll be sure to keep your promise.

Rom. Punctually, keep but my Counsel, and Five Hundred Pounds are thine at the day of Marriage.

Hotsp. Well, Sir, upon that condition my Mouth is seal'd up, and your Father shall know nothing, but if you abuse my trust, *Bilbo*'s the word, you know what I mean.

T. Rom.

T. Rom. Well, well, not a word more, this plaguy hot-headed Fellow,——may do the mischief now, but when I'me once Married, I'll manage him as I see occasion.—— [*Aside.*

Hotsp. Since *Frederick's* ill fortune has made him lose the Heiress, 'tis some part of Revenge, to make this Fool pay soundly for it.

Sir *Char.* Come, where are the Musick and the Dancers,——Son *Tom*, why methinks thou art lazy in the business.

T. Rom. Mr. *Cunington* is not come yet, Sir, with the Habits, but we expect him every Minute, gad take me, my head runs so much upon *Sophronia*, that I can get nothing else into't for the heart o'me.

Gads. Well, I am glad to see things in so good a posture at last, by the life of *Gallen*, all great advantages are acquired with great trouble——she's an Heiress and Rich, the more difficult still to be obtain'd, but——Patience and Industry make all things easie; I forgive her trick upon me with all my Heart, and shall be well pleas'd to Tope a Bumper at her Wedding.

Sir *Char.* Oh, Mr. *Hotspur*, y'are welcome, I see my Son and you are reconcil'd, and honourably I make no question, therefore shall be glad to appear your Friend.

Hotsp. Friend, ay, just as the Friendship of the World is, he cares not Threepence if I were Strapado'd; nor I three Farthings if he were Hang'd.—— [*Apart.*

Enter Shinkin, *and* Squeamish *with a Paper.*

Squeam. Oh horrid! to infringe your Word and Honour, is a baseness not proper for a Gentleman, and I'll discover it to your Uncle, as I'me a Virgin.—— [*Weeps.*

Shink. And Gadsplut, to Marry Wildcats, and Harridans, and her knows not what, is like Fools by St. *Davy*, and her will discover that too.

Sir *Char.* How now, what's the matter, Cousin *Rice*, what is't occasions the Lady's tears.

Squeam. I'll tell you, Sir *Charles*, tho' I confess the odious story ought to be conceal'd, but since my Honour is concern'd, it must out.

T. Rom. For now we shall hear a *Welsh* Intrigue, gad take me, I shall bring a new method on't by degrees, in all the Countys about *England*.

Squeam. You all know my detestation of Lampoons, and the care I have always taken, to prevent 'em, but you must know, this Gentleman, having long made an honourable Address of Love to me, upon condition that he defended me against Scandal by Marriage,——at last I consented.

Shink. Gadsplut her only talk'd of Marriages, look you to keep her from squeaking and squawling, her intentions were quite other things by Cadway.

T. Rom. Ay, ay,——Madam, to my knowledge, my Cousin *Rice* hates Marriage, as much as you do a Lampoon, you are mistaken in your Man——gad take me.

Squeam. The more reprobate Person he, for Heaven knows, Sir *Charles*, how loth I was to Intriegue with any Man, and to that purpose, have often ran up into my Chamber, got into dark Closets, Cellars, Larders, and such by-places, where I thought the mischief of Man, could not overtake me, as I'me a Virgin.

T. Rom. Where you thought the mischief of Man would sooneſt overtake ye, as I'me a Virgin.

Sir *Char.* Son *Tom*, *Tom*, proceed Madam.

Squeam. But in spite of all my industry, this wild *Welsh* Creature has still found me out, and has publish'd himself and me, in so particular a manner, that here I am in a Lampoon again, and in so filthy a stile, that I vow I'm asham'd to read it. [*Weeps.*

Shink. What signifies running into Closets, and Cellars, and Larders, was not all her Doors left open, can her deny that?

Squeam. Alas, I had not presence of mind enough, to shut the Door upon him, this is my deplorable case, Sir *Charles*, and if he does not Marry me, I must never shew my Face in the World again, I am utterly undone, as I'm a Virgin.

Shink. Her has been as much undone; look you in Cellars, and Closets, fery often before *Shinkin*'s found her there, as repost goes, and to be prief, her shan't marry Harridans and Wildcats, and there's, there's the resolution of a true Pritain, look you. [*Exit* Shinkin.

Squeam. Never particular with any Person, since I was born before, as I'm a Virgin.

Sir *Char.* Well, well, go after and teize him, this business must be debated at a more convenient hour, for I see the Entertainment is going forward, here comes my Daughter,——now *Tom* mind your business.

[*Exit* Squeam.

Enter Fulvia, *and* Sophronia.

Fulvia. Cousin, no more, the proofs are clear and manifest, and as you relish my proceedings, second me.

Soph. Against the World, in such a generous action.

Enter Mummers, *and Sir* Quibble, *disguis'd amongst 'em.*

Gaius. Pray, what are these, Sir *Charles*?

Sir *Char.* Oh, these are *Mummers*, some of the young fry of the Neighbour-hood that having a frolick this Evening, desire to give us a share on't, the Subject is the stealing an Heiress, and the Figures are Love, Desire, Youth, and Avarice, that all Court the Lady *Pecunia*, the design is pretty enough, come let 'em begin.

They Dance.

SONG.

SONG *here.*

Then enter Frederick *and* Quickwit *disguis'd like* Pluto *and* Orpheus, Marmalet *following.*

Guiac. Here's more, what are these?

Sir *Char.* Oh, this is *Cunnington's* contrivance, a little masque of *Pluto, Orpheus,* and *Euridice,* pray let's observe.

Marm. They desire to practice with *Euridice* a little in the next room, and then you shall see 'em do it perfectly. Come, Madam, this is the rarest contrivance to escape that ever you had. [*Aside to* Fulvia.

[Fred. *takes one of* Fulvia's *hands,* Quickwit *the other, and as they are leading her off she turns back.*

Fulvia. Hold, hold, are ye mad? why, Sir *Charles,* and you Squire Small-brains, you will not suffer me to be carried off thus before your faces, will ye?

Sir *Char.* But into the next room to practice a little, Madam.

T. Rom. You are to act *Euridice,* you know, Madam, and they will only see if you are perfect in your cue; Mr. *Cunnington* there, has shewn me the whole design.

Fulvia. And Mr. *Quickwit,* the witty Player here, has shewn it me, Sir. Come, *Pluto,* you must unmask. [*Unmasks* Quickwit.

Quick. 'Dsdeath, Madam, what d'ye mean, you wont discover us, and undoe all?

Fulvia. Yes faith, Sir, I've a fancy in my head that 'tis not lucky to be stolen to day; therefore you *Orpheus,* otherwise call'd *Frederick* the constant, you must uncover too, your singing will hardly get ye a Mistress to night, I can assure ye.

Fred. She discovers us——Death and Confusion! what new turn's this?

Soph. Methinks, Mr. Heiress-stealer, you look very blank o'th' sudden.

Fred. Ay, 'tis so——this is the Female Devil that has done me this admirable good turn, I find it now, and my disgrace approaching: Oh! damn'd! damn'd Fortune!

Fulvia. What think ye now, Sir *Charles*? am I not very just to my Guardian?

Sir *Char.* This is such an affront, as nothing but my Sword can do me justice in. [*Draws.*

T. Rom. Gad take me, the Devil's in 'em for plotting, I think; will they never let us alone?

Guiac. That Devil *Quickwit* in the Plot agen! I hope you'll give him one good thrust for my sake.

Fulvia. Nay, no fighting, good Gentlemen: Well, well, Sir, I understand ye, but you are so hasty—— [*To Sir* Quibble] Lookee, Sir *Charles,* here's another part of the Jest remains still, which this Gentleman *Mummer* is wittily concerned in too, who having no ill opinion of himself, and consequently

[*Sir* Quibble *endeavours to pull her aside, and she refuses.*

ſequently believing I had a very good one of him, ſent me word he was bail'd, and his preſent deſign of mumming, bribing ſome of his Tenants to act it, and help carry me off; and in really, and in ſpecie, thevery numerical and amorous Knight, Sir *Quibble Quere*.

Guiac. Sir *Quibble Quere* too? why, here are all the Fools in the Nation ſure, concern'd in this Plot.

Sir *Quib.* 'Dſheart, why will you diſcover me now, Madam? I'll ſay't, 'twas the pureſt deſign that ever was laid, but I hope you'll marry me for all this, for you know I have laid out a pour of Money upon't, and have now a Couch and ſix Horſes ready at the Garden-gate for ye, I'll ſay't, you ought to conſider now, Madam; what a dickins, Conſcience is Conſcience all the World over.

Fulvia. Learnedly argued, Sir *Quibble*, and you ſhall ſee what Juſtice I'll do you all preſently; firſt you, Sir, that through the [*To Fred.* baſeneſs of your ſordid nature, and mercenary thirſt of gain, abus'd me, take that as a reward for your ingratitude and my Eternal hatred for the future.

[*Gives him the promiſe of Marriage to Sophronia.*

Fred. My contract of Marriage to *Sophronia*!——this is the Thunderbolt I always dreaded, and 'tis fall'n with a vengeance.

Fulvia. Read there a baſe Deceiver's Character, and for thy ſake may never generous Maid, truſt thy falſe Sex to be again betray'd.

Soph. Inſtead of Heireſſes and blooming Brides with fifty thouſand Pounds, Stick to your old *Doll Commons* of the Town. [*Scornfully.*

And eater as you us'd for half a Crown.

Fred. Peace, Witch, Fury, now could I act that Satyrical Devil without Salt for my Breakfaſt! Torture and Death! to ſtay here too, and be baited, is worſe than breaking upon the Wheel!——Hell take all Heireſſes, and all the Sex beſides. [*Exit* Fred.

Sir *Quib.* Ha, ha, ha, alas poor Brother, I ſee now I am to be the happy Man.

Fulvia. Troth no, Sir, I muſt beg your pardon too——your Eſtate is waſted with diſburſing Sums to go a Fortune-hunting; nor have you Brains enough to get another, and to marry a Ninny, a Bankrupt, no, as you us'd to ſay, Sir, I a'n't ſuch a Fool neither.

T. Rom. You may ſend home your Coach, Sir *Quibble*, you will have no uſe for it here, Gad take me.

Sir *Quib.* Why then a Plague of all Intrigues; I'll go and get drunk, and deſpiſe all Womankind, for I'll ſay't, I'll ne're hang my ſelf about the matter, but I'll have my Money again if there be Law in *England*, let the Women go to the Devil, I'll not be chous'd out of that; what a Pox, I a'n't ſuch a Fool neither. [*Exit Sir* Quibble.

Fulvia. Ha, ha, ha,——thus far, Sir *Charles*, you ſee how far I have diſcharg'd your Truſt, do ye reſolve therefore to deliver up your Guardianſhip freely, that I may have generous liberty to purſue my Inclinations.

Sir *Char.* Madam, with all my heart, before this Company I declare you free to chuſe a new Guardian where you pleaſe, and to confirm it, take

take there the Keys where all your Writings are, and the Power left me by your Father,——I see she intends to give her self generously to my Son; and therefore to confine her, were ungenerous.

[*Aside to the Doctor.*

Quiac. There stands the Gentleman, Madam, if you design him happy, the quicker work the better.

Fulvia. That might have been done, indeed, Doctor, to oblige Sir *Charles*, but the Gentleman you speak of, has made a better choice, as this shall evidence.

[*Gives Sir Charles a Letter.*

Sir *Char.* How's this! a Letter of Courtship to *Sophronia*!

Fulvia. Oh! and so full of Passion, Flame, and Darts, that it almost scorch'd me when I read it.

Sir *Char.* Oh Villain! Dolt! Town-Fop! have I been racking my Brains all this while to get an Heiress to thy purpose! what's the meaning of this, Sirrah?

T. Rom. Why the meaning is, that I love all the Sex, gad take me, and can no more confine my self to one Woman, than to one Suit of Cloaths; if you don't like the humour you might have got me a better, that's all I know of the matter.

Sir *Char.* Insupportable Coxcomb! I'll disinherit thee immediately.

Quiac. More turns and Plots, this is a very Comedy, by the life of *Gallen*.

Aside. Sir, I find I am like to Cudgel my five hundred Pounds out of my Sparks, for all the Devil a penny he's like to get by the Heiress——but stay, who the Devil will she chuse,——if I should be the Man at last.

Fulvia. Since such a general defect of honesty corrupts the Age, I'll no more trust Mankind, but lay my Fortune out upon my self, and flourish in contempt of humane Falshood: as for thy part that hast been a main Actor in this business, and with contriving wit well manag'd it, to let thee see thy Ingenious Stiff gets Friends, I will with Gold reward thy Industry, nor shall honest *Numps*, nay, nor your Comrade, be either of them forgotten,——but be instantly brought hither, and share a part of Bounty.

[*To Quickwit.*

Quick. 'Tis my Glory, Madam, to be outwitted by you, and if my Brain did any thing uncommon, it was by you inspir'd.

Marm. Well, since Fortune has contriv'd the business, so I hope, Sir, you think it time to remember me.

Quick. Oh, prithee, thy venerability, have patience a little, thou seest all the Matriages are transacted at present, and 'tis not fit we should be singular, my dear Antiquity.

Marm. Alas, sweet Sir, but delays are dangerous, and if I should be balk'd in my Expectation, my heart is so set upon't that I should anihilate that very moment, I should dye, as I'm a Christian.

Fulvia. Well, Cousin, what think ye now of my Resolution, have I not done Justice?

Soph. Most generous Maid, thou art a dear Example for all thy Sex to copy out thy Virtue, for that a kind and tender heart like thine,

moulded for Love, and softned with Endearments, should generously on the account of honour, resist a Traytor; that with strong Enchantments of Vows and Oaths, had long time made Impression, is a performance heightned to a wonder, and will be reverenc'd in succeeding ages.

Fulvia. My eyes in contradiction to the World, have ever (scorning Interest) fix'd on Merit, and led by Love and Generous inclination, have strove to make that [illegible] appear by a free present of my Heart and Fortune to one [illegible] had deserv'd 'em. But, oh! the Race of Men are all Deceivers, and my relief, is my resolve to shun 'em; 'tis, my dear Friends, [illegible] last lately told me, which for instruction I will still repeat.

Love may seem great [illegible] in it self by small;
Looks cover thoughts, [illegible] interest governs all;
When *Damon* to an [illegible] speaks kind things,
'Tis not for what [illegible] but what she brings.

[illegible]

EPILOGUE.

Of all the Criticks [illegible] judge this Play,
The Fortune-Hunters, must [illegible]
Who must be vext that they've a Brother [illegible]
So odly balk'd of fifty thousand Pound;
And I confess they have some cause [illegible]
The Spark has lost a [illegible]
A Coach, a set of Barbs, such [illegible]
Nay, six lac'd Footmen finer than the [illegible]
Besides a fine bred Miss [illegible]
With a Rump Crusher worth five [illegible]
These Gems to lose of deep concern [illegible]
But yet considering the equality,
How oft ye chouce your Women, [illegible]
Once in an age the Bitter [illegible]
To be so often fool'd I think [illegible]
But to be Changelings [illegible]
Besides the truth [illegible]
Love guilds your Tongues, [illegible]
In Songs you tell us [illegible] Faces Charming [illegible]
But 'tis the [illegible] face [illegible]
That treats us with you Perry [illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible] in the [illegible]
[illegible] Poverty [illegible]
[illegible] such a Poltrot Judge,
[illegible] Seymour,
[illegible] Wealth you'll [illegible]
[illegible] the Rogue or the Crow;
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] Revenge [illegible] ye round;
[illegible] has [illegible] Betrest found;
[illegible] at last, and fifty thousand Pound.

FINIS.

Guiac. Forty minutes together, ſometimes more; I have weakned it to forty minutes by my skill, it formerly held her an hour.

T. Rom. To the dear, ſoft, white, pretty hand of that ſuper-excellent Lady Mrs. *Gillian Gingerbread*; ah, 'gad take me this billet ſhould have been diſpatch'd away this very minute, and here am I playing the fool in a Mad-houſe.

Shink. Nay, pray you Couſins, have patience, ſhe is engaged now with the Fellow in the Placks, look you, pray you let's hear.

Fulv. Oh, —Mr. *Tickletext* —— [*groans and weeps.*

Guiac. Obſerve now how the humour turns, now ſhe is come to her Melancholy fit, and takes *Chriſtopher* for a Parſon.

Fulvia. Reverend Mr. *Tickletext*, Wiſe Mr. *Tickletext*, that ever I ſhould live to ſee you thus overtaken, to leave your Flock in the Wilderneſs, to follow me upon the Mountains, to fall from your zealous and inſtructive Principles, carnally to fall in Love, and change the ſtrong motions of the Spirit for thoſe of the Fleſh —— O, Mr. *Tickletext* —— [*weeps!*] What will become of your poor Soul?

Guiac. I've obſerv'd ſhe's always extremely troubled about the Parſons Soul, 'tis a thing worthy obſervation.

Fulv. Doctor —— [*mournfully.*

Guiac. What ſay you Madam?

Fulv. Does Mr. *Tickletext* drink hard think you?

Guiac. No, ſure Madam, not hard.

Fulv. Nor Swear, nor Game, Doctor?

Guiac. Neither Madam, unleſs it be a Game at Put now and then, for a Bowl of Lambswool.

Fulv. For a Bowl of Punch rather, I fear Doctor; ay, 'tis ſo, I know it by the red tip of his Noſe; the Parſon hates Lambswool, he loves the Bowl, the Bowl, the luſty Bowl; and there alas his poor Soul will be drown'd.

Guiac. His Soul again, pray obſerve.

Fulv. Yet, what care I, I'm Mrs. of my own fate, let 'em drink, let 'em roar, let 'em ſing, what is't to me I'll do the ſame.

Sings. *How vile are the ſordid Intrigues of the Town,*
Cheating and lying, perpetually ſway
From Bully and Punk to the Politick Gown,
In plotting and ſotting they waſt the whole day.

Let me have Muſick, and bring in *Orpheus* there, O, my hard fortune!

Guiac. So now the Fit's almoſt ſpent, let 'em come in there, [*She ſits down,* theſe are Lunaticks by me appointed on purpoſe to indulge the Humour, the one was a Young hot-blooded Officer that being balk'd in a Battel, againſt the *French* in *Flanders*, fell mad upon't, the Woman crack'd her Brain with Pride and Malice, hearing her Lover ſay, another was handſomer and better dreſs'd at a Court Ball.

There's a Song in parts, between a mad Man, and a mad Woman, then two other mad Men, who ſit down, then enter Numps *and* Quickwit, *like a mad Man with a Paper.*

Guiac. You

Guiac. You may perceive by this, Sir *Charles*, the Frenzy will wear off by degrees, —— but ſee, here comes my Lord.

Quick. Though *Cerberus* bark, the Cat-a-mountain howl,
Though Winds do roar, and Waves do row!,
Mopſa's my Life, *Mopſa*'s my Soul. [*grins.*

Numps. Worſe and worſe, ah, lack-a-day, ah, lack-a-day, O my poor Maiſter!

Guiac. His Diſtemper vents it ſelf much in ſcraps of Poetry, which ſhews it to be the more violent and dangerous.

Sir *Char.* Why ſo, good Doctor.

Guiac. Why Sir, Poetry is a kind of Madneſs in it ſelf, and muſt conſequently make a very ill addition to the Patients Diſtemper. I'll ſpeak to him, what have you there, my Lord?

Quick. Treaſon, in black and white,——Though *Cerberus* bark, the Cat-a-mountain howl, I'll conjure for her, I'll go down below into the Devils dairy, there I ſhall find her licking the Cream-bowls, or preſſing Curds to make *Beelzebub* a Cheeſe, — Hark, ye Patron, are you the Devil?

Guiac. The Devil! not I my Lord, bleſs me, what a queſtion's there.

Quick. Nor yet his Dam?

Guiac. Nor his Dam neither, I'm your Doctor, my Lord.

Quick. Bring *Mopſa* then, I'll drown my ſelf in Tears elſe, [*falls down.*

Numps. O, worſe and worſe! O that chave liv'd to zee this day, odſwokers, he had as notable a Pate, a Vortnight ago as e'er a one in our Shire; our Miniſter at home was a Bottlehead toun, and now to zee the Caſe zo chang'd, and hear un talk zo like a Vool, odſwoker che can't forbear weeping vor the heart o' me. [*bowls out*

T. Rom. O prethee, Pox take thee for a Bumpkin, what a howling doſt thou make; ah, my dear ſweet Miſs Ginger-bread, 'gad take me, I ſhall grow as mad as they, if I am kept here much longer [*kiſſes the Letter.*

Shink. There is fery goot moralities and obſervations to be made in this place, look you Couſins, therefore pray you have patience.

Quick. Haſt brought her? that's my Boy, ay there ſhe is, I know her now. [*Starting up.*

Sings. *By thoſe Pignies, that Stars do ſeem,*
Thoſe Breaſts as white as Curds and Cream,
Thoſe Cherry Lips and dimpled Chin,
'Tis Mopſa *that ſhall be my Queen.*

Guiac. She makes up to him now, the Diſtemper works now, they are curing one another, the two mad Men riſe and dance with 'em. [*Dance.*

Fulvia Sings. *Art thou the Crack-brain'd Fool thou ſeem'ſt to be?*
Quick. *Art thou a white-fac'd Ape as mad as he?*
A fooliſh Female nice and ſhy,
That never yet trod ſhooe awry,
Nor ſuffer'd youngſter by the by,

To

Ful[illegible] *To have a finger in the Pye?*
In ſpight of Rings and Bracelets gay,
Sweet Junkets on a Holyday,
Or all that ſilly Men can ſay
I'm ſtill of Veſta's *Train a Maid.*
Quick. *'Tis then for want of Humane Aid.*

Fulv. *No, no.*
Quick. *Ay, ay.*
Fulv. *No, no.*
Quick. *Ay, ay.*
Fulv. *I'm ſtill a Maid.*
Quick. *O fye, O fye!*
Fulv. *In thought and deed, and ſo will die.*

Quick. *You are a Fool, or elſe you lye,* ——but if thou art, go to the Queen and beg me, for I muſt hang to Morrow for a Rape, committed upon fifteen Richmond Virgins, thirty years old and upwards, that have ſtood the ſhock of Mankind moſt miraculouſly, there's my Petition, read it and away.

[*gives her a Letter*

Fulv. By Heaven 'tis *Frederick*'s Hand, and I find now, this is all feign'd madne's, and a Plot of his to bring me off, O ye dear witty Creature, [*aſide.*

Quick. Cry ye mercy Sir, by that ſhaggy Eyebrow, and that [*pulls* Guiac. *away* grizled Phiz, I know ye now, you are the Recorder.

Guiac. Variety of Madneſs, he ſaid I was the Devil juſt now, and now he takes me for the Recorder.

Quick. There, there's your Fee, and pray defer my Sentence, I muſt not come to th' Gallows, I have Money, let friendleſs Fellons, Fools, and Beggars dangle; I'll bribe thee well, I muſt not hang, I've Money.

Sir *Char.* The mad Fool ſpeaks now methodically, Money indeed will do any thing.

Quick. What do I ſee, a guard to bear me off, and before Sentence, nay then have at ye, avaunt ye Slaves, ye Pultroons, ſcoure ye Vipers, a reſcue, a reſcue, fall on my Friends, down with 'em. [*ſnatches a Sword from* T. Romance *and beats 'em.*

Sir *Char.* Ah, Plague of our heedleſs folly to come Arm'd amongſt mad Men, there's no contending with him. [Quickwit *drives 'em about the Stage.*

T. Rom. My Lord, my Lord, 'odſdeath what d'ye mean?

Shink. Mean to a mad Man, that is fery ſimple by St. *Davy*, goot her Lord have patience, *Shinken* was her friend and fery humble Servant look you.

Guiac. My Lord, my Lord, I am the Recorder you know. [Quick. *beats 'em.*

Quick. The Devil thou art, down with 'em there, a reſcue, a reſcue.

Guiac. Am I a Devil again, nay then there's no fence againſt a flail, I muſt give way too. [*Exit* Guiacum *and* Quickwit *locks the Door.*

Quick. Ha, ha, ha, ſo, if this was not well play'd, I'll n'er Act part again.

Fulv. Thou art the beſt of Actors, and ſhalt be rewarded accordingly, nor ſhall honeſt *Numps* be forgotten neither.

Numps. 'Odſ-

Numps. Odſwokers, che can make a Vool of vorty ſuch Doctors as this is.

Quick. Your Ladyſhip would make an admirable Actreſs, faith Madam, to out-wit the Doctor ſo artificially —— 'tis a Maſterpiece.

Fulv. Ha, ha, ha, and before the grave Knight and young Fool's face too.

Quick. Ha, ha, ha, ha, and but reaſonable Madam, what ſhould a Fool do with ſo fine a Lady.

Fulv. O, Sir your Complement ſome other time, come whilſt we have this opportunity let's into my Cloſet, and conſult about the manner of my eſcape.

Quick. Which is contriv'd methodically in that Letter there, by your Lover, who I hope ſuddenly ſhall be happy in his reward too.

Fulv. If faithful Love, and an obedient Wife can make him happy, he may aſſure himſelf of me, I know his Merit, and have a Soul to prize it.

Nor ſhall the wretched Cuſtoms of the World,
That change the ſweets of Love t' a ſordid Bargain,
Ever corrupt my Nature, wealth is a good addition,
And ſhall be given by me a Slave to vertue,
And wait upon the kind brave Man I love,
Who Weds a Fool, affronts her humane Nature;
Who can be kind to ſuch a Brutal Creature,
'Tis Wit with Love improves the Marriage Charms,
And ſuch a Man is welcome to my Arms. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the Second Act.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter Cunnington *and* Marmalet.

Cunn. VEL now, as you hope to be de Counteſs, and keep your ſix Footmen and your Page, dis is all true vat you tell me.

Marm. Every ſyllable in troth Sir, O fye, upon my Integrity I would not tell ye a Lye for the verſal World.

Cunn. Ver good, vel den I will tell you the reſt of your fortune, but firſt feſh me de Almanack, dat I may tell de good day from de bad, dat is material point.

Marm. Yes Sir, I'll bring it preſently —— a Counteſs, why, well fare thy heart old *Jenny*, ſix Footmen and a Page, odſme I'm overjoy'd. [*Exit*

Cunn. So,

Cunn. So, I have ſqueez'd her as dry as a ſponge already, the Heireſs in this Houſe, that Sir *Charles Romance* deſigns for his Son, only feigns her ſelf mad, and *Quickwit* is by a Trick to get her away for young *Frederick*, ha, ha, ha, ha, I warrant he thinks himſelf as ſecure of her now, as a Cat is of a Mouſe that he has between his Paw, ha, ha, ha, alas poor Fool, but if I aim right, he ſhall find himſelf damnably miſtak en, for what will I do now, but privately go and diſcover all to Sir *Charles*, ſo get my ſelf a ſwinging Reward, and *Quickwit* a Plagny beating, that ſhall ſtick by him this Month, ha, ha, ha, 'gad I love ſuch a miſchief with all my heart, how it tickles me, I grow even fat at the conceit on't. O here comes my Counteſs, I muſt diſpatch this old Fool firſt, and then away ——— Mum, now for fortune-telling.

Re-enter Marmalet *with an Almanack.*

Marm. Here's an Almanack and 't pleaſe ye.

Cunn. O let me ſee, *June, June, June, July.* Vere be de [*changing his voice* Dog-day, dat be de ver good time to make de Intrigue, let me ſee, you ſay you ver born in *July.*

Marm. The fourteenth and ſhall pleaſe ye.

Cunn. Oh, Ver good, ver good, now ſhake your left Arm and your right Leg both together, vich we call in Aſtrology de ſimple motion.

Marm. Is that right, pray Sir. [*Shakes her Arm and Leg awkardly.*

Cunn. Yes, yes, dat vill do ver well, dat I muſt needs ſay is de ver ſimple motion indeed.

Marm. But Sir, you tell me nothing all this while, pray Sir, what good fortune ſhall I have? and particularly, I beſeech ye Sir, to give me leave to ask that queſtion, that we Maids moſt deſire to know, which is, when ſhall I be married, and pleaſe ye?

Cunn. Cry *Hymen* vid a ſigh, one, two, tre time ſo, now ſit croſs-legg'd, and turn de Gnomon of your face, dat is your noſe; [*pulls her Noſe* to de North-Eaſt, dat's right, now ſmile a little, ſmile fooliſhly like, right, now let me feel your pulſe; aw ver well, I ſee now you ſhall have for your Husband de ver Gentleman dat vas to ſteal away your Lady.

[*She makes ſilly grimaces*

Marm. What Mr. *Quickwit*, and ſhall I be no Counteſs after all this.

Cunn. Zoon Metreſſe have de patience and underſtand your good-Fortune, he ſhall live to be, let me ſee, Baron of *Barn-elms*, and if de Planet, dat I ſee dere ſay right, he ſhall be Duke of *Twitnam*, *Mortlack*, and *Brainford*, go, go preſently, find him out, and make de Love to him, for I ſee by my Art, dat dis is de Critical minute, and ver fit for your purpoſe —— go.

Marm. Well, I vow Sir, you have raviſhed me with your Words Dutcheſs of *Twitnam*, *Mortlack*, and *Brainford*; why, this is prodigious, Lord to ſee! how preferment will puff up a body, methinks a Counteſs is too ſmall a title now.

Cunn. Hark you, one word more, if he refuſe you, take two, tre more of your Female Friend vid good Cudgel, and beat him, vor de Star do appoint

dat

dat way to make soft his Heart and Inclination, fear noting, beat him but soundly, and he shall love you for ever after — Adieu, I must get out and laugh somewhere, or I shall burst. [*Aside, Exit.*

Marm. Dutchess of *Twitham*, *Mortlack*, and *Bransford*, — O Lord, methinks I don't feel the ground I go on — Well, this is a most admirable Person, as I'm a Christian, and of most profound skill, for he told me some marks about me, as right, as if he had been by when I was brought into the World. Well, if Cudgelling my Lover will make me noble, I'll get them that shall lay it on with a good will in troth, for methinks, I long to be call'd your Grace, your Grace. Lord, how it tickles me, pray Heaven my Brains stand firm, for I've heard these new honours are very intoxicating. [*Exit.*

Enter Quickwit, Fulvia, *and* Numps.

Quick. You'll be sure to be ready, Madam, against twelve at Night.

Fulv. As punctual as the Minute, get you but the door open that can let us into the Garden, and for the rest let me alone.

Quick. For that, let me alone, and do'e hear, *Numps*, be sure you take your opportunity to slip out and acquaint Mr. *Frederick*, that the Coach may be ready at the time, 'dheart if we should fail in our business to Night, I should be poyson'd before noon to Morrow, with Pills, Powders, and confounded Potions, which I see are preparing for me yonder, for Heavens sake, how came you to 'scape, Madam.

Fulv. Why, my being obstinate at first, has made the Fool take an opinion, that he can cure me with specificks. 'Tis such a positive Coxcomb, that if he once gets a notion into his Head, there's no removing it, tho never so absurd or ridiculous. Come, *Numps*, come you along with me, you must carry a Letter for me.

Numps. A Letter for ye, ah, would you were to be folded up into a Letter your self, and I were to carry ye to Mr. *Frederick*, I'd trudge for ye heartily — I would odswokers, there's my word for't.

Fulv. Well, *Numps*, he shall know the good service you would do him, but for the present let's part, for fear the Doctor should be prying about my Lord *de la Fool* — your Lordships most humble — ha, ha. [*Exit.*

Numps. Oh, my poor Master, O, O! odswokers the job goes on rarely. [*Exit.*

Quickwit *Solus.*

Quick. So, I think I'm in as pretty a way now to get five hundred pounds, as heart can wish, nothing but the very Devil or my Friend *Cunnington* can hinder the happy conclusion now, and I think I have been cunning enough to keep it out of his reach, I know the Rogue will envy my good fortune, but that will breed occasion for more mirth hereafter, and when the Guinneas are in my hand once, I shall have the better gust to rally and laugh at him — O Mrs. *Marmalet*, your humble Servant.

Enter Marmalet, *who curtsies to him and smiles affectedly.*

Marm. Yours, sweet Mr. *Quickwit*, or rather, sweeter my Lord, I mean not as in the former counterfeit strain, but in very good truth and reality, I give you your title as it is to be.

Quick. Say ye so, Mrs. *Marmalet*, I would I were to give you a new Gown upon that condition.

Marm.

Marm. Ah my Lord, your Grace must give me more than a new Gown before that comes to pass, —— yet it shall happen. [*Curtsies first.*

Quick. My Grace, what a Plague does she mean, why hark e, good mondy conserve of Quinces, I thought you had been more busie in packing up your Ladies things, than to stand hanting here my Grace, what a Devil art thou Mad?

Marm. No, no, my Lord, I am not Mad my Lord, you should find me perfect in every part, if your Grace would please to try me.

Quick. Zoons my Grace agen.

Marm. In brief, great Duke it is your Love I seek, on which depends your fortune, on which depends, my making or my marring, behold I stand here suing for your liking, a spotless Maid, a Virgin Cabinet, that fifty years has kept its treasure close, from Spiders, Moths, and from all other Vermin, till now kind fate has given a key to you.

Quick. Crack'd, downright Craz'd as I live, this comes of living to be an old Maid.

Marm. Ah, dear my Lord, do not deceive your self, I have my senses right and all things else thank Heaven.

Quick. Why what a Plague dost Lord me at this rate, then? and talk to me of Treasures, and Cabinets, and Spiders, and Moths, and making, and marring; why ye Queen *Elizabeth*'s Old Fardingale, ye dirty wrinkled worm-eaten Ruff without Starch, ye tarnish'd old fashion'd Picture of mad *Hecuba* in the Hangings, what dost cant of Love to me for?

Marm. Does not my Person nor my Merits move ye, know then, the Stars appoint ye honours, if you Marry me, you shall become a Duke.

Quick. Become a Dog, Pox on ye for an old Carrion, is this a time for whimsies.

Marm. It is the time my Lord, the only time, I am told, by Art, that if we Marry, we shall both be Noble, I do beseech your Grace believe my Tears, there are great Honours budding.

Quick. Honours and budding; what a Devil can this flagmy Hag mean by all this?

Marm. Good my Lord, Marry me I do beseech your Grace, relent.

Quick. I wont ye old Fool, pox take ye, I wont I tell ye, and get ye gone, and play your Oafs tricks somewhere else, or I'll kick ye. Marry her, I'd as soon Marry a *Lancashire Witch*, that was sick of the Plague.

Marm. How, nay then force my hard fate, since no fair means will do, the stars must have their way. [*Exit, and re enter presently, with two other female Servants arm'd with Cudgels.*

Quick. My Grace and my Lordship, and Marry, ha, ha, ha, gad I believe the old Sibil has been regaling her self, with a gill or two of Brandy after Dinner, and her frigid veins having gotten a little warmth, provoke her to think of Marriage, Marriage with a Pox to her. [*He turns his back, and she strikes him over the Shoulders.*

Marm. Dear Sir excuse me.

Quick. Excuse ye, what a Plague's the matter now.

Serv. 'Tis all for your good, indeed my Lord. [*Strikes him.*

Quick. 'Dsheart ye damn'd *Jezabel*, be quiet you had best.

Marm. 'Tis

Marm. 'Tis much against my good nature, but [*Strikes him agen.*

Quick. But, what, ye Devil, but what —— are ye bewitch'd [*rubs him self.*

Serv. The Stars will have it so. [*strikes him.*

Quick. —— Oons the Stars.

Marm. Do but consent to Marry me, and be a Duke.

Quick. Ye Crackbrain'd Idiot.

Serv. Of —— *Twittam.* [*strikes him.*

Quick. Very well, Witch.

Serv. *Mortlack.* [*strikes him.*

Quick. Fiends and Furies.

Marm. And *Brainford* upon my Honour, 'tis pity Love puts on so rough a visage, but 'tis the fates decree; and I must, [*beats him still.*

Quick. The Devil brain ye, 'dsdeath, stand off, for if I get into ye, I will so rattle your bones, ye mouldy, mischievous, wither'd, worm-eaten ——

Enter Fulvia *and* Numps *in hast.*

Fulv. Lost, lost, ruin'd undown, we are all betray'd and discover'd —— how now, what's the matter here. [*Maid Servants run out.*

Quick. A Sibil, a Succubus. 'Gad 'tis well you came in Madam, I would have tryed what power that Witch would have, when I had drawn blood of her.

Fulv. What Witch, what does he talk of, the witchcraft is within yonder —— I tell ye, y' are all betray'd, Sir *Charles* has discover'd us.

Quick. A Hag, a Nightmare, —— What's that you say Madam, discover'd, what's discover'd. [*changing his tone.*

Fulv. We, we, all of us, some Devil or other has betray'd us, and discover'd all our design to Sir *Charles*, and the Doctor whom I overheard just now, threatning such unmerciful punishments to you and poor *Numps* there, that it almost distracted me to hear 'em.

Numps. *Ralph*, *Tom*, and *Christopher*, and all the Servants of the House are call'd up for no good I fear, odswokers, look, look, see if that plaguy word will leave me now, —— would I had never learn'd it.

Quick. So, I find that I have had yet, only a sample of Cudgelling, the main payment is behind hand, I'm in a very pretty condition faith, but how could this be Madam, 'dsdeath, who is this Devil of a discoverer, what's his name.

Fulv. That, Sir *Charles* would not inform the Doctor, being as it seems enjoyn'd him as a secret, yet thus far told him, that it was an old Comrade of yours, and one of your own society.

Quick. *Cunnington*, as I live I find it now, it can be no Devil else —— O, Son of a Whore! O, malicious Dog!

Fulv. But how he came to know it, that's Witchcraft agen.

Marm. Odsbodikins, my heart misgives me, that I can best tell that, my Conjurers name was *Cunnington*, who promis'd me a Dukedom for the secret, and bound himself with a hundred Oaths to keep it, and sure a Conjurer has too much conscience to break his Oath, I must go and be better satisfied, for I'm in a strange quandary as I'm a Christian. [*Exit.*

Quick. I shall be made a meer jest, a Fool to all the Town and Country, be beaten, pump'd, and for ought I know, thrown into the Horsepond.

Fulv. I must needs say, they do threaten some such thing, that's the truth on't.

 Quick. They

Quick. They do; nay, ten to one, or some worse punishment. *Numps*, prithee contrive something to help at a Pinch; what shall we do, hah?

Numps. Why, truly my Lord *de la Fool*, if I might advise your good Lordship.

Quick. Nay, nay, Pox on't, no jokes now, thou know'st 'tis honourable enough to assist Lovers, *Numps*.

Numps. Numps, Numps, what *Numps*, I'll be *Numps* no more not I, my Name's *Gregory Golding* an Ale-house-keeper here at *Twitnam*; 'oons, I shall have my Bones broke here about your *Numps*, and your honourable Lovers, would I were well out on't, 'odswokers, plague take that word too, would 'twere hang'd.

Fulv. I find *Numps* would hardly undertake me now folded up in a Letter.

Quick. 'Sdeath here they come, all contrivance is in vain too, I find I must bear it.

Fulv. Nay, I am almost in as bad a Case, for I shall be tiez'd out of my Life, by Sir *Charles* and the young Blockhead now; but come, let's Act it to the last, my Lord, let's play our parts well however.

Numps. A vengeance on't, I shall make a hopeful part of mine I believe.

Enter Sir Charles, Guiacum, and Christopher.

Guiac. Manage you your Daughter Sir *Charles*, whilst I confront this Rascal. Your Servant, my noble Lord.

Quick. [*Staring madly*] Is *Mopsa* come from the Black Stigian Fields, where yearly range the Cows of *Proserpine*, *Tib*, *Whitehorn*, *Colly*, *Redrose*, *Smut*, and *Blincko*; see where she sits stroking the swelling Teats, and takes infernal Cream in Pails of Agate.

Guiac. Rare counterfeiting Rascal. [*Aside.*

Sir *Char.* How does my Daughter, do the Lovers tieze her still, where's the Reverend Mr. *Tickletext*, and the Worshipful Mr. *Alderman Niggle*, ha?

Fulv. [*Staring too*] There, there he is, he shakes his Gold Chain at me, and pulls out his hair purse with fifty pieces, thinking to bribe my vertue, ah * I'll have none on't, ah * y' are an old Fellow, avaunt, avaunt, ah * ah * [*shrieks out.*

Sir *Charl.* Oh strange! why Doctor, she grows worse and worse.

Guiac. Extremely ill Sir, I have been very much deceiv'd in her, I see now I must be forc'd to tye her in her Bed, and give her a Purge or two of Sand and Snow-water to abate this heat, — she shall take it to Night.

Fulv. The Devil shall have you first. [*Aside.*

Guiac. And as for my Lord there, I see his fit Increases too, and I must be severe with him. Go, *Christopher*, get the Gives and Fetters ready, and call the rest of your Fellows as I order'd; tell the Surgeon too, I'll have the Skin of my Lords Head flead off, and rubb'd with Salt and Vinegar.

Quick. Oh, Lord — [*Aside.*

Guiac. His Lordship has a wonderous hot Pate; I'll cool it with a Vengeance. You, Friend, [*to Numps*] I think are somewhat craz'd too; but 'tis but slight. A good sound whipping three times round the Orchard will set you right, *Numps*.

Numps. Ah, no *Numps*, and't like your Worship, no *Numps*, I'm a poor, *Twickenham* Man, meerly drawn in as I hope to be sav'd.

Guiac. How does your Pulse beat now, my Lord, humph — do'e know me yet, am I a Devil, or a Recorder — Speak, I know your Cure is perfect.

Quick. Why

Quick. Why then, Faith, Doctor, I thank ye, I'm as well as ever I was in all my Life. [*Briskly.*

Numps. And I too, Odswokers——agen——would the Devil had that word——

Sir *Char.* But *Fulvia* there says nothing, her Distemper reigns still.

Fulv. No, Faith, now I think on't, I'm perfectly cur'd too; [*in a brisk Tone.*] Come, Sir *Charles*, and Doctor, 'tis but a Frolick, a Trial of Wit you see; hang't, pass it by for once, and give 'em their Liberty.

Guiac. Not too fast, good Madam. Within there ho, [*Enter Servants.* See these two well beaten, pump'd, and toss'd in a Blanket, for fear of a Relapse, and then discharge 'em.

Sir *Char.* Let 'em be swing'd to purpose——go get you in, I'll speak with you anon. [*Exit* Fulvia.

Quick. Nay, nay, Sir *Charles*, what for a Trick of Wit? 'Twas but a Trick of Wit, Faith, Doctor.

Guiac. Oh, Sir, your Wit is out of its Sphere now; and to set it right, I am obliged to cudgel ye by my Profession. Away with 'em.

Numps. This comes of Acting *Numps*, a Plague o'your Acting [*They are pull'd out.*

Sir *Char.* Ha, ha, ha, Farewell my good Lord *de la Fool*, Ha, ha, ha——

Guiac. 'Twas cunningly acted of the Rogues; but now, Sir *Charles*, what's to be done with the Lady.

Sir *Char.* Keep her close up till you hear further from me: Take heed of Visitants, and more mad Lords Doctor; I'll go and prepare her once more for my Son, and put the Case home to her, and her Ingratitude; it may be the Discovery of this Plot, and her small hopes of serving her own Humour, may make her yield to mine: But if she be stubborn,

She shall have Cause to curse each tedious hour,
And know too late by me a Guardian's Power. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Enter Sir* Quibble, Stockjobb, *and* Cunnington.

Stock. Come, come, 'twas but a Joke, 'twas no more, Faith. Squire *Thomas* seems to be a very honest Gentleman, and a Lover of Business. Prethee Sir *Quibble* come in agen, and take t'other Glass, and so forth.

Sir *Quib.* A scandalous Fellow to say I was an Hermaphrodite, to make a Monster, a Devil, I can't tell what of me, to disgrace me before the Ladies: But this shan't get the Heiress from me; I know his drift well enough, it shan't do, I'll say't.

Stock. Come, come, prethee, come in agen.

Sir *Quib.* Pray excuse me, Sir, I promis'd my Mother to come home to Supper; and I know her heart goes a pit a pat, if I'm never so little out of her sight, for fear I should be stole or come to any harm; besides I must tell ye plainly, I don't like the Company. I'll drink a Glass here with this honest Gentleman, if you please, but I would not come in agen for a 1000 *l.*

Stock. Well, my Comical Friend, do you entertain the Knight then, I must go mind my Guests within: Hey, bring some Wine there —— [*Exit* Stockjobb.

Cunn. This is one of the silly Heiress-stealers, of t'other side, I'll banter the Fool.

Sir *Quib.* Your Servant, Sir; by your Discourse within, Sir, I perceive that you are a great Traveller.

Cunn.

Cunn. I have seen I tink dis Globe, I mean *Europe*, *Asia*, *Africk*, *Americk*, or so; dat is all.

Sir *Quib.* That is all indeed, Sir, you must ride upon the Dogs-star, as the mad Song says, if you would see more.

Cunn. Sire, I have seen much more, I have observe too de Globe Celestial; I have been so high as to hang my Hat upon one Horn of de Moon, and have touch de North-Pole vid min Finger.

Sir *Quib.* With your Finger, Sir, your Servant agen, Sir: Why that's very strange I'll say't.

Cunn. Sir, I have live in de Moon-world some time, de Emperour is de ver proud Monarch, and keep de subject in great awe; de people dere are like de Pigmy, de man's and woman's not half yard high, but generally wise and ver great Politicians.

Sir *Quib.* Ods diggers, this is a most excellent Fellow; and pray, Sir, don't those Politicians of the Moon take us *English* Politicians for mad Fellows, hah?

Cun. Yes, truly, dey do tink dat you be all mad indeed.

Sir *Quib.* Prethee what Women are there? Do they dress their Heads as our Cocking Ladies do here, I wonder.

Cunn. No, no, de woman's dere have no head at all, de face stand vere de Breast should, and de Mouth is de Navel.

Sir *Quib.* Oh, Lord, there must be strange kissing I'll say't.

Cunn. De Creation was ver wise in dat, no womans is suffer to have head dere, for fear she should plot Mischief.

Sir *Quib.* Ha, ha, ha, I'll say't an admirable Reason too. But pray, Sir, now lets get down from the Moon a little; and since you have observed all the People and Cities in the World, pray, Sir, when was you last at *London*?

Cunn. Ven de Sun came last Post from de Antipodi dis morning, dis morning.

Sir *Quib.* Ha, ha, ha, very pretty agen, I'll say't: Why then, ten to one, but you have all the passages of the Town at your Finger's-ends; and, I'll say't, I long to hear 'em. Prethee what do they do at Court now, hah?

Cunn. Why de come, scrape, and look ver sharp, den whisper de friend in de corner, and talk politick one half hour, den cagle *Regis du Roy*, and make ver low Bow, den comb de Peruke, take Snuff, and scrape out agen; dat is all.

Sir *Quib.* Ha, ha, ha——that's very like a Courtier I'll say't. Come, come, now for the City, what are our Men of Gravity doing?

Cun. Why fait dey follow still dere old Custom——dat is, contrive to sheate one anoder; dey dat have no stock for Trade, make use of de stock of Impudence, and sign Policy to lay Wager, so make four, five sheating Bargain over night, and ver fairly break, and run away next morning.

Sir *Quib.* Well said agen i'fackins; 'gad this is a plaguy sharp Fellow: But come now, for our Places of Diversion; Prethee how go Humours at the Musick-Meeting and Play-house?

Cun. As for de humour amongst all de rest, I only observe tre sort, dat is, de Beau, de Coquet, and de Fidler: de Beau dere make de fine Song, to shew his Wit; de Coquet say she admire de Beau, but laugh behind his back; de Fidler he perform his Musick, take de Money, and begar laugh at dem both.

Sir *Q*——

Sir *Q*——. Ha, ha, ha.—Well I'll say't I'll give my Mother the slip some time or other, and go and see the Humours there I'm resolv'd; but come now, for the Play-house.

Cun. Noting, noting; dere is noting dere pour Railery, but de Whore and de Critick, and two tre dozen of old musty Orange-Wench dat ride upon your Back while de Musick play.

Sir *Q*——. Odsdiggers, so they us'd to serve me, I'll say't: Well, but hark'e now, let's be a little serious;—I must know one thing more; heark'e, Do you ever go to Church—pray Friend?

Cun. Umph, Church!

Sir *Q*——. Ay, ay, Do's Devotion thrive?—I know you must observe something of that too.

Cun. No Sir, dere you pose me; for to speak truth, like good Christian, I have not see de inside of one Shurch dis—fixteen year, and begar I find de Town ver mush of my humour; de People and de Priest make de grand difference; he can say ver little or noting dat dey believe, and dey, Begar, vill do noting vat he advise; so I never trouble de Shurch at all.

Sir *Q*——. I'll say't, an Admirable Person too! Well, dear Signior, you have so much oblig'd me, that if you please to come to my House, you shall find every day a Welcome that——

Enter Tom Romance, *hastily.*

T. Rom. Why *Cunnington*, *Cunnington*, what a Devil art thou doing? [*Speaks entring.*

Sir *Quib.* Is your Name *Cunnington*, Sir?

Cun. Yes 'faith, Sir; But I know I shall be welcome to your House for all that Hah, ha, ha.

T. Rom. Hah, ha, ha,! What has the Hermaphrodite been banter'd agen? Ha, ha, ha.

Sir *Quib.* 'Slid there's some Trick in this; Odsdiggers, come near my house, and I'll set my Dogs at ye: A Plague, here comes more of 'em; I shall be laugh'd to Death if I stay I'll say't; 'oons *Cunnington*, I should have been robb'd or ravish'd in a weeks time. [*Exit* Sir *Quibble.*

Enter Stockjob.

Cun. You came a little too soon; for I was just going to pump him about the Heiress.

T. Rom. Phoo, Pox she's secure enough Boy, but I have some fresh play in my heads now *Stockjob*'s Wife, ye Rogue.

T. Rom. Here she comes, 'gad take me I'll give her my *Billet deux* presently.

Enter Squeamish *and* Hotspur, *and Mrs.* Stockjob.

Squeam. Oh horrid! Cousin, why d'e bring me into all this Company, especially where that Fellow is, for I am certainly inform'd, 'twas that horrid Fellow that writ the last Lampoon upon the Wells.

Mrs. *Stock.*

Mrs. *Stock*. Have de patience Couſin, me ſhall find out dat preſently, hark'e Sir, you damm *Engliſh* Pultroon, dare you abuſe de Lady, dare you make de damn'd Lampoon ha?

Cunn. Not I Madam, you are the moſt miſtaken in the World.

Squeam. Not that I value the little malice, but to ſee the beſtiality of the fellow; I kept my ſelf ſo reſerv'd, Couſin, all this Summer to avoid cenſure, that I refus'd to receive viſits from any Man under the Age of ſixty nine, nor ever went any whither but to Church, and if they did not Lampoon me for that too, I'm no Chriſtian.

T. Rom. I muſt get the Rogue off, —— 'Gad take me, Madam, I have [*to Mrs.* Stockjob] ſuch a value for your Wit and Beauty, that upon my Honour, I would not deceive you in any thing, and I aſſure you he is innocent of the matter, therefore let me deſire you to turn the diſcourſe, I'll inform you more hereafter.

Mrs. *Stock*. Ah Monſieur, 'tis impoſſible for me to doubt a Perſon of ſuch merit, and ſo well accompliſh'd as your ſelf. Couſin, I am [*too Squeamiſh*] inform, by dis Gentleman, dat we are under de grand miſtake.

Hotſp. She inform'd by that Puppy, then they're familiar I find. —— [*Aſide*.

Mrs. *Stock*. Sir, I beg your pardon vid all mine heart, I underſtand you are de ver ingenious Perſon, and underſtand de Ladies affair.

Squeam. Nay, I can't poſitively affirm he was the Perſon I confeſs; I only grounded my ſuſpicion the more ſolidly, becauſe of his Satyrical Phiz; O horrid! methinks his Face is a meer Lampoon it ſelf.

Stock. Come, come, ſlapdaſh, and ſo forth, let's reconcile all miſtakes with a Glaſs of Wine and a Song, I've a Bowl of Punch ready within too.

T. Rom. There ſpoke the Soul of the City and ſo forth, That was done now like a Man of intrigue. [*Puts a Note into Mrs.* Stockjob's *boſom*.

T. Rom. My dear, dear Charmer, 'gad take me I've had a paſſion for ye above this ſix Months, and if you don't anſwer my Billet deux there, I ſhall dye that's certain.

Mrs. *Stock*. Dis is de ver agreable Fellow, but I muſt ſhow de cunning, and not yield too ſoon, [*Aſide*.] — O, fye, fye, Monſieur, I am ſure you miſtake me I am not de Perſon, 'tis impoſſible dat I ——

T. Rom. Not the Perſon, by this dear hand, there's no Perſon in the World but you, has the power to charm my heart, your Eyes have made me a very.—

Hotſp. A very ſop, Raſcal, Dogbolt, — come, draw, draw, Buffoon, I'll teach you to be ſawcy with Women in my Company.

Stock. Hey, ſlapdaſh, what a Plague's the matter now? keep the Peace there, hey day, is the Devil in ye all, and ſo forth. [*Exit*.

[*Fight here, and* Tom Romance, *and* Shuſken *are beaten off, the Women ſhrick and run out*.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Sir Quibble, Frederick *and* Quickwit.

Fred. Death, and Confusion, *Cunnington*, discover the Plot? Why how was it possible he should come to know it?

Quick. Nay that piece of Witchcraft I am yet to Conjure for, but I can assure you the beating was substantial, and so had the Blanket been too, if some of Sir *Quibbles* Gold, had not bribed off two of the Grooms: but come Sir, take Heart, for though my Brains have taken occasion hitherto to disoblige my Bones a little; I have another Plot left yet, not only to make my revenge perfect upon *Cunnington* not; but to secure you the Lady, for since I have undertaken it, you shall have her, though the great Devil, and all his little Imps conspired against me.

Fred. Pox, what vexes me most is, 'tis grown the Common Town talk already, they have it at the Coffee-house as familiar as the *Gazette*.

Sir *Quib.* Prethee how didst do to Act the Madman? Ile say't, I'd have given a hundred Guineas to have seen thee a little; Prethee how didst look? and what didst say, I wonder; and when did the Lady come in with her Story? and which way, and upon what accompt? and wherefore?

Quick. And wherefore good Sir come away quickly, and fetch the Guineas you promis'd, for I shall have occasion for a Bribe or too, to carry on the Affair; Farwell Sir, I see Company coming, stay. *Exit Sir* Quib. *and* Dog.

Enter Sophronia *with a Book.*

Fred. Hah, am I fallen into this Satyrical Devils Clutches too, then I'm like to have a rare Breathing, for I perceive by that malicious Smile with which she mocks her self, that she has heard of this late business; and is as pleas'd I warrant, as prosperous Malice can make a Woman, when she has an opportunity of being reveng'd: Well, I am resolv'd to stand the brunt now, come what will on't, I see she's prepar'd for the Assault, and to beat her out of her Guard, Ile begin first. What always reading, Madam, still affronting Mankind, by Invading their Province of Knowledge, fye, this is unnatural, a Lady should no more pretend to a Book, than a Sword, neither of em are proper for her Sphere of Activity. *To Her.*

Soph. This, only excepted Sir, this is a Treatise proper for all degrees of People, 'tis call'd, Sir, an Hospital for Fools, where the most distemper'd of that sort shall be Cur'd, or at least put into a good way. What think ye Sir, shall I send it ye, you may chance to have some apish humour in your Brain, or some foolish act in your Body, that may want a good remedy.

Fred.

Fred. Oh I thank ye, Madam, but muſt beg your Excuſe, to take a Recipe from a Female Phyſitian, to cure a defect in the Brain, that's a good one Faith: Why that's the way to make a Man ſtark Mad indeed: And as for my Body, I had as lieve take an old Purblind Country Nurſe, if I had a mortal Bruiſe, or Palſie, and I were certain to have the ſcandal of a Cripple upon me all the days of my life after.

Sophr. I don't know what you mean by your Bruiſe, or Palſie; but conſidering your general diſtemper of Body, 'twould be a greater ſcandal to the Nurſe, to take ye in hand.

Fred. Very fine, well certainly there is not another ſo vain a thing in Nature, as a Woman that ſuppoſes her ſelf a Wit; ſhe fancies all the World muſt truckle to her Wit, and admire her Perſon, and Wit; tho the Wit's as Envious as a Witch, and often as Ugly.

Soph. That might be a fault, indeed in the laſt Age; but in this I never met with any of your Town Crew, that have Wit enough to cauſe Envy.

Fred. If there's any one, Fool enough to Love her, ſhe'll make him a meer Changling, and like a little ſullen Chit, of five years old, deny herſelf the Morſel ſhe Loves; only to Teize and Vex another, when at the ſame time her mouth waters, and ſhe's ready to ſtarve for Hunger; this I think touches your Ladyſhips Copy-hold a little; but much good may't do ye with your ſullen fit, I know you'l get a Husband, and a vaſt fortune by't.

Soph. Well Sir, not to be behind hand with ye, in your Frumps, much goood may do you with your Rich Heriefs, you'l get a Wife, and a prodigious fortune by her, I hear too.

Fred. Ah Curſe on her, I find ſhe knows all. (*Aſide.*

Soph. For my part, it were unreaſonable for me, to expect you to be conſtant to my ſmall merit, when you had ſuch a tempting Lump as Fifty thouſand Pounds to cheriſh your hopes withal; Fifty thouſand Pounds, d'ſlife, there's ne're a Beau from *Covent-Garden* Church to the *Tower* of *London*, but ſhall give his little Corps to the Devil, every hour of the Day for't.

Fred. Nor ne're a Lady that frequents the *Park*, Play-Houſe, or the Muſick-meeting; but ſhall marry a thing one degree remov'd from a Baboon for half as much.

Soph. By which I find Sir, you are not out of hopes, I dare ſwear you think your ſelf above one degree remov'd, tho your laſt Mad Plot upon the Heireſs has given the world ſome ſtrange ſuſpitions to the Contrary: on my Conſcience you'l return to me again Sir, you'l have ſome qualm or other come over ye ſhortly; then yet drunk, and with a kind of maudlin Repentance, come to beg my pardon.

Fred. So far from it, that I rather fear I ſhall have ye at my Levee every morning ſhortly, with a pittiful Petition, imploring my Charity, to beſtow on ye the remains of Matrimony.

Sophr. The remains, Sir, I have Arithmetick enough to know, that take nothing from nothing, and there remains nothing: Beſides a Married Town

Beau

Beau keeps always a Misers Table, there is so little for his own Family, that he'l never get thanks, or a blessing from any one that shall expect his remains, take that from me Sir.

Fred. Very well Madam, rally on, rally on, and enjoy your Wit. You have my free leave, whilst I Enjoy *Fulvia*, and fifty thousand Pounds, and so farewell; and, d'sdeath, such another full thrust and I were gone to all Intents and Purposes. (*Exit.* Fred.

Soph. He's gone, and tears my Heart-strings as he goes.
Whilst I have only the poor Consolation
Of a feign'd Mirth, to hide my real Sorrow;
For still I Love this base ingrateful Wretch,
False as he is, and full of all the Mischiefs of his Sex.
I love him still, and have no Peace without Him;
But can *I* Love a Man, that scorns my Love;
That poorly offers up Wit, Beauty, Merit,
A Trophy to the sordid Idol, Money;
Can I Love such a Man, and own it too;
No, I will rather Poyson, Stab, or Drown;
Revenge my self, on my unlucky self:
Do a thing Barbarous beyond my Sex.
Rather than this base Man shall know I Love him.

Eyes dry, dry your Tears, and keep the Secret in,
Whatever grief I feel, let none be seen,
Tho the strong Passion ne're so powerful grow,
Ile Choak with Love, rather than let him know. (*Exit.*

End of the Third Act.

ACT. IV. *Scene 1st.*

Enter Mrs. Sockjobb *and* Squeamish.

Squeam. COme, Come Couſin, you muſt give me leave to tell ye, I underſtand an Intreague as well as an older Perſon, to let a young Hectorly Fellow, ſhew he has ſo much command over ye, as to dare to quarrel, and expoſe ye in Company. Oh filthy, it ſhews a familiarity too ſawcy for Civil Converſation; I hope Couſin you have not been particular with the Fellow.

Mrs. *Stock.* Vat you mean by dat Couſin, vat is particular.

Squeam. Oh horrid, I hope you wont put me to the Fatigue of a Bluſh, by telling the Nauſeous meaning, that were to deſerve to be Lampoon'd indeed; when a Man is particular with a Woman, I think there is no great nead of *a Sophiſter to explain* the meaning.

Mrs. *Stock.* Vel, Vel, Pox take the particular, dat is all one, I aſſure you I have don vid him now, and vill encourage that fine young Gentleman, dat talk and bow, and rally ſo vel *en Franceois*; me no endure de Huff de Bounce, de brutal way of Love no longer. Dear Monſieur *Romance*, is all French, all Talk, all Air, all Gallantry, and de oder Gentleman dat ſpeak de Welch is ver fine perſon too, who I preſume Couſin has de extream inclination to have de Intreague vid you.

Squeam. An Intreague with me, Oh filthy Fellow, that's a worſer abuſe than any has been yet put upon me, for he's the verieſt Fop in Nature.

Mrs. *Stock.* Fop, Oh *Mon deu*! vat and worth twenty thouſand Pounds, dats impoſſible! Oh, he is de vat fine Perſon, and has the greateſt tender for you Couſin.

Squeam. Oh fogh, *I* ſhall be Lampoon'd about him in a Weeks time, ile lay my Life on't: Oh horrid, ile go and lock my ſelf up; But are you ſure he's worth twenty thouſand Pounds Couſin. (*Changing Tone.*

Mrs. *Stock.* Aſſurement, and vill make good ſettlement, vich is ver much as times go.

Squeam. See here dey come vid Monſieur *Stockjobb*, who *I* have wheedle ſo, and make ſuch great Fool, that he vill believe nothing againſt me vich my oder caſt of Coxcomb ſay.

Enter Stockjobb, Holſpurr, T. Romance, Shinkin, *and Singers with a Bowl of Punch.*

Stockj. Come, Come, Let's have no brawling nor quarrelling, but ſit down lovingly together, and help off with the Bowl, and ſo forth; what *Pogry*, my

my Dear, my Fawn, my Pricket, —— and my Couſin *Siſſe* too; Hey, ſlap-daſh, we'll all ſit down too't Faith.

Mrs. *Stock.* ——Vat you pleaſe *Dicky*, ven de Husband Command de Wife muſt alway be Obedient, dat is but Reaſon.

Hotſp. Ah ſubtle Witch.

Stock. —— Come Squire *Thomas*, and my *Welſh* Friend, Pray ſit round, Here's ſome Honeſt Friends of mine will give us a Catch in three Parts; Couſin *Siſſe*, Prithee ſit down, and ſo forth.

Squeam. Oh horrid! Couſin, would you have me give ſuch occaſion to be Lampoon'd, as to ſit drinking filthy Brandy amongſt Men?

Stock. Filthy Brandy; Twelve Shillings a Gallon, by this Hand, and will certainly be the beſt Commodity in the whole Kingdom ſhortly, ——Harkee, *Siſſe*, ſuch another Word, and if there be a Lampoon to be got in Chriſtendom, and ſo forth, I'll get one for thee.

Shink. According to *Shinkins* Obſervations, this is not Prandy, look you, but Punch, which is fery goot to raiſe Ploods, and cauſe Pluſhes, and Pewtys in fair Ladies, look you, therefore pray you ſit down, I pray you now.

Squeam. Nay, Pray Sir, —— Oh Lord, —— Nay, if you will force me, What ſhall I do? I am ſo aſhamed, well if I do, I'll ſwear I'll drink in my own Cup then, —— Go, *Ponade*, and fetch it, it holds three quarters of a Spoonful juſt.

T. Rom. Dear Madam, Let me be happy with your ſweet Hand (*To Mrs.* Stock.

Hotſp. You, —— *Poltroone*, (*Takes her from him.*

Mrs. *Stock.* Vat aile de Ruffian, —— (*To* Holſpurr.) —— Monſieur, I am your moſt devoted. (*To* T. Romance.

Hotſp. His moſt devoted, Oh rare Jilt, dee fleer Dog-bold, I ſhall have your Noſe anon. (*Enter* Ponade, *with a very little Cup.*)

Stock. Come, Come, Slap-daſh, No more grumbling *Will*, but take your Cup, and then let's have the Catch, and ſo forth. (*They ſit down.*

Why, Couſin *Siſſe*, What haſt got there, an Acorn Cup? why a Flea may drink off that, prethee take one of ours, and ſo forth. (*Strikes the Cup out of her Hand.*)

Squeam. Oh horrid, not for the World, the quantity of this is enough to ſuffocate my Spirits, as I am a Virgin.

Hear a Catch, in three parts, in praiſe of Punch.

Stock. By the Lord Mayor, very well perform'd Boys, T holl, Loll, Loll, ah dickins take it, it won't do now, yet I could have Sung my *Sol, Fa*, when I was a Batchelour purely Faith, —— but theſe Wives, theſe Wives, ſpoil all our Parts; Come, Here's Proſperity to the City and Trade. (Holſpur *riſes up, and goes behind Mrs.* Stockjobs.

T. Rom. And as I was ſaying Madam. (*To Mrs.* Stockjob.

Hotſp. And as I was ſaying before Madam. (*Pulling her from him.*

Mrs. *Stock.* Sir, I have nothing to ſay to you, you are ſtrangely troubleſom, (*To* Hotſpur.)

Dat

Dat laſt agen, I beſeech you Monſieur. (*To* T. Romance.)

Stock. Who leaves his Place there, *Will. Hotſpur*, What a Plague doſt ſtand brooding upon my Wife there for, prithee come and take thy Cup, and let the Squire alone, he has buſineſs with her, and ſo forth.

Hotſp. Buſineſs with her, Here's a damn'd Cuckoldly Son of a Whore, and ſo forth. (*To* Squeamiſh.

Shink. When her is in *Wales*, look you, her could drink very goot Metheglins with her Couſin *Cadwallader*, at the Three *Red Herrings* and *Green Leeks* in *Monmouth*; but now ſince her ſaw you, her Heart has done nothing but thump, thump, and then her does ſigh ſo ſadly, Hey hoh, (*ſighs.* ſo that if her is obdurates and cruels, and will not love *Shinkin*, why then, alas, there is now way for her, look you, but Hey ho! (Hotſpur *teizes Mrs.* Stockjobb, *ſhe riſes, and call out her Husband.*)

Squeam. Love, Oh horrid! the very word is enough to fright me into an Apoplexy, would he would marry me, tho—as I'm a Virgin. (*aſide.*

Mrs. Stock. By this Hand, I believe I could make Monſieur lay forty Wager, and buy Stock every hour, if it were not for dat rude Fellow dat come and diſturb us.

Stock. Sayſt thou ſo, Slapdaſh, Gad if I had known that, he ſhould have found this way to the Door before now, an uncivil Perſon to come to a Citizens Table and be well entertain'd, and yet ungratefully endeavour to hinder Buſineſs,—— An idle Scoundrel, to ſtop the Sourſe, the Life-blood of the City, Trade,——Gad I'll complain to my Lord Mayor immediately.

Hotſp. Now has that *French* Devil told ſome Lye or other of me, I'll lay my Life, Harkee *Dick*, art thou ſo very blind, as not to ſee thy ſelf abuſed.

Stock. Yes, Yes, Sir, I do ſee my ſelf abuſed,—— and ſo forth,—— Squire *Thomas*, prithee come hither, Lookee, *Pogry* has inform'd me, ye are a very ingenious Perſon, and love Buſineſs, Lookee, what ſhe does I'll ſtand to, therefore pray go and Diſcourſe her, ſhe's at your Service.

Hotſp. Oh Witall Coxcomb, what does he mean. (Hotſpur *goes to hinder 'em, and* Stockjobb *interpoſes.*)

Stock. Pray, Sir, no interruption.

Hotſp. 'Dſdeath, to ſay publickly thy Wife's at his Service.

Stock. Upon the Score of Trade Sir, and ſo forth, I know what I do, I warrant you.

Hotſp. The Devils grin at me, I have no Patience, Scoundrel, hands off. (*hinders him agen.*)

Stock. Slapdaſh, hold her faſt Squire *Thomas*, I give my Authority, why this is a breach both of our Charter and Cuſtoms; that a Citizen of *London* ſhan't have the Priviledge to diſpoſe of his own Wife, for a Hectorly Fellow of t'other end of Town; Gad I'll complain to my Lord Mayor, the firſt thing I do.

Shink. To take the Wife from the Husband, before his Face, is more than you can juſtifie, *Williams*, that is very true.

Hotſp. Thou art a fery Aſs, Pox on thee for a crack'd *Welch* Harp, Hold your jarring, or——

Holſp.

Stock. No, No, I'll take a Courſe for this hereafter; In the mean time *Pogry*, ſince this rude Maſterleſs Companion diſturbs us here, my Chamber within is private, there you may ſettle Affairs, and ſo forth; Go, go in with her Squire *Thomas*, and becauſe no body ſhall diſturb ye, I'll lock ye up de ſee, and keep the Key my ſelf.

Hotſp. 'Dſheart, I ſhall run mad, why dolt, Madman, wilt thou lock her up with him too. (Stock. *locks 'em in.*)

Stock. Upon the Score of Trade, and ſo forth, I'll ſhow for once the Husbands Priviledge, without your leave Sir.

Hotſp. Trade, Ay there is a rare Trade going forward; Oh intollerable Cuckold!

Stock. Come Sir, you are a Scandalous t'other end of Town Fellow, and my Lord Mayor ſhall know it; you ſhall know that a Citizen of *London* underſtands what's proper for Buſineſs: Couſin *Siſſe*, take you your Gentleman into another Room; nay, nay, no Squeamiſh trick now, but go, ſince ye are moleſted here, I will have Buſineſs go forward in a place that's proper.—Go, go you after Sir, I'll be with ye anon. (*puſhes 'em in.*)

Hotſp. Ay, ay, There's the Trade going forward too, this is Stockjobbing with a Vengeance.

Stock. *Pogry* will draw her Fool into ſome deviſe or other, I am ſure, and now I have finiſhed this Affair ſo diſcreetly, I'll leave this Hector to chew the Cud by himſelf, and go and drink a Diſh of Coffee with a good Neighbour, a Common Council-man, and Brother Stockjobber. (*Exit. looking ſcornfully on* Hotſpur.)

Hotſp. Solus. A Curſe on your City Underſtanding, and Deſtruction ſeize that Jilt, that tortures me with Love, tho I reſolve to hate her, —— damn'd infamous Creature, that Yeſterday, as common as a Hireling, would have met my Appetite half way, and cheriſh'd it, now taken with a young pert noiſie Coxcomb, deſerts me without Bluſhing; but this ſenſeleſs Wittall, her Husband, ſhall know, what a Snake he Foſters, before I have done with him.

And whilſt his City Jobbing he's purſuing,
I'll ſhew him where's another Jobb a doing.

Enter Quickwitt *dreſſed like a Quaker, and* Marmalet *after him.*

Quick. So, I think there's none of the Quaking Fraternity but will own I have mimick'd their Dreſs well, and play but thy part right Child, that we may revenge our ſelves upon this *Cunnington* that has ſo abuſed us, and tho I may chance to be no Duke, I'll be a King to thee in my good will, my Love Child ſhall be beyond all Titles and Preferment.

Marm. Ah ſweet Mr. *Quickwit*, the Raſcal has asked my Pardon ſince, but I ſhall never forgive him for it; for, will you believe me, I have cryed about that Buſineſs till I have been as wet as if I had been dipp'd in a Pail of Water, to think that I ſhould lift up my Hand againſt——

Quick.

Quick. Well, well, 'tis all forgot.

Marm. To dare Cudgel the Man that— (*Weeps.*

Quick. Well, well, 'twas all Accident, prethee no Tears.

Marm. The Man I love ſo tenderly— (*Weeps*

Quick. Enough, prithee enough,— I believe thee.

Marm. So tenderly, ſo very tenderly— (*howling out.*

Quick. A Pox o' your Tenderneſs, There is no Plague under Heaven ſo tormenting as one of theſe old Cats, when ſhe pretends to make Love; come, prithee no more of this Foolery Child, but let us go on with our Plot upon *Cunnington*; Let me ſee what's the Quakers Name that I'm to Act.

Marm. Zechiel, And't pleaſe ye Sir, my old Lord *Fullworths* Steward, my Miſtreſſes Father.

Quick. Zechiel, very good, and one that you ſay has been truſted with all the Writings of her Eſtate.

Marm. He has indeed, at whoſe Houſe, Sir *Charles* (having found her as he thinks a little more pliant to his Sons Addreſs) intends to meet her this Afternoon, to diſcourſe about the Marriage, and to that purpoſe has given that Letter you have there to *Cunnington* to ſhow the Doctor, who upon ſight of it is to deliver my Lady to him, and a Note for fifty Guineas, which Sir *Charles* has ordered him.

Quick. Then you are ſure *Cunningman* has ſeen this Letter.

Marm. Yes, An't pleaſe ye, and is merry beyond meaſure about his ſucceſs of out-witting you, he left it with me only whilſt he is gone to diſguiſe himſelf like a Quaker, for in no other Habit will *Zechiel* admit any one into his Houſe, I expect him every Minute.

Quick. Ay, ay Child, Let him come now as ſoon as he pleaſes, we are prepared for him; and I think *I* am as much a Quaker as himſelf, or the Devil's in Iron Gray, the reſt remains in thee to follow my Inſtructions, do but this Buſineſs neatly, and as for the other Buſineſs, thou worſt of.

Marm. Ah Dear Sir, I ſwear you bring my Heart up to my very Mouth, I vow you do now, and I warrant ye Sir, for my part I've my Cue perfectly.

Quick. Firſt then, inſtead of this Letter of Sir *Charles*, give him this of mine Child, to carry to the Doctor, 'tis ſealed with a Wafer like it, and the Hand Counterfeited, I'm ſure, ſo exactly, 'tis impoſſible for him to diſcover that, then for the Contents let them operate at leiſure.

Marm. With all my Heart Sir, and *I* rejoice from my very Soul that I can do any thing to pleaſure you, and be revenged of him; Hark, here he comes, away Sir to your Cloſet, and when we go, be pleaſed to follow us, and you ſhall find me punctual to the leaſt particular.

Quick. Do it but Cunningly, and if thou art a Maid by to Morrow Night, why then ſay,—

Marm. Ah ſweet Sir, I underſtand ye to a Scruple, and Heaven bleſs ye; well I ſwear,— now my Hearts at my Mouth agen.

(*Exit* Dogget *and* Marm.

Enter

Quick. Hah, hah ha ha. I have been laughing at my ſelf above this half hour, to ſee what a Figure I am; I have been Agent in a great many Intreagues in my life time, but never had any yet like this; this is a Maſterpiece, a piece of Wit like *Hains*; for here have I inſinuated my ſelf ſo far into this grave Fool, Sr. *Charles*, by my ſubtle diſcovery of the late Affair; that he has truſted me in this Habit, to prepare the Old *Quaker* about the Writings, and aferwards to bring the Heireſs her ſelf to him——to him! Ha ha ha ha, there's the Jeſt now; and to receive as a Reward fifty Guinea's, ha ha ha! Alas poor ſhallow Knight! little does he think what's hatching in this Brain of mine: for, what will I do now? but inſtead of carrying her to him, keep her my ſelf, and make her Marry me, or Compound ſwingeingly, which is all one; there's Wit now! ha ha ha, there's Miſchief! Gad I love Miſchief dearly: And when I have had her three or four Nights, let her hang me afterwards if ſhe can, or any one elſe for me.

[*Call Quickwitt.*

Enter Marmalett.

Marm. Come Sir, are ye ready? the Doctor's juſt gone home,—bleſs me, to ſee how Clothes will diſguiſe one! Why? you look like a meer *Ananias*.

Cunning. Ha, ha, ha, don't I? Methinks I am filled with the out-goings of the over-flowings, of the Bowel-yernings, and for the humh, and hah! [*in a Cant.* Let me alone. Come give me the Letter, and be aſſur'd, tho' I Jok'd a little the laſt time, yet I'le not fail to bring a better Buſineſs about, e're long for thee.

Marm. Well, well Sir; go and diſpatch your own firſt.

Cunning. An Heireſs, and fifty thouſand Pounds! Gad I'm a lucky Dog, ha, ha, ha. [*Exeunt.*

Reenter Quickwitt.

Quick. Here's a rare Rogue for ye; had not I diſcovered the Plott, he had betrayed his Truſt, and got the Heireſs for himſelf; but as things go, will miſs of his aim damnably: Now for my Quaking Faculty *I* muſt make one amongſt 'em. [*Exit.*

SCENE 2.

Enter Fulvia *and* Chriſtopher.

Fulv. Oh Love! How many ſtrange, and different ways
Doſt thou deſturb the Quiet of our Minds?
If amongſt all the Race of Male Deceivers,
With Curious ſearch we chance to find out one,
That we can fancy Honeſt; ſome croſs Doubt
Straight fills us, with a fear he may prove Haggard,
And then, Alas! we ſplit againſt a Rock.
That ruins us for ever: I dreamt laſt Night,
Frederick was Falſe, Sordid and Mercenary:
And that he only loved me for my Fortune;
I give no credit to ſleeps Idle Whimſeys:
But yet it ſtrangely troubles me——now *Chriſtopher*.
What Noiſe is that within?

Chriſto. And't pleaſe ye, ſome new Lunaticks laſt Night brought hither.

Fulvia. Prithee what are they.

Chriſto. A ſpindle-legg'd French Taylor; That ever ſince the VVars, being at a loſs how to get New Faſhions for his whimſical Cuſtomers, Fatigu'd his Brain ſo much, that he grew craz'd upon it.

Fulv. VVhat, others?

Chriſto. A ſuperannated Maid of threeſcore and three; who being promiſed Marriage by a young Fellow of one and twenty, at the very Conceipt on't ran Mad for Joy.

Fulvia Alas for her well who elſe?

Chriſto. A *Covent-Garden* Beau, who being obliged to make a Song upon his Miſtreſſes Paraquite, and ſitting up three Days and three Nights, not being able to produce one tolerable Thought at the Conceipt of loſing her Favour, loſt the ſmall remainder of his own Senſes.

Fulvia. So, what more?

Chriſto. A kept Miſs, who being diſcarded by her reſenting Lord, fell diſtracted, not for the loſs of my Lord, but for her five pound a VVeek.

Fulvia. Go on.

Chriſto. A Vintner whom his Cuſtomers had poiſonned with making him taſte his own VVine——beſides a Quaker who is now coming in here with my Maſter, of whom he'll give a better account himſelf.

Enter Guiacum, *with a Letter*, Cunnington *and* Marmalett.

Cun. I hope Dr. you need no further ſatisfaction in the truth of my Commiſſion; be pleas'd therefore to let the Lady get ready with all poſſible ſpeed, and the Note too for the fifty Guinea's; I ſhall have preſent occaſion for

Guiac. Very well, Sir, I underſtand ye——*Chriſtopher*—— [*whiſpers.*

Cunning. Chriſtopher! what has *Chriſtopher* to do in the Buſineſs? This is a ſtrange, Old Formal Coxcomb: He cannot blow his Noſe without his Man—— Doctor, I muſt deſire you to be as ſpeedy as you can; for I've another part to act, as you may perceive by my Habit: And what a Character Sir *Charles* gives me, I ſuppoſe you find in the Letter.

Guiac. Yes, Sir; yes; he has given ye a notable Character: here indeed, *Chriſtopher*, go preſently, and bid the Barber come hither to ſhave his Head.

Cunning. Your Servant Doctor; no Faith; that will be a Courteſy a little unſeaſonnable at preſent, by reaſon of my haſte.

Guiac. Alas, Poor Fellow! yet ſtay a little *Chriſtopher*, where is his Maſter? Let him be call'd in First.

Cunning. My Maſter——

Marm. He is at the door an't pleaſe you; I'le go and fetch him; alas! I'le run Ten Miles on my bare Feet, to do the poor fellow any good.

Cun. Hey day! is ſhe bewitched too? what a Plague do they mean? come, come Doctor, the Note quickly; and Madam Pray diſpatch, I've a world of buſineſs to do, before Night yet.

Fulv. 'Dslife! this is the moſt comical fellow, I ever ſaw.

Guiac. Oh! the dellirium is very ſtrong upon him; d'e hear *Chriſtopher*? bid your fellows make haſte to ſtrip him, and get ready the Canvals Shape, that he may have nothing to tear; and a pair of the ſtrongeſt Fetters for his Leggs;

d'e

d'e hear? For Sir *Charles* informs me here, he is by fits very outragious.

Cun. Fits, and outragious? the Devil's in 'em all, sure: I know what's in the Letter well enough —— come, come, this is no time for Jokes; Sir *Charles* will be impatient till the Lady comes, ye trifle, ye trifle, 'dsdeath! I should have bin with him by this time.

Guiac. This is a very Rogue, but He manage him presently. [*aside.*

Fulv. Here's like to be good sport if it holds.

Guiac. The Letter says too, he will be very Mischievous towards the Change o'th' Moon, which is this Evening, but that's no great matter, I can disable him from that by a good Whipping: He shall have 300 lashes upon the Belly.

Cunning. The Devil, I shall, — 'dsheart how I tremble — nay, nay, if you pursue the Banter, and intend to affront Sir *Charles*, there's no more to be said, I must Inform him, and there's an end on't; But that Letter to my knowledge says otherwise: I'm sure I read it this Morning, the most sweet, Civil Complemental thing on' my side that ever was penn'd.

Guiac. No doubt on't, Sir, no doubt on't: Can you read? [*gives him the Letter*

Cunning. Read; Ha, ha, ha! what a Pox does he take me for one of the Black-guard? This Coxcombly Doctor's craz'd himself, He be hang'd else—read yes, yes, you shall find I can read,

Guiac. Proceed then.

Cunning. Doctor, 'tis proper that I let you know, I have made another discovery of a Plott, to carry off the Lady you have in Custody. This Rogue, that I send here with this Letter. *Reads the Letter aloud.*

Guiac. Go on, Sir, go on: I perceive you can read admirably, *(being one of the Principal Contrivers,* —this is VVitchcraft. I cannot believe my own Eyes. —— * Reads.

Fulvia. Really as you say, Doctor; for a Crazed Person, the Man reads to a miracle.

Cunning. VVhat Craz'd Person, Madam? 'dsdeath! I shall run Mad indeed, if this trade hold.

Guiac. Come Sir, to the next Paragraph.

Cunning. He was formerly a Sharper, and whither he be mad or no; I desire you to use him as such, for he's one of the greatest Rascalls in the whole VVorld, —— as his Master will better inform thee: —'oons my Mr. agen. *Reads.*

Guiac. Sir *Charles* gives ye a notable Character, you see Sir.

Cunning. 'Dsheart Doctor! 'tis all Villany, Witchcraft, Conjuration; I'm abus'd.

Guiac. The Fetters quickly, *Christopher*, he begins to Rave, oh! here's his Master.

Enter Quicksuit Mimicking, *a Quaker and* Marmalett.

Cunning. Death, and Hell! what Son of a Whore's this—I'm at my Witts end.

Guiac. Come Friend, you must inform the Nature of his Madness, that I may Minister accordingly.

Quick. Plainly, since that ungodly season, that I first perceived that the Spirit of truth was departed from him, I relinquish'd him, often seriously pondering upon his State of Reprobation, which plainly I find is worthy be Comiserated by all the Brethren and Sisters of the faithful.

Cunning. Oh! Rogue, I know him now, — Doctor y'are abus'd, Imposed upon

upon, trick'd, this is no more a Quaker then I am. This is an Arch Cheat this is—

Quick. Aw Satan, Satan! great, great, is thy power.

[*Bawls in a loud Canting Tone.*

Guiac. He Raves again, take hold of him, and ſtop his mouth there.

Quick. The Tempter is very powerful in him, he turneth and windeth him which way he liſteth, he goeth into his mouth like a Ratt, with a great Head and a long Tayle, and exalteth his voice within, in Curſes and Exclamations hum! give me the Engine Woman, with which we uſed to reſiſt the Tempter.

Marm. Here 'tis an't pleaſe ye; put this into his mouth — and Satan can have no Power. [*they gag him here.*

Quick. Plainly, I have bin informed he hath bin trained up in the *School* of Sin vulgarly called the Play Houſe, where the Devil Adorneth himſelf with toyes and trappings, where the Ears are miſinformed and the Eyes miſled, where the frail Son of Man careſſeth the Woman inordinately, where he tempteth her to Midnight Gluttony; and whiſpereth into her unhallowed things.

[Marmalett *whiſpers* Fulvia.

Fulvia My Heart is ready to leap out to thee for Joy, for he do's it ſo Naturally 'tis impoſſible he ſhould be diſcovered, — how the Fool the Doctor looks too? [*aſide.*

Quick. Moreover, obſerve, how outragiouſly the old Draggon teareth him.

[*Struggles.*

Guiac. Ay, ay, tis time to begin, — away with him, and give him the Lathes I ordered.

Quick. Plainly it behooveth thee, Well, that the Spirit of Truth may once more return; and the old Man be rooted out, —— now Rogue I think I'm even with thee ——— — [*aſide to* ——— *who kicks and ſtrives to ſpeak*

Quick. Aw —— Satan, *Satan*, great is thy Power. [*Bawls out aloud and is hurried out.*] But now, to the remaining part of my Charge, I am to Conduct a Woman from hence, a ſinful Woman as it appeareth to me, who cauſeth with her tranſitory Wealth and Beauty, ſtrange *Appetites*, Boylings and Fermentings in the Heart of Man.

Guiac. Well Friend, no more enlarging upon that *Subject*; here is *Sir Charles*'s Order in this Letter, who it ſeems is at a Garden-Houſe here hard by; therefore Madam—you had beſt make haſte; you need no diſguiſe but your Maſque, for he ſays there is a private back way to't which this honeſt Man has only knowledge of.

Quick. Plainly, thou ſayeſt it.

Fulvia. Was there ever ſo admirable a Fellow? I'm ſcarce able to contain my ſelf from laughing out. [*Aſide.*

Quick Come, young VVoman, and let thy ſteps be guided ſoberly: Give me thy Carnal hand; hah! verily it is exceeding white, and hath an alluringneſs in the Palm thereof, which is, as it were, provoking: Hah! this is it now, which ſtroaketh the Forehead of Tranſgreſſion till it become Maſterleſs, and girdeth us into the Labyrinth of Miſconſtruction, from whence we ſeldom or never come forth our ſelves. [*Exit, leading* Fulvia.

Guiac. What an odd ſort of a Canting Raſcall's this? and what a do's here with one Woman that has Mony? gad I've a Daughter of my own at home has ſat pricking upon a clout at home this Seven Years, and no one has come to her,

her, but an Attorny's Clark, and City Groſer; when this here is beſet with all degrees, Ages and Religions—well, 'twill be always ſo; and where the Honny is, there will the Gnatts, Flyes, and Inſects be buzzing together, — *Chriſtopher* — my Cloak, — I'le take a little Air, and then ſee how — the Wedding goes forward. [*Exit.*

SCENE 2.

Enter T. Romance *and* Shinkin.

T, Rom. Gad take me, this was the moſt Comical adventure that ever the City was famous for, to lock us up with his Wife, and Neice upon the ſcore of Trade: why? 'tis an Action ought to be known to Poſterity and worthy to be Chronicled in the City Annalls.

Shink. Her Couſin *Siſs*, was fery familliar too when her was alone; there was no piſh, nor fye, nor pray be quiet, look you — only ſome little frowns and repukes, put fery kind looks for all that *St.* Davy.

T. Rom. If I had not bin obliged to meet my Father here, I would not have left my little French woman this two hours, but he is ſo hot upon't to make me Marry this Heireſſe, that he ſpoyles my humour of Intreaguing quite, gad take me.

Shink. Pray you ſee, where he comes yonder with the Lady that they call the crete Witt of *Richmond*, ſhe that talks, and diſcourſes, and Jeeres, and laughs, and makes Fools of all the Town by *Cadwallader*.

Enter Sir. Charles *and* Sophronia.

T. Rom. By this Light, ſhe's a rare Creature: 'dsheart I'm in Love with her up to the Ears already; why? ſhe's finer than my little French Woman by half: ay Gad or my Lords Daughter either, or my Wife that is to be; or my Knights Lady at Cue; or Jenny in *Lumbard Street*; or my Widdows Daughter; or my Semſtreſs, my Chambermaid or any of 'em: I'll write her a Bilet deux immediately, Gad take me.

Shink. Hey Gadspluft! her will have more Women than the crete Turk has at this Rate, look you.

Sr. *Char.* Yonder's my *Son*, Madam; and I am very glad to find you ſo well diſpos'd, to the Marriage between him and your Kinſwoman; for tho ſhe has lately entertain'd ſome volatile Humours, which Youth may very well Excuſe: Yet the Principall Verbs, her Wit and Vertue, ſo far counterpoiſe that.

Soph. Her Eſtate you mean, Sir *Charles* does ſo far Counterpoiſe that——

Sr. *Char.* That the Candor of my Nature obliges me to diſlike all other offers for him that are not poſſeſſed with her———

Soph. With her——Land and Houſes.

Sr. *Char.* Good Qualities, Madam, having bin ſince my Noble Lords Death her Father, a true honourer of her for her Extraction, merit and——

Soph. And Money; is not that a Principall Verb too, Sir *Charles*?

T. Rom. A delicate Rogue; what an Air and Shape ſhe has? Couſin, *Riſe* prithee turn about a little. [*takes out Pen, Ink and Paper, and writes on* Shinkin's *Back*

Sir. *Char.* Money, Madam! What the dirty Slave of our Conveniency? She has hit it to a hair, gad for all that; [*aſide.*] can any Morall Man that has his Reaſon, build his Content on ſuch a Trifle.

Soph. Oh Sir, take this from me, ſince the Golden Age, the World has loſt thoſe Moral Men you ſpeak of: Money is now the Soul o'th Univerſe: The

States

States-man, Commoner, and Country-man, Phiſitian, Lawyer, Cittizen, Prieſt, greedily dam their own for't every day; the man that's Rich muſt be accompliſhed too, his Apiſh Tricks are Gentleman like Carriage, his ſilly Speeches called refind and Witty, if he be Prodigal they ſtile him generous, if Covetous, a cloſe, wiſe wary fellow, if he detracts or Lyes, he's a fine Courtier, if Blaſphemous, a Witt, if finnical a Beau, if drunk, he's then a merry Jolly Fellow, or if unmanly Lewd, a Rare Companion.

T. Rom. Ah that dear Sweet little Honey prating Tongue, — would I had it a little here, and if a ſtranger may have priviledge to affirm his paſſion; very good, gad take me. [*Read's his Paper, and writes again.*

Shink. I pray you now Couſins make haſte, for her has an Intreague too, look you, her has promiſed to meet her Couſin Siſs, at ſeven Preciſely.

Sir *Char.* If Mony has theſe flouriſhing attributes Madam, what then muſt vertue have the chiefeſt good.

Soph. Faith, juſt, quite contrary, for vertue Sir is generally poor, and Poverty can give no Bribe for Praiſe, the virtuous Man that's poor, muſt be a Fool, a wretched ſort of an uncurrant Coyn, that few or none will deal with; Tho he be wiſe, his beſt opinion is thought ignorance, his talk rediculous, his Perſon hated, he ſtill fares worſt, yet pays the deareſt for it; has he a cauſe at Law? it ſhall be loſt, has he a Claim in Love? he ſhall be Jilted, his Ingenuity is worſe than Witchcraft, and every venial Error paſt forgiveneſs.

Reads. *T. Rom.* And if I Love ye not better than both my Eyes, may I be poyſoned like a Ratt at your Chamber door and be accompted the verrieſt Son of Whore in the World, inſtead of your moſt paſſionatly devoted moſt humble, and moſt obſequious Slave, *Thomas Romance.* gad take me, there I came off like an Angel.

Sir *Char.* What a Devil is he making mouths at yonder, how now *Tom* what are you doing there?

T. Rom. 'Dslife if he ſees it I'm ruined; nothing Sr. I'm only caſting up a Taylors Bill a little, that the Rogue mayn't cheat me. [*aſide.*

Sir *Char.* A Taylor's Bill, prithee leave of thoſe trifles and prepare to entertain your Miſtreſs whom I expect here inſtantly: with all you ought to thank this Lady too, her kinswoman, who gives ye her good liking.

T. Rom. Her good liking, gad, would I had it upon her own ſcore; how what would I give that it were ſealed? this were A Rare time to clap it into her hand. ——— ——— [*aſide.*

Soph. That he has Sir *Charles,* he may aſſure himſelf, or any one elſe ſo that Traitor *Frederick* be diſappointed, —— let me but fruſtrate his deſign and let the reſt fall ou't, as fortune pleaſes. [*aſide.*

Enter Guiacum.

Guiac. Sir *Charles* here? they have diſpatched their buſineſs very quicly I ſee.

Sir *Char.* Oh Doctor! welcome; y'are come in Admirable time, but where's my Daughter?

Guiac. I hope ſhe's not far of Sir, you are a better guardian than to truſt her in ill hands.

Sir *Char.* Therefore, I recommended her to yours — where, where is ſhe?

Guiac. Ha, ha, ha, this is fine merriment, why Sir? I deſire to know, and whether ſhe ſeems pleaſed ſince I ſent —— her to ye?

Sir *Char.* Sent her to me! 'dsdeath, what do's he mean. *Guiac.*

Guiac. Nay, what do you mean then? fye, fye, Sir *Charles*; am I a ſubject fit to make a Jeſt on?

Sir. *Char.* Thou makeſt me Mad, to hear thy Ridling; I ſent for her by *Cunnington*, dreſſed like a Quaker, who was to bring her to Old *Zechiell*, her Fathers Steward, where we have waited long, but no one came.

Guiac. Why Sir? I gave her to that Quaker, and obeyed the orders in your Letter here, for Puniſhing the Impoſtor, that had contrived to Steal her.

[*Gives him the Letter.*

Sir *Char.* Impoſtor, what Impoſtor? here's ſome Trick by Heaven.

Soph. Read, Read the Letter, oh Confuſion! how my Heart beats?

Sir *Char.* Trick'd, Ruin'd, Cheated, abus'd; this is none of my Letter, nor any of my orders; ſome ſubtil Devil has Counter-feited *Cunnington*, and on my life carried her off to *Frederick*.

Soph. Deſtruction ſeize the World; to *Frederick* did ye ſay, to *Frederick*?

Sir *Char.* It muſt be ſo, he has doubtleſs given her to that other Cunning Rogue, and puniſhed him: I ſent for a feigned miſchief.

Guiac. What e're has chanc'd is Fortunes fault not mine; that *Quickwit* is the Devil, and can Act in ſuch variety of Shapes, Hell cannot balk his Cunning.

T. Rom. Very fine; ſo I perceive I am like to loſe my Heireſs again; but tis no great matter, for I've another new Intreague, and thats all one to me, gad take me.

Shink. Here is ſuch Couſining, and Cheats, and Tricks, that *Shinkin* knows not what to make on't by St. *Davy*.

Soph. Torture and Death; this is the greateſt Plague, the feinds could e're Invent to vex my Soul: he has her now and without doubt laughs at me.

T. Rom. Hey, mettle to the back too, — gad take me, Ile warrant her.

Guiac. The Fifty Guineas too, no doubt are paid by this time: this was a damn'd ſubtil Rogue.

Soph. Nay never hide thy ſelf, take one good wiſh firſt; may thy dull reſty Age increaſe diſeaſes, the Palſy, Gout, Snattica, and Stone, and have no better Doctor than thy ſelf, as for the Attributes of Fooland Cuckold, I need not grace thee with 'em; thoſe thou haſt already, but mayſt thou have none but Saylers Wives for Patients, and thoſe ſo Raving Mad that in their Fits each one may long to have a peice of thee, and Tear thee as the Thracians, once did *Orpheus*, or I could now, thou Paralitick inſect. [*to* Guiacum, *ſhakes him by the Collar.*

Enter Cunnington *with a Quarterſtaff, his Face all ſmutty, and he dreſſed in Canvaſs.*

Cunning. O Villain! Dog, Doctor, are you there? I'll knock his Head off.

Guiac. More Miſchief yet! I ſhall be murder'd now, that's certain.

Sir *Char.* How, this! is't poſſible? What, my Friend *Cunnington*? nay if he were not an old Coxcomb, thou ſhouldeſt have thy penny-worths out of him; that's certain, for we perceive he deſerves it richly; but prithee how gott'ſt thou off; I was juſt ſending to thee.

Cunning. Why, as good luck would have it, juſt before they had time to Chain me, I made ſhift to climb up the Chimney; what kicks and Buffets I've endur'd for——you ſhall know at more leiſure: I have only now Breath and time

time to tell ye, that if you follow me quickly, you may recover the Heiress agen.

Sir *Char.* Hah, — what say'st thou? [*Speak as out of Breath.*

Soph. Oh thou blest Angel of a Fellow, go on.

Cunning From the top of the Chimney, as I was trying to get down, casting my Eyes to a little Garden-house, not far off, who should I see? but that Rogue in a Quakers habit, with Sir Quibble and *Frederick* leading your Daughter cross a Gravel Walk into an Arbor.

Soph. And hast thou marked the place, thou Charming Creature?

Cun. Most carefully.

Soph. Hah! and shall we get her? speak, speak, thou pretious.

Cunning. I tell ye, ye shall

Soph. What from *Frederick*; hah! what sayst thou? speak thou Cherubin.

Cunning. Oons from *Frederick*? from all 'em: ye little Brisk pretty Black ey'd ——— what a pox, will she Ravish me?

Sir *Char.* Thanks Fortune, that was unexpected.

Cunning. Which you should never have known if I could carried her off my self.

Sir *Charles* Let's away instantly and fetch the Constable and Watch; come, Tom, and Cousin.

Soph. Oh Heaven! this is the happiest turn. [*Exeunt.*

Guiac. For me it is upon double Score.
I else had lost one Member, if no more.

SCENE. 4.

Enter Sir Quibble, Fulvia, Dogget *and* Marmalett

Fred. This is the happiest moment of my Life. [*Embracing* Fulvia.

Sir *Quib.* And too I'll say't. [*Embracing her too.*

Fulvia That was a very close hugg, the Knight out does ye Sir Extreamly in his Carresses. [*to* Fred.

Fred. Is not the Parson come yet? dull heavy fellow, how can he loyter so.

Sir *Quib.* Ay, what's his Name, pray Brother when is he to come, and what is he doing all this while?

Fred. Rediculous questions! what shall I do with him Tom?

Quick. I don't know the Fool begins to smell the Trick and grows Impertinent upon't.

Fulvia You must discover the truth to him, for he's so brisk upon me, theres no enduring him.

Sir *Quib.* Why then, Madam? I'll say't, I believe you mistake your Man, this Gentleman is my Brother; Madam, 'tis I am your Knight; Madam, 'tis I am he that is to do the favour.

Fulvia My Knight, ha, ha, ha.

Fred. Ha, ha, ha, ——— her Knight! Oh fye Brother, you know your self and the Lady better sure.

Marm. Sir *Quibble* expresses himself very Comical in troth, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Sir *Quib.* Hey da, why what d'ee laugh at all so, and wheres the Joak? I'll say't I can find none: Why, am not I to marry the Lady Mrs. *Quickwit*? and must not I be then her Knight?

Quick. No, no, Sir *Quibble* there was another Design in't from the beginning.

Fulvia

Fulvia. Alas Sir, what ſhould you do with a Wife? when d'e think you ſhould get her to be of your ſide? where would you find an Humour that would be ſuitable to ye? and why would you prove the Fatal Conſequence of diſagreeable Marriage, Sir; there's four queſtions, now anſwer me quickly.

Fred. Ha, ha, ha, ha——

Sir *Quibb.* Pray, Madam, hold your ſelf contented a little; harkee Brother, han't I layd out a hundred and fifty Pounds about this buſineſs?

Fred. Within a ſmall matter, I think; why ſure you don't grutch to do a ſmall kindneſs for your Brother?

Sir *Quibb.* No, but to part with ones Miſtreſs to ones Brother, is a little too much, tho' I'll ſay't; therefore I muſt tell ye plainly, Brother, I won't do't.

Quick. You ſee the Lady is uneaſie, Sir *Quibble.*

Sir *Quibb.* Ay, 'tis all one for that, keep you your diſtance too, or I'll ſay't I ſhall ſo tan your Quakers hide, I ſhall make ye act your Play but ill when you come to't agen elſe; why ſure? tho' I have bin led by the Noſe a little, and laid out my Money, I can't tell how, I won't loſe my Mrs.——ye *Lobrocks* what a Plague I am not ſuch a Fool neither?

Quick. If this blunt Fool ſhould beat us both now, 'twould be a pretty jeſt?

Fred. Nay then, there's no time for delays; let go her hand and preſently, or I'll run my Sword into your Heart.

Sir *Quibb.* Why then, I'le run mine into your gutts; let go my Miſtreſs: No I an't ſuch a Fool neither I tell ye: Odzooks I'le keep her in ſpite of ye, hoh, hoh.

He prepares to fight awkerdly, then Enter Sir Charles, T. Romance, Shinkin Guiacum —— Sophronia *with Conſtable and Watch.*

Sir *Char.* Will ye ſo, Sir? that's more than you can promiſe long, and ſo have at ye.

Sir *Quibb.* Nay then, ſtand to't Brother; I'me of thy ſide agen now, I'll ſay't.

[*Fight here, and* Fredericks *Party is beaten off then. Reenter Sir* Charles, T. Rom. Shinkin *with his Head broke*; Guiac. Cunnington, Sophronia, *Conſtable and Watch with* Fulvia *retaken.*

Sir *Charles.* So, you are ours once agen, in ſpite of Fortune. How now Couſin, what Wounded?

Shink. A Plague take your Confounded Engliſh Cuſtoms, look you, that you cannot get your Wives and your Marriages, but a Shentleman muſt have his Pate and his Prains peaten out about it? well fare her own Countrey I ſay, the Prittains have no ſuch Pribbles and Prabbles, and broken Pates by *Cadwallader.*

When any Prittain pargains for his Spouſe;
He prings ſo many Sheep, ſo many Cows;
The Pridegroom tells the Pride his Loves intent,
And ſhe kind Fool as quickly gives Conſent.
No Swords, Cads plutt, nor Cudgells there prevails;
But kiſs and Couple, thats the Way in Wales.

ACT. V. *Scene* 1.

Enter Frederick, Quickwitt, and Marmalett.

Fred. HAD ever Man such Cause to Curse his Fortune? to be so neer the long'd for happiness, and then to lose it, doubles the vexation: Oh I could outrail now a losing Gamester; a Cashier'd Captain; or a Grumbler double Tax'd.

Quick. And I, a Suburb Bawd just come from Carting: A Plague of my *Quakers* shape here; if I had not look'd so like a Rogue, on my Conscience I had thriven better.

Marm. I'm sure my loss is irrecoverable, for I must ne're hope to come into Favour with Sir *Charles* agen, but then the Consolation I have in your sweet promise, Sir, does I confess allay——— [to *Quickwit.*

Quick. O prithee good Spouse that must be; no more Love now, my Bones smart a little too much at present, to let me entertain any Amorous Motions—— Ah Plague of their Rusty Bills; that Rogue *Cunnington* took care they should all fall on me still; but what's most Comical? As I was running off after you, he comes up to me and with a grave Face, as if he had known nothing of the matter, invites me to drink a stand of Ale with him this Evening at *Numpses.*

Fred. Ha, ha, ha, ha——and wilt thou go?

Quick. Ay by this Light will I; and if I can mould that dull headed Fellow once more rightly, my Witty Antagonist shall have but little cause to boast his late success —— come Courage, Sir; they shall make Paste of my Bones with their Battoons e're I give up a Cause I've undertaken, whilst my Brains lye in their right place: This Evening will prove all, till then farewell—If I get the Dice once on my side ——the Golds my own yet; I've Art enough to manage them I'm sure. [*Exit.*

Marm. I must follow him and put him once more in mind. [*Exit.*

Fred. If *Fulvia* were Heiress apparent to the Universe, there could not be more Wit nor diligence us'd about her. This is the third time our Confederate Forces have been repuls'd: And Faith were I not sensible the Castle were stor'd with the best sort of Ammunition, tempting Gold? I think I should have long since raised the Siege: for *I* must confess my self to be of that Pagan Opinion, that there is no one Quality belonging to a Woman, unless it be her Money that can countervail a Man's playing the Fool in Courting her a Month for: This was my Plea with *Sophronia* once, who has some simple passionate Papers of mine still, that *I* wish *I* had out of her hands; my deserting was not so very just its true, but then 'twas very profitable, and this damn'd Money has power to make a Rogue of a Man, often times my Constancy, that's most certain? [*Exit.*

SCENE 2.

Enter Sophronia *and* Fulvia.

Soph. Nay if you'r in a Passion, *I'll* desist, but if you'll hear, *I'll* proved it?

Fulvia. What, that *Frederick*'s false! Oh 'tis ridiculous Malice, and *I'll* not believe it: *I* know she lov'd him her self once, and this is now the product of her Envy. [*Aside.* *Soph.*

Soph. False as *Brieno* to *Olimpia* in the Story, base, Mercenary, the worst degree of Falsehood.

Fulvia. Ha ha, ha, ha! you rave, you rave, Cousin; *I* pitty ye; pray go home and let blood, you are dangerously distemper'd take my word.

Soph. Not with thy Disease, Child, *I*'m sure; *I* swear I would not have it for the World.

Fulvia. You talk as if I had the Gout or Palsie, or a long Family Rhumatism, that distinguish'd the Blood of my Relations for ten Ages: VVhat Disease is't you mean——take heed of Scandel Cousin?

Soph. Nay, do you take heed on't Cousin? for the Disease that I mean, has generally some Infection that way, 'tis called a Masculine Calenture, or the Plague of Man-loving; it often seizes upon Creatures of thy Age, and is of that strange Nature, that it dulls and Numbs the Brains as if they were froze, which must be chaf'd and warmed a long time by Reason and Argument, or else the Patient will never return to her right Senses.

Fulvia. Lord, that's a terrible Disease indeed, but yet for all its violence, *I* have Brains enough left to see a distemper in you too, Cousin; 'tis the Plague of Greedines, and you use me as the great Sister in a Country Cottage does the lesser; you would pack me to Bed without any Supper, because you have a mind to my Bread and Butter.

Soph. No, no, Child, the Case differs between us extreamly, some may feast with a Rasher upon the Coals, whilst others keck at the very smell: And *I* must have thy Stomach before I can be greedy of thy Dyet.

Fulvia. Come, come, Cousin, you have stomach enough, nay indeed so much that you grow sullen with it, and like a little Child, won't eat your Meal till you see the Plate ready to be given away to another; for as homely a bit as you make of that Rasher, if I am not mistaken in the Morsel, you would be glad of it to relish your Mornings Draught, and for all your Course Name of Rasher, tacitly think it a Gnatt or a VVheat-Ear.

Soph. If *Frederick* be the Wheat-Ear you mean? I had rather have an Old Capon at the latter end of *July*.

Fulvia. Ah, you shall never banter me with that—you'd think him a young Pheasant at the latter end of *October*, if you had him, to my knowledge?

Soph. I think him, prithee if his Species were chnaged, and he were turned into a Cormorant, a Buzzard, or an Owl, 'twere all one to me.

Fulvia Any thing but the Capon, Cousin, you were speaking of, I dare swear for all your Anger, you have too much Charity, to wish him turned into that.

Sophr. It does so little concern my Charity, that I should like my Hen with Eggs very well without any trouble, to know they should never come to be Chickens, and consequently Cocks of the Game. Besides there is so much ill Blood begot now a days, and so many Strains Crossed, that if, for the Future, the Sex were all Capons, I question whether the King would lose e're a good Subject by't.

Fulvia This is your Satyricall Vein now. Oh! how you Fatten your self with this humour, just like a Noncon, that rails at Episcopacy, not or any just reason, but through self will'd Opinion, and ridiculous Envy; else why is *Frederick* still the Theam of Railing?

Soph. Oh! thou ungrateful Creature, have I not told thee? 'tis through kindnes to thee.

Fulvia To me, rather say through Hatred to him, because he Loves me.

Soph. He Loves thee not, his baseness does deceave thee; his Mercenary Soul Covets thy Fortune; thy Person is the least of all his wishes.

Fulvia Just so I dream't indeed [*aside*] but 'tis Barbarity to doubt a Lover for an Idle dream; I'll not be so unjust, come, come, 'tis all Envy; and to deal freely with ye, I now must tell ye, I take it as an affront, not as a kindness.

Soph. That's always a Fools humour, when they have not Brains enough to know the Courtesy, they term it an Affront.

Fulvia Well, for all your mighty Wit, this shall not get your Ends; I see your Hatred and your Envy to him, and consequently judge his Love to me: I'll Marry him in spite of all the World.

Soph. Thou shalt not Marry him, tho all the World assist thee.

Fulvia How poor is this, and mean, because my merit appears above those in his deserving Eyes; thy Heart breeds venom, and thy Slaundrous Tongue, dissention between Lovers.

Soph. Lovers! Damnation, how She Tortures me? I tell thee once more thou deceived poor Creature; he does not Love thee, nor cannot Marry thee if he would, which is a secret; nothing but sweet revenge could e're draw from me.

Fulvia What, will you Cunjure? shall your plain dealing Faculty Convert it self to Magick? or d'ee carry a little Familiar under your Girdle, to Enchant us upon occasion; which way will you do this?

Soph. That e're the Clock sound Midnight thou shalt know; in the mean time, let thy Young Hotbrain'd wild unthinking Head remember this from me.

Love may seem great, that in its self is small;
Looks cover thoughts and interest governs all:
When Damon *to an Heiress speaks kind things,*
'Tis not for what she is, but what she brings. [*Exit.*

Fulvia She has so much moved the passion in my Soul, my Eyes can scarce contain it? what discovery she can make, I know not, but long to be resolved; tis true, we have had so many lets and troubles in this business; as if Providence it self dislik'd the proceedings; but still this is no proof; besides he has Sworn his faithful Love so often, 'twere infamous and dishonourable to doubt it.

Enter Sir Charles *and* Stockjobb.

Sir *Charles.* Madam, I need not tell you my resentments, nor how I relish your ungenerous dealings; you have reason enough to guess, and after guessing, have wit enough to make me satisfaction.

Fulvia Well, Sir *Charles*, consideration you know, ne're comes too late.

Sir *Charles.* Right, Madam, and to shew you that I practice it my self, I will forget your late Discourtisy's and once more address my self, an humble Suitor on my Sons behalf.

Fulvia I will consider of it, mean time, believe this fairness of your Temper wins me more, then all your plots and Stratagems before.

Stock. Come, come; Slapdash, twill be a Match faith, and so forth; gad I'll say this for Squire *Thomas*, he's a Notable person, as my wife informs me; she says he pushes forward into business mighty well; he'll be a great incourager of Trade, and so forth.

Sir *Charles.* I hope my Candor and my Love at last, will force ye to be grateful, and to shew how much I prize a Reconcilement; this Night we will have

Revells

Revells and a Ball, and I my self will drink one Glass the more, in honour of the Marriage.

Fulvia Marriage, Sir, is a thing of weight; but as I told ye, Sir, I will consider of it, and to that purpose begg the favour to retire a little. [*Exit.*

Sir *Charles.* Do so, and rest your self against the Evening, for *Tom* intends to lead ye a brisk measure i'faith —— so I hope all will be right now, she seems considerative, which is one great step to Sentiment and Knowledge [*Exit Sir* Charles.

Stock. Pugh! Slapdash, the woman has it in her head; now Sir *Charles*, all will go well I see't.

Enter Hotspur *in haste.*

Hotsp. Now Sir, if you have any regard to your Honour, or the Reputation of a Cittizen of *London*, as you have formerly flourished upon, come along with me, and you shall see what a Snake you have foster'd up; or to speak in plainer Terms, you shall see what a Cuckold you are.

Stock. Come, y'are a rude Hectorly t'other end of Town fellow, I tell ye; pray keep from my House: I a Cuckold because I promote business, and Manage my Wife wisely for the honour of the City; Sir, I scorn your words, for Gadzookes, I had rather be an Elephant.

Hotsp. But in the mean time, you are a Beast of another kind, which come but along with me, shall appeare; I will shew thee such things, such Monstrous things.

Stock. What you have seen Squire *Thomas* I warrant, go into my Wives Chamber privately, or so; well what then? tis about business and so forth, she knows what she does I warrant her.

Hotsp. Ay, but you don't know what she does to my knowledg; come, come, you shall go, I have lodged 'em all yonder, the Welsh Fop, and his Skittish Devil too; your Rooms are all taken up and managed for the honour of the City, and so forth.

Stock. Why then they are managed according to my desire, and so forth. I defy any Cittizens Wife within the Walls, to have a better head for business than her self; for I'll hold a Hundred Pounds, she has drawn one of 'em into some lucky wager or other; nay, nay, prithee hold thy tongue; gad, if thou wer't one of the Apostles, I'de believe nothing against *Pogry* and Squire *Thomas*, not I.

Hotsp. Why then like an unbelieving Sot as thou art, come and use thy Eyes; nay, nay, no drawing back — by Heaven thou shalt go.

Stock. To laugh at thee, which I know I shall do and Damnably too, I a Cuckold, —oon's as I said before, I shall sooner be an Elephant I'm sure.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE. 3.

Enter T. Romance *and* Shinkin.

T.Rom. Well, I believe I am an Orginal about Intreague; I don't think there's the fellow of me in Europe; gad take me, for now is my Father thumping his Brains, and plotting to get this Hero is for me, and here am I hunting a-

bout

bout for *Sophronia*, upon another Intreague: I conveyed a Letter to her juſt now, by putting it into the ServiceBook at Church, then dogg'd her home hither, — I muſt find her out, for I long to know the ſucceſs on't.

Shink. Well, *Shinkins* was not much behind her in Intreagues, neither look you, for her Couſin *Siſs*, was hide her ſelf hereabouts too, who I find loves Corners and py places extreamly, where gadſplut if *Shinkin* can find her, her will put her toot, for corners and py places are fery full of temptation; but for all her putting toot, there ſhall be no Marriages in the Caſe by *St. Davy*, there her will peg her Pardon.

T. Rom. Why, that's ſpoke like a Man of Intreague, gad take me, would I had my dear Angel here, that I am looking for in a Corner.

Enter Hotſpurr *and* Stockjob *liſtning.*

Hotſp. Softly, ſoftly, take care they don't ſee ye, ſhees gon I find at preſent, but I know will ſoon return; in the mean time, pray obſerve the Dialogue between theſe two Coxcombs.

Stock. I ſhall obſerve to laugh at you Egregiouſly, that I ſhall and ſo forth.

T. Rom. Pogry ſtays ſo long that I ſee I muſt leave her, and go and ſeek out my new Charmer.

Hotſp. Pogry — de'e hear, Sir, he begins already. [*a part to* Stock.

Stock. Well Tom Fool, what o' that?

Shink. Fye, fye, to deſert your intreague ſo ſoon, was to ſhew falſhoods and inconſtancies, which is not like Man of honours, look you.

Hotſp. His intreague, pray mind that Hint too, Sir.

Stock. Jackanapes, what hint, ye Aſs you, what Hint?

T. Rom. Pox on't, her over fondneſs every day tries me more then a Match at Tennis; here's a Locket ſhe gave me this Morning, which it ſeems the Fool her Husband gave her Yeſterday.

Stock. Humph, — humph.

T. Rom. A trifle worth about Fifty Pounds I believe, ſhe teizes me with ſuch ollies as theſe every minute almoſt.

Hotſp. Lookee, Sir, ſo much for the incouragement of Trade, and ſo forth.

Stock. By the Lord Major, the very Lockett that I had of Sir Paul *Poundage*, the Goldſmith, to let him have ſhare in my Project of the Catskin, oh! I am confounded, I cannot believe my Eyes.

Hotſp Nay, pray Sir don't laugh too extravagantly, Squire *Tomas* is but opening the Jeſt yet.

T. Rom. But the jeſt beſt is, the Cuckold admits me into his Wives Chamber every day, in hopes ſhe will draw me in to lay wagers; when, gad take me, the only one that ever laid or intend to lay, was a Braſs Shilling againſt a good one, that her next Kid will be a Boy.

Hotſp. There Sir, what think, e of that wager too, has ſhe not drawn him in rarely?

Stock. Oh Villian! tother End of Town Bully to ruin buſineſs too, that's worſe then all; gad I'll ſpeak to my Couſin *Touchhole*, a Captain of the *Train-bands*, to lend me a File of Muſquetteers to Shoot the Rampant Dog through the Belly.

Hotſp. Nay, nay, have patience Dick, and don't hinder Trade I ſay.

Stock. Trade, gadzooks, this is the Devil of a Trade. *T. Rom.*

T. Rom. Theres a light in the next Room, and ten to one *Sophronia*'s there alone, gad I'll go and see, Cloak and Hat lye you there; if *Pogry* comes in the mean time, let her stay, I have her so much at command, she dares not be angry with me. *Exi.*

Shinkin. Flimms and Flams, and put her toot,—— hey Slapdash, why, this is Bawdy-house fashion right, the *Welshman*'s gon to tickle my Cousin *Sis* in the next Room too.

Hotsp. Ay that's all one, 'tis all to promote Trade you know, and for the honour of the City.

Stock. Oh Confusion to the City and all Trade, if this be the Fruits of wagering and stockjobbing, I have no Patience: I'll go to my Cousin *Touch-hole*, immediately: I'll have a dozen Musquets at least.

Hotsp. Nay Faith, stay and see all now, for here's the good Wife coming through the Garden, and here's the Eopps Cloak and Hat left as opportunely to disguise thee, as if we had contrived it; here, here, on with it quickly and Practice his affected Gate, I warrant, you make some strange Discovery.

[Stock. *puts on his Cloak and Hat.*

Stock. Nay, like enough, but gad I'll send her home agen; if I do, she shall ship for *Piccardy* with the Next Wind——A Cuckold, Oons I had rather be an Elephant by half; but this comes of succouring French Refugees, with a Pox to 'em.

Enter Mrs. Stockjobb *with Jewels.*

Mrs. *Stock.* Ah dear Monsieur, I beg your Pardon vid all min Heart, dat I stay so long, but now I speak of mine Heart dat has bin vid you all dis while, and only stay to take de Convenience of de Fool my Husbands being out of de way; to bring off some small trifles of Gold and Jewels, which are dedicate to de Joy of my Soul, my Hearts Blood, my Treasure. [*gives him the Jewels.*

Stock. Slap dash, here's a French Devil for ye and so forth.

Mr. *Stock.* I am so fatigu'd vid dat Brute, dat I can have patience no longer and derefore come to trow my self upon you, vid whom I will henceforth live, and dye, and whom I will follow all de World over.

Stock. Why? well said *Pogry*, rarely done, *Pogry*, go and be hang'd *Pogry*, good Protestant Refugee, to *Piccardy* go, but the Gold and Jewels shall stay in *England*, ye Jade. [*Uncloaks.*

Mrs. *Stock.* Oh Diable, vat dam misfortune is this?

Hotsp. Nothing, nothing, Madam, I know your Interest with *Dicky*, will turn the Scale immediatly; this is all upon the score of Trade.

Stock. Oh Confound all Trade, Burn the *Exchange*, hang up all Wagerer and Stockjobbers, and the Devil take all business out of my doors, ye Whore you are a Protestant, are ye?

Reenter T. Romanee.

T. Rom. Gad take me, I had like to have made a damn'n mistake yonder, for instead of *Sophronia*, who should I meet within there, but my Father and the Heiress, whom he has just carried to his own House, and Commanded me to follow——Hah, *Dicky*! how dost thou?

Stock. Why *Dicky* does wondrous well, Sir, as well as a Cuckold can Sir, that had rather be an Elephant there; there's *Pogry* too, go, go, manage your Trade together.

together, lay another braſs Shilling to a Copper one; *Stockjob* lay Wagers and be damn'd together, honeſt Squire *Thomas*, but gad go to my Couſin *Touchhole* and get you mawl'd, *Dogbolt*, if I can, for all that, and ſo farewell t'e. [*Exit.*

Hotſp. So now you may launch to *Piccardy* agen, and follow your old Trade of Basketmaking, Jilt; I think I have ſpoyl'd your Market pretty well here; for your part Coxcomb, I'll go and inform your Father of your deſign upon *Sophronia*, that I think will do your buſineſs too. [*Exit.*

T. Rom. 'Dsdeath if he does that, I'm undone for ever, I muſt after and prevent it. [*Exit.*

Mrs. *Stock.* Ah! dear Monſieur will you leave me then?

T. Rom. Leave thee, ay gad if thou wert a Cherubin, and I think that's a Station remote enough from a *French* Refuge [*Exit* T. Rom.

Mrs. *Stock.* Vas ever hopeful Intreague ſo ſpoyl'd—diable muſt me go [*Weeps* to *France* agen too, by dis hand me vill deny dat, me vill Rob, me vill Pick de Pocket, me vill drown, me vill hang before ever me leave Sweet *England*, to go into *France* agen, dat is certain. [*Exit weeping.*

SCENE 4th.

Cunnington and *Quickwit* Smoaking at a Table with Bottles of Ale.

Cunning. Come all malice apart, prithee lets be grave no longer, but drown Animoſities in the bottom of the Pitcher; thou'rt an Ingenious Fellow, and I've a mind to be reconciled to thee, and therefore contrived to meet at this Little Cottage out of the way, where we may ſpeak our minds freely, — Come give me thy hand, ſhall we be friends?

Quick. Prithee, thou canſt not be a friend to any Body.

Cunning. Ha, ha, ha, I know thou'rt angry, but faith *Tom* I could not help it, thou knoweſt tis naturall to me to Love Miſchief.

Quick. Come pull away then. [*Drinks.*

Cunning. Come Faith the Heireſs health, let's remember her that we have had all this buſle about; ye witty Rogue you, I'm damnably afraid you'l get her from us agen, for all her Guardian has her ſo faſt.

Quick. Very well Sir, inſult, inſult; you have the Dice, you may do what you pleaſe, ha, ha, ha, gad I ſhould loſe another Brace of Fifties if thou ſhouldſt, but I think I may venture her this once.

Quick. Ay, Pox on ye for a Witty Rogue, you have the better of me clearly, my Brains are quite dull'd.

Cunn. Then not to banter any longer, the Match betwixt young *Romance* and her is made up, and we are to have a Ball at Sir *Charles*'s Houſe immediately; I wait here for ſome Maſquerading Habits, that I have ſent a Meſſenger to borrow at *Twickenham*; there's to be a little *Adaſque* too of *Pluto*, *Orpheus*, and *Euridice*, of my Compoſing, and the Muſick of Mr. *Purcels*——here's the Deſign, I'll ſhew it thee.

Quickwitt. Ay hang ye, you us'd to be Ingenious enough at theſe things.

Enter

Enter Numps.

Numps. There's a Man without, with a Bundle, desires to speak with ye, and 't shall please ye. ——— [*To* Cunington.

Cun. Oh! that's well, 'tis the Fellow with the Habits, I must go and take 'em. [*Exit.*

Numps. Ah Master *Quickwit*, *Numps* was a damn'd sower part for me, it was adswowkers, but d'e hear, when am I to be paid for't, I was only thrash'd confoundedly for acting so well, ——that's all I have got yet.

Quick. Why now the happy Minute's come to make ample satisfaction to us both, and do but as I advise thee, thou shalt get thy Twenty Pounds presently, and Mr. *Frederick* shall have the Heiress into the bargain.

Numps. Odswowkers, how can that be, Master *Quickwit*? ———

Quick. Do'st know this Fellow that went out?

Numps. Not I, I never saw him in my life.

Quick. This is that very Rogue that betray'd us to Sir *Charles*, and the Doctor, that procur'd thy beating, and has ever since frustrated our Plots upon the Heiress.

Numps. 'Sbud, my Bones ake at the very thought on't; oh Dog Villain, is this he?

Quick. This is the very Rascal, who is now gone out for some disguises to make some Dancing Entertainment there this Evening, now if thou can'st but get two or three of thy honest Neighbours to seize him, I'll contrive the Heiress for *Frederick*, and he shall have the Guinnies ready for thee.

Numps. 'Odzookes Master *Quickwit*, I'll do it immediately, for it never could happen in a better time, for I have three or four Neighbours here drinking in the next Room, that will do't for Mr. *Frederick* at a words speaking. ———

Quick. Away then dear *Numps*, and call 'em instantly, ———now Fortune favour this once, and be my Goddess for ever after. [*Exit* Numps.

Re-enter Cunington *with a bundle.*

Cun. Well, prithee tell me now, how do'st like the contrivance, you must know I am to do *Pluto* there my self.

Quick. Nay, thou art the fittest Person to act the Devil, of any one I know, that I'll say for thee.

Cun. Ha, ha, ha, prithee leave off thy frumps, thou can'st not forgive me heartily yet, I see, come faith, give me thy Hand, I'll contract a Friendship with thee.

Quick. Ay, that's likely to prove well, why, thou never yet could'st be a Friend to thy self, much less to any one else.

Cun. Faith, the Heiress and I will drink thy health presently, but you shall promise me, you won't get her from me agen, you witty Rascal—— you shall faith, ha, ha, ha. ———

Enter Numps, *and* 3 *or* 4 *Countrymen.*

Quick. W'are Catchpol'd Joe——I'll promiſe nothing.

Cun. How now, what a Devil's the matter now? [*They ſeize him.*

Numps. Come, Sir, you muſt go along with us.

Cun. With you, whither, forwhat——'Oons are the Men mad?

Quick. Alas, good Sir, why de'ye pull and haul the Gentleman ſo, 'Dshart, what's the matter I ſay, what have I done?

1 *Count.* What has he done Brother? By the Maskins I can't tell.

Quick. Tell him he has ſpoke Treaſonable words againſt the Government.

Numps. Secure him as a Traytor, he has ſpoke ſome vengenable words——againſt the Government.

Cun. Who I, 'dsdeath, I?

Omn. Oh, Rogue, Villain, has he ſo, we'll hamper ye.

Quick. A Traytor, nay then there may be Treaſon in this bundle for ought I know, I'll ſecure that. [*Takes away the bundle.*

Cun. 'Sbud I have ſaid nothing, ye are all mad ſure, I tell ye you miſtake your Man,——Brother, prithee put in a word for me.

Quick. No, Brother, no, Treaſon's a dangerous thing, I dare not meddle in't.

Numps. Come, come, away with him to Mr. *Soakes* the Conſtables, and then let him deal with him.

2 *Count.* Ay, ay, away with him, away with him.

Quick. Pray remember to drink my Health with the Heireſs, good Brother.

Count. Away with him, Gentlemen, away with him, ha, ha, ha.——

Cun. Ah, plague upon ye, help, help, Murder, Murder.

[*They haul him out.*

Quick. So, now I'll to *Frederick* immediately——the Dice are now on my ſide——and if I don't thrive now by my Hand, I ſhall deſpair hereafter. [*Exit.*

SCENE *Ultima.*

Enter Sir Charles *and* Guiaſum, Hotſpurr, *and* T. Romance.

Hotſp. You'll be ſure to keep your promiſe.

Rom. Punctually, keep but my Counſel, and Five Hundred Pounds are thine at the day of Marriage.

Hotſp. Well, Sir, upon that condition my Mouth is ſeal'd up, and your Father ſhall know nothing, but if you abuſe my truſt, *Bilbo*'s the word, you know what I mean.

T. Rom.

T. Rom. Well, well, not a word more, this plaguy hot-headed Fellow,——may do me miſchief now, but when I'me once Married, I'll mannage him as I ſee occaſion.—— [*Aſide.*

Hotſp. Since *Fredericks* ill fortune has made him loſe the Heireſs, 'tis ſome part of Revenge, to make this Fool pay ſoundly for it.

Sir *Char.* Come, where are the Muſick and the Dancers,——Son *Tom*, why methinks thou art lazy in the buſineſs.

T. Rom. Mr. *Cunington* is not come yet, Sir, with the Habits, but we expect him every Minute; gad take me, my head runs ſo much upon *Sophronia*, that I can get nothing elſe into't for the heart o'me.

Guiaſ. Well, I am glad to ſee things in ſo good a poſture at laſt, by the life of *Gallen*, all great advantages are acquired with great trouble—— ſhe's an Heireſs and Rich, the more difficult ſtill to be obtain'd, but—— Patience and Induſtry make all things eaſie; I forgive her trick upon me with all my Heart, and ſhall be well pleas'd to Tope a Bumper at her Wedding.

Sir *Char.* Oh, Mr. *Hotſpurr*, y'are welcome, I ſee my Son and you are reconcil'd, and honourably I make no queſtion, therefore ſhall be glad to appear your Friend.

Hotſp. Friend, ay, juſt as the Friendſhip of the World is, he cares not Threepence if I were Strapado'd, nor I three Farthings if he were Hang'd—— [*Aſart.*

Enter Shinkin, *and* Squeamiſh *with a Paper.*

Squeam. Oh horrid! to infringe your Word and Honour, is a baſeneſs not proper for a Gentleman, and I'll diſcover it to your Uncle, as I'me a Virgin.—— [*Weeps.*

Shink. And Gadſplut, to Marry Wildcats, and Harridans, and her knows not what, is like Fools by St. *Davy*, and her will diſcover that too.

Sir *Char.* How now, what's the matter, Couſin *Rice*, what is't occaſions the Lady's tears.

Squeam. I'll tell you, Sir *Charles*, tho' I confeſs the odious ſtory ought to be conceal'd, but ſince my Honour is concern'd, it muſt out.

T. Rom. For now we ſhall hear a *Welſh* Intrigue, gad take me, I ſhall bring a new method on't by degrees, in all the Countys about *England*.

Squeam. You all know my deteſtation of Lampoons, and the care I have always taken, to prevent 'em, but you muſt know, this Gentleman, having long made an honourable Addreſs of Love to me, upon condition that he defended me againſt Scandal by Marriage,—— at laſt I conſented.

Shink. Gadſplut her only talk'd of Marriages, look you to keep her from ſqueaking and ſquawling, her intentions were quite other things by Cadway.

T. Rom. Ay, ay,——Madam, to my knowledge, my Couſin *Rice* hates Marriage, as much as you do a Lampoon, you are miſtaken in your Man—— gad take me.

Squeam. The more reprobate Perſon he, for Heaven knows, Sir *Charles*, how loth I was to Intriegue with any Man, and to that purpoſe, have often ran up into my Chamber, got into dark Cloſets, Cellars, Larders, and ſuch by-places, where I thought the miſchief of Man, could not overtake me, as I'me a Virgin.

T. Rom. Where you thought the miſchief of Man would ſooneſt overtake ye, as I'me a Virgin.

Sir *Char.* Son *Tom*, *Tace*, proceed Madam.

Squeam. But in ſpite of all my induſtry, this wild *Welſh* Creature has ſtill found me out, and has publiſh'd himſelf and me, in ſo particular a manner, that here I am in a Lampoon again, and in ſo filthy a ſtile, that I vow I'm aſham'd to read it. [*Weeps.*

Shink. What ſignifies running into Cloſets, and Cellars, and Larders, was not all her Doors left open, can her deny that?

Squeam. Alas, I had not preſence of mind enough, to ſhut the Door upon him, this is my deplorable caſe, Sir *Charles*, and if he does not Marry me, I muſt never ſhew my Face in the World again, I am utterly undone, as I'm a Virgin.

Shink. Her has been as much undone; look you in Cellars, and Cloſets, fery often before *Shinkin's* found her there, as report goes, and to be prief, her ſhan't marry Harridans and Wildcats, and there's, there's the reſolution of a true Prittain, look you. [*Exit* Shinkin.

Squeam. Never particular with any Perſon, ſince I was born before, as I'm a Virgin.

Sir *Char.* Well, well, go after and ſeize him, this buſineſs muſt be debated at a more convenient hour, for I ſee the Entertainment is going forward, here comes my Daughter,——now *Tom* mind your buſineſs. [*Exit* Squeam.

Enter Fulvia, *and* Sophronia.

Fulvia. Couſin, no more, the proofs are clear and manifeſt, and as you reliſh my proceedings, ſecond me.

Soph. Againſt the World, in ſuch a generous action.

Enter Mummers, *and Sir* Quibble, *diſguis'd amongſt 'em.*

Guiar. Pray, what are theſe, Sir *Charles?*

Sir *Char.* Oh, theſe are *Mummers*, ſome of the young fry of the Neighbour-hood, that having a frolick this Evening, deſire to give us a ſhare out, the Subject is the ſtealing an Heireſs, and the Figures are Love, Deſire, Youth, and Avarice, that all Court the Lady *Pecunia*, the deſign is pretty enough, come let 'em begin.

They Dance.

SONG

SONG *here.*

Then enter Frederick *and* Quickwit *diſguis'd like* Pluto *and* Orpheus, Marmalet *following.*

Guiac. Here's more, what are theſe?

Sir *Char.* Oh, this is *Cunnington*'s contrivance, a little maſque of *Pluto*, *Orpheus*, and *Euridice*, pray let's obſerve.

Marm. They deſire to practice with *Euridice* a little in the next room, and then you ſhall ſee 'em do it perfectly. Come, Madam, this is the rareſt contrivance to eſcape that ever you had. [*Aſide to* Fulvia.

[Fred. *takes one of* Fulvia's *hands*, Quickwit *the other, and as they are leading her off ſhe turns back.*

Fulvia. Hold, hold, are ye mad? why, Sir *Charles*, and you Squire Small-brains, you will not ſuffer me to be carried off thus before your faces, will ye?

Sir *Char.* But into the next room to practice a little, Madam.

T. Rom. You are to act *Euridice*, you know, Madam, and they will only ſee if you are perfect in your cue; Mr. *Cunnington* there, has ſhewn me the whole deſign.

Fulvia. And Mr. *Quickwit*, the witty Player here, has ſhewn it me, Sir. Come, *Pluto*, you muſt unmask. [*Unmasks* Quickwit.

Quick. 'Dsdeath, Madam, what d'ye mean, you wont diſcover us, and undoe all?

Fulvia. Yes faith, Sir, I've a fancy in my head that 'tis not lucky to be ſtolen to day; therefore you *Orpheus*, otherwiſe rall'd *Frederick* the conſtant, you muſt uncover too, your ſinging will hardly get ye a Miſtreſs to night, I can aſſure ye.

Fred. She diſcovers us——Death and Confuſion! what new turn's this?

Soph. Methinks, Mr. Heireſs-ſtealer, you look very blank o'th' ſudden.

Fred. Ay, 'tis ſo——this is the Female Devil that has done me this admirable good turn, I find it now, and my diſgrace approaching: Oh! damn'd! damn'd Fortune!

Fulvia. What think ye now, Sir *Charles*? am I not very juſt to my Guardian?

Sir *Char.* This is ſuch an affront, as nothing but my Sword can do me juſtice in. [*Draws.*

T. Rom. Gad take me, the Devil's in 'em for plotting, I think; will they never let us alone?

Guiac. That Devil *Quickwit* in the Plot agen! I hope you'll give him one good thruſt for my ſake.

Fulvia. Nay, no fighting, good Gentlemen: Well, well, Sir, I underſtand ye, but you are ſo haſty—— [*To Sir* Quibble] Looke, Sir *Charles*, here's another part of the Jeſt remains ſtill, which this Gentleman *Mummer* is wittily concerned in too, who having no ill opinion of himſelf, and conſequently

{*Sir* Quibble *endeavours to pull her aſide, and ſhe refuſes.*

sequently believing I had a very good one of him, sent me word he was bail'd, and his present design of mumming, bribing some of his Tenants to act it, and help carry me off; and is really, and in specie, the very numerical and amorous Knight, Sir *Quibble Quere*.

Gniac. Sir *Quibble Quere* too? why, here are all the Fools in the Nation sure, concern'd in this Plot.

Sir *Quib* 'Dsheart, why will you discover me now, Madam? I'll say't, 'twas the purest design that ever was laid, but I hope you'll marry me for all this, for you know I have laid out a pour of Money upon't, and have now a Coach and six Horses ready at the Garden-gate for ye, I'll say't, you ought to consider now, Madam; what a dickins, Conscience is Conscience all the World over.

Fulvia. Learnedly argued, Sir *Quibble*, and you shall see what Justice I'll do you all presently; first you, Sir, that through the baseness of your sordid nature, and mercenary thirst of gain, abus'd me, take that as a reward for your Ingratitude and my Eternal hatred for the future. [*To* Fred. [*Gives him his promise of Marriage to* Sophronia.

Fred. My contract of Marriage to *Sophronia!*——this is the Thunderbolt I always dreaded, and 'tis fall'n with a vengeance.

Fulvia. Read there a base Deceiver's Character, and for thy sake may never generous Maid, trust thy false Sex to be again betray'd.

Soph. Instead of Heiresses and blooming Brides with fifty thousand Pounds,
Stick to your old *Doll* Commons of the Town,
And cater as you us'd for half a Crown. [*Scornfully*

Fred. Peace, Witch, Fury, now could I eat that Satyrical Devil with out Salt for my Breakfast! Torture and Death! to stay here too, and be baited, is worse than breaking upon the Wheel!——Hell take all Heiresses, and all the Sex besides. [*Exit* Fred.

Sir *Quib.* Ha, ha, ha, alas poor Brother, I see now I am to be the happy Man.

Fulvia. Troth no, Sir, I must beg your pardon too——your Estate is wasted with disbursing Sums to go a Fortune-hunting; nor have you Brains enough to get another, and to marry a Ninny, a Bankrupt, no, as you us'd to say, Sir, I a'n't such a Fool neither.

T. Ran. You may send home your Coach, Sir *Quibble*, you will have no use for it here, Gad take me.

Sir *Quib.* Why then a Plague of all Intrigues: I'll go and get drunk, and despise all Womankind, for I'll say't, I'll ne're hang my self about the matter, but I'll have my Money again if there be Law in *England*, let the Women go to the Devil, I'll not be chous'd out of that; what a Pox, I a'n't such a Fool neither. [*Exit Sir* Quibble.

Fulvia. Ha, ha, ha,——thus far, Sir *Charles*, you see how far I have discharg'd your Trust, do ye resolve therefore to deliver up your Guardianship freely, that I may have generous liberty to pursue my Inclinations.

Sir *Char.* Madam, with all my heart, before this Company I declare you free to chuse a new Guardian where you please, and to confirm it,

take

take there the Keys where all your Writings are, and the Power; let me be your Father,——I ſee ſhe intends to give her ſelf generouſly to my Son, and therefore to confine her, were ungenerous.

[*Aſide to the Doctor.*

Guiac. There ſtands the Gentleman, Madam, if you deſign him happy, the quicker work the better.

Fulvia. That might have been done, indeed, Doctor, to oblige Sir *Charles*, but the Gentleman you ſpeak of, has made a better choice, as this can witneſs. [*Gives Sir* Charles *a Letter.*

Sir *Char.* How's this! a Letter of Courtſhip to *Sophronia*!

Fulvia Oh! and ſo full of Paſſion, Flame, and Darts, that it almoſt ſcorch'd me when I read it.

Sir *Char.* Oh Villain! Dolt! Town-Fop! have I been racking my Brains all this while to get an Heireſs to thy purpoſe! what's the meaning of this, Sirrah?

T. Rom. Why the meaning is, that I love all the Sex, gad take me, and can no more confine my ſelf to one Woman, than to one Suit of Cloaths; if you don't like the humour you might have got me a better, that's all I know of the matter.

Sir *Char.* Inſupportable Coxcomb! I'll diſinherit thee immediately.

Guiac. More turns and Plots, this is a very Comedy, by the life of *Gallen.*

Hotſp. So, I find I am like to Cudgel my five hundred Pounds out of my Spark, for the Devil a penny he's like to get by the Heireſs—— but ſtay, who the Devil will ſhe chuſe,——if I ſhould be the Man at laſt.

Fulvia. Since ſuch a general defect of honeſty corrupts the Age, I'll no more truſt Mankind, but lay my Fortune out upon my ſelf, and flouriſh in contempt of humane Falſhood: as for thy part that haſt been a main Acter in this buſineſs, and with contriving wit well manag'd it, to let thee ſee th' Ingenious ſtill gets Friends, I will with Gold reward thy Induſtry, nor ſhall honeſt *Numps*, nay, nor your Comrade, be either of them forgotten,——but be inſtantly brought hither, and ſhare a part of Bounty. [*To* Quickwit.

Quick. 'Tis my Glory, Madam, to be outwitted by you, and if my Brain did any thing uncommon, it was by you inſpir'd.

Marm. Well, ſince Fortune has contriv'd the buſineſs, ſo I hope, Sir, you think it time to remember me.

Quick. Oh, prithee, dear venerability, have patience a little, thou ſeeſt all the Marriages are fruſtrated at preſent, and 'tis not fit we ſhould be ſingular, my dear Antiquity.

Marm. Alas, ſweet Sir, but delays you know are dangerous, and if I ſhould be balk'd in my Expectation, my heart is ſo ſet upon't that I ſhould anihilate that very moment, I ſhould dye, as I'm a Chriſtian.

Fulvia. Well, Couſin, what think ye now of my Reſolution, have I not done Juſtice?

Soph. Moſt generous Maid, thou art a dear Example for all thy Sex to copy out thy Virtue, for that a kind and tender heart like thine,

moulded for Love, and softned with Endearments, should generously on the account of honour, resist a Traytor, that with strong Enchantments of Vows and Oaths, had long time made Impression, is a performance heightned to a wonder, and will be reverenc'd in succeeding ages.

Fulvia. My eyes in contradiction to the World, have ever (scorning Interest) fix'd on Merit, and led by Love and Generous Inclination, have strove to make that Sentiment appear by a free present of my Heart and Fortune to one I thought as nobly had deserv'd 'em. But, oh! the Race of Men are all Deceivers, and my relief, is my resolve to shun 'em; 'tis, my dear Friend, as thou hast lately told me, which for Instruction I will still repeat.

Love may seeem great that in it self is small,
Looks cover thoughts, and Interest governs all;
When *Damon* to an Heiress speaks kind things,
'Tis not for what she is, but what she brings. [*Exeunt.*

Sey Seymour Her Roo

EPILOGUE.

OF all the Criticks met to judge this Play,
The Fortune-Hunters most are fear'd to day;
Who must be vext that they've a Brother found
So odly balk'd of fifty thousand Pound:
And I confess they have some cause to rage;
The Spark has lost a tempting Equipage,
A Coach, a set of Barbs, such dazling things,
Nay, [illegible] lac'd Footmen finer than the Kings;
Besides a fine bred Miss embroider'd round
With a Bump Crosbet worth five hundred Pound.
[illegible] seems to lose of deep concern must be;
But [illegible] considering the equality,
[illegible] ye choice poor Women, is't not fit
Once in an age the Biter should be bit;
To be so often fool'd I think is civil,
But to be Changelings always is the Devil.
Besides the truth is, we find out your Arts. (Hearts;
Love guilds your Tongues, but Money guides your
In Songs you term our Faces Charming fair;
But 'tis the [illegible] Charming face our Gold does
That treats us, with your Poetry and Air. (bear,
If (she's a swinging Fortune be the cry)
Then gad there's no such Angel in the Skie:
But should Small-Pox or Poverty invade,
Then, who would visit such a Polecat Jade,
And Plague upon her is your Serenade.
Of moderate Worth, or Wealth you'll ne're allow;
She must be still the Eagle or the Crow:
This Theam occasions our new Scenes to Night,
To shew a Woman once war in the right:
The Satyr's gentle, and I think 'tis new,
And only meant to teach ye to be true.
You should with patience beat the healing smart,
Kiss the kind Rod, and take it in good part;
But if you swell, and shew a stubborn Heart,
If in your Breasts ungrateful Passions sway,
And you should rail at me, and at the Play,
May then this dire Revenge pursue ye round;
May each one that has such an Heiress found;
Lose her at last, and fifty thousand Pound.

FINIS.